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THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF JAPAN

DR. KANO.
Founder of the Kodo-kwan.

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF JAPAN

AND OTHER STUDIES

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BY

E. J. HARRISON

AUTHOR OF "PEACE OR WAR EAST OF BAIKAL"

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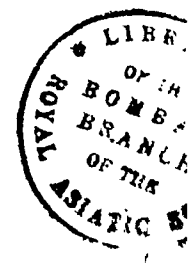

WITH 35 ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

I MARVEL at my own temerity in venturing to inflict upon a long-suffering public another book on Japan, but the writing habit once contracted is not easily eradicated, and my powers of resistance are not greater than those of my many companions in crime. Although I am so conceited as to believe that some portions of the following pages will be found to contain material as yet new to the Western reading public, I am not going to outrage my conscience by asserting that I wrote this book because I felt I had a message to deliver which would not wait.

I have said above that, in my opinion, these pages contain some new material. I am quite aware that in speaking of Japan the foregoing is a bold statement, but I am inclined to think that the impartial reader, on reference to my chapters on the occult aspects of Japanese military arts, will grant my contention. During a good many years of residence in Japan, and of investigation along the special lines indicated, my attention has never been called to any other foreigner bent upon a similar literary quest. Quite special circumstances first put me in the way of these inquiries,

and at the outset I pursued them far more with the object of satisfying personal curiosity and in connection with my own study of *judo* than with the ulterior motive of committing the alleged facts to paper. The chapters in which these alleged facts are embodied speak for themselves, and I need not say anything more about them here.

Other parts of the book possess less claim to originality; all I will assert in their favour is that they represent honest conviction, and may possibly here and there approach a topic from a new angle.

For practical help and encouragement in the compilation of these pages my thanks are due first and foremost to my friend Mr. Y. Umezawa, whom I have mentioned more particularly elsewhere; then to the famous *judo* instructors Dr. Kano Jigoro, Mr. Yokoyama, and Mr. Kunishige, who have contributed valuable data. My great friend Mr. D. T. Weed, also a fellow-student of *judo*, was of great assistance in furnishing hints and material bearing on phases of that art.

For the inspiration that led to the addition of the chapter on Japanese physiognomy I am deeply indebted to Mr. R. J. H. Mittwer, of Tokyo, and to the Japanese expert himself, Mr. Seki, who went out of his way to furnish me with a valuable exposition of a fascinating subject.

Doubtless, expert scrutiny of the book will disclose errors of detail, but as regards the chapters on military arts and their occult aspects I am satisfied that

the facts are correctly stated in the main, though it is impossible to guarantee the absence of all mistakes in the discussion of what, for the foreigner, is virtually a new line of investigation. As yet I have done no more than scratch the surface of the subject, in the hope that others with more leisure at their disposal may be encouraged to extend their researches farther afield.

My aim in some other chapters has been merely to amuse, though not to mislead, the reader who does not know Japan at firsthand; and if those chapters should attract the attention of an "old resident," I would ask him or her to be lenient and try to see eye to eye with one who holds that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

KOJIMACHI-KU, TOKYO.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	PREFACE	5
I.	INTRODUCTORY	13
II.	PHYSICAL CULTURE IN GENERAL	21
III.	HISTORY AND RATIONALE OF *JUDO*	40
IV.	IN THE *DOJO*	54
V.	STRANGULATION EXTRAORDINARY	78
VI.	A CHAMPION'S REMINISCENCES	87
VII.	FENCING, WRESTLING, AND SWORD-DANCING	101
VIII.	THE ESOTERIC ASPECTS OF *BUJUTSU*	111
IX.	THE ESOTERIC ASPECTS OF *BUJUTSU* (*concluded*)	128
X.	PRACTICE AFTER PRECEPT	141
XI.	MORE ABOUT *KIAI*	157
XII.	THE *ZEN* CULT IN JAPAN	173

Contents

CHAP.		PAGE
XIII.	THE JAPANESE EQUIVALENT OF THE YOGI	189
XIV.	SOME SUPERSTITIONS AND OCCULT PRACTICES	215
XV.	THE ART OF *NINSO* OR PHYSIOGNOMY	247
XVI.	THE CULT OF COLD STEEL	266
XVII.	THE SOCK AND BUSKIN	288
XVIII.	THE JAPANESE THESPIAN UP TO DATE	305
XIX.	THE JAPANESE ETERNAL FEMININE	322

ILLUSTRATIONS

DR. KANO	*Frontispiece*
	FACING PAGE
JAPANESE ARCHER MOUNTED (FEUDAL PERIOD)	29
MR. WEED, OF KEIO UNIVERSITY	41
MR. HIDE KAZU NAGAOKA	50
THE KODO-KWAN, TOKYO	54
MR. MIFUNE	59
MR. TOKU	59
THE BUTOKU-DEN, KYOTO	62
MR. MAYEDA	76
MR. YOKOYAMA	87
THREE FAMOUS FENCING MASTERS	101
A BOUT OF KENJUTSU	102
AIOI, A CHAMPION WRESTLER	104
UMEGATANI, A CHAMPION WRESTLER	104
KUNIMIYA AND UMEGATANI ABOUT TO CLOSE	106
KUNIMIYA WRESTLING WITH KOBITACHI	108
PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR	122
MR. KUNISHIGE	128

Illustrations

FACING PAGE

SEKI'S RESIDENCE IN SHIBA, TOKYO . . 247

SEKI EXAMINING A CLIENT 250

THE AUTHOR WRITING THE FIGURE "ONE" IN JAPANESE FOR SEKI'S EXAMINATION 259

SEKI EXAMINING THE AUTHOR 264

SAMURAI IN ARMOUR 266

SWORDS FORMERLY BELONGING TO YORITOMO, . . 272

NO DANCE, STYLED *MORI HISA* 289

A GIRL *NO* DANCER 292

THE IMPERIAL THEATRE: PROSCENIUM FRONT . . 295

MR. HOSHO SHIN IMPERSONATING "BENKEI" . . 298

SCENE FROM "SAKURA-SHIGURE" 300

SCENE FROM "TOYOTOMO TEN-SHU-NI" . . . 302

JAPANESE GIRL PLAYING THE GEKKIN . . . 322

THE JAPANESE BOW 324

JAPANESE LADIES AND CHILD SHOWING SHIMADA STYLE OF COIFFURE 336

JAPANESE GIRL IN OUT-DOOR COSTUME . . 346

The Fighting Spirit of Japan

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THE following pages, whatever their merits, represent the fruits of some fourteen years' residence in Japan, where for the greater part of the time I have been engaged in newspaper work both for English papers published at Yokohama and Tokyo, and later as resident correspondent for English and American home papers.

I made my way to Yokohama from San Francisco in the steerage of the P.M. S.S. *China*, during the early summer of 1897, having been engaged at the latter port to join the staff of the *Japan Daily Herald* as sub-editor. At the risk of somewhat dimming the dignity that should hedge that office, but in the interests of truth, I am bound to say that the aforesaid staff consisted at that time of one other foreigner besides myself, in the solid person of the late Mr. J. H. Brooke, then over seventy years of age, but in his day and generation a power to be reckoned with by the Japanese Government as

a stalwart opponent of Treaty Revision and a staunch defender of what he conceived to be the interests of all resident foreigners. Subsequently, after the death of Mr. Brooke, I became connected in turn with the *Japan Times*, the *Japan Advertiser*, and, during the Russo-Japanese war, with the London *Daily Mail* as base correspondent at Tokyo. In the course of my fourteen years' residence of Japan I have undertaken various professional trips beyond the boundaries of the country, returning to England via Siberia immediately after the war and again travelling more recently in Korea, South and North Manchuria, other parts of North China, and East Siberia, to study the situation. This book, however, is not intended to describe in detail my personal experiences as a journalist in Japan; that task would require more space than I have at my disposal and leave little or no room for other purposes more germane to the plan I have mapped out. The talented and witty author of *Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son* speaks somewhere of an old reprobate who took normal sustenance now and then just to be sociable, but lived chiefly on tobacco. Somewhat analogously of myself, I might say that although I was obliged to work as a journalist in order to earn my daily bread, yet during the first few years of my stay in the country I lived more particularly for the study of the language and the practice of the celebrated art of *judo*, more commonly known abroad as *jiujitsu*. As a boy in Lancashire I had always been fond of wrestling. Then for a year or more, while working

as city editor of a local paper at Nanaimo, British Columbia, I studied catch-as-catch-can systematically under one Jack Stewart, a favourite pupil of Dan McLeod, otherwise known as "the Californian Wonder," although he was actually a native of Nova Scotia, and gained his first scientific experience of mat work at Nanaimo, which small coal-mining town could perhaps produce among its collier population a proportionately larger number of skilful wrestlers than any other spot on the continent. With such strenuous antecedents, therefore, what more natural than that immediately after my arrival in Japan I should cast around for some similar method of getting rid of my surplus energy? I gained my first introduction to *jujutsu* about that juncture in the course of a nocturnal adventure which brought me into contact with the Yokohama police, when I was rather chagrined to discover that my catch-as-catch-can repertoire of tricks was of scant avail against even a third-rate exponent of what is now properly known as *judo*. Not relishing this feeling of inferiority in comparison with a man considerably smaller than myself, although I am no Goliath, I speedily set about repairing these deficiencies. With the help of the newspaper translator I found out a local *dojo*, or school of *jujutsu* referred to elsewhere in these pages, its proprietor, a small Japanese named Hagiwara Ryoshinsai, being a disciple of the Tenshin Shinyo-ryu and a wonderful little man in his way. Although in stand-up wrestling, known technically as *randori*, he would have been no

match for the black-belt brigade of the famous Kodokwan of Tokyo, yet in what foreign followers of the art have designated "ground work" he possessed remarkable skill, and a neck of such indiarubber-like elasticity and strength as to defy my utmost efforts to strangle him even when he deliberately exposed himself to my attack and choke-lock. In this small school of about fifteen mats [1] I gained a good deal of rough-and-tumble experience, my opponents being drafted chiefly from the bourgeois element, with an occasional coolie thrown in. At the outset I sustained numerous nasty falls, a cracked collar-bone at one stage of the proceedings putting me out of action for several months and almost incapacitating me for professional work, to the no small disgust of my veteran employer Mr. Brooke, who had never in his life been under the spell of athletics, and therefore regarded my distraction as more than a mild form of lunacy.

By dint of perseverance, coupled with "beef," I began to gain comparative proficiency, and was eventually given the rank of *shodan* at this small *dojo*. With very rare exceptions I was the only foreigner who ever attended. One disadvantage was that practice took place only at night after dinner, and another was that the interior was always visible from the outside, nothing

[1] The Japanese floor mat, called *tatami*, is usually about 6 ft. long, 3 ft. wide, and 2 in. thick, consisting of *toko* (made of rice straw bound together), tightly covered with a straw mat called the *omote*, with the edges neatly bordered with cloth. Mats used in *judo* exercise are about the same size, but much more strongly made. A detailed description will be found in the chapter on the subject.

more substantial than a low hoarding separating the wrestling-mats from the roadway. Naturally, the sights and sounds of incessant struggle invariably attracted a large crowd of spectators, and when I chanced to be holding the floor the rush and scramble for seats in the stalls were fiercer than ever. My own attitude towards this unsought-for publicity was direct and simple. During the initial stages of my novitiate, while I continued to be an "easy mark" for every juvenile "disciple" with blood in his eye and a mad desire to feel what it was like to hurl a foreign devil through the heated air, I frankly, on hearing the noisy laugh and ill-bred chaff of the *hoi polloi* onlookers, asked myself what the deuce I chanced to be doing on board that galley. Later, however, when I began to "put it over" the majority, I thoroughly enjoyed this notoriety, and tried to look blandly unconscious every time the downfall of a victim elicited a groan of patriotic disgust from the disgruntled spectators.

Then, with the outbreak of the war, I moved to the capital and joined the principal *judo* school of the empire, the Kodo-kwan, whose two hundred mats were in striking contrast to the humble fifteen of the Yokohama wrestling haunt. Here, too, I soon found that I was a mere tyro in the art, and had to unlearn a good many bad habits engendered by the practice of relying too much upon mere brute strength in preference to skill. My connection with the Kodo-kwan has continued on and off ever since, and at present I hold the rank of *shodan* at that institution, the only other

foreigner enjoying that distinction being, as mentioned elsewhere, my particular friend Mr. D. T. Weed, of Keio University, an all-round athlete.

In connection with the study and practice of *judo*, my attention was drawn to the part that a certain kind of occultism plays in the armoury of really efficient masters. The relegation of the seat of courage to the lower abdomen (*shita-hara* in Japanese), and the contention that the concentration of strength in that portion of the body is, as it were, the alpha and omega of fighting capacity, at once impressed me profoundly as plausible and original theories worthy of investigation. By actual experiment I found that these claims were more than idle and empty theorising, and that the habit of deep abdominal breathing, if pursued as directed by the Japanese teachers of military arts, and side by side with the practical study of the latter, would generally lead to a marked development of defensive and offensive power.

That more gush and drivel has been written about Japan than about any other country in the world is a fact too notorious to require special proof, and I should be loath to add my "sum of more to that which has too much." Nevertheless, even when due allowance has been made for exaggeration, I think it will be generally admitted that the Japanese race as a whole possesses the fighting knack. Of course, the country has its full quota of weaklings, and the average Japanese man in the street is by no means an impressive object. Still, if I were asked to sum up the

physical characteristics of the Japanese in as few words as possible, I should undoubtedly say that these people are usually stronger than they look, whereas with us the opposite is very often the case—*i.e.*, we frequently look stronger than we are. I have dealt with this aspect of the question in subsequent chapters, but it may be said here that some of the most powerful Japanese of my acquaintance make very indifferent tailors' dummies. I have in mind as I write the *judo* instructor at Keio University, Mr. Izuka, who, when clad in Western garments and seen from behind, might very easily be mistaken for a schoolboy, but who, when stripped, displays the thews and sinews of a miniature Hercules. Again, admitting that the average Japanese is hardly a match for the average Englishman or American in a fight with Nature's weapons, Europe and America have had ample proof that on these terms the Japanese specialist is nearly always certain to be the victor. Investigation will show that there are purely technical reasons for this outcome, but one object of a portion of this book is to demonstrate that the offensive and defensive ability of the Japanese specialist is not based solely upon technical reasons. I will even go so far as to declare my opinion that, given equal technical skill on either side, until we have learned thoroughly the lesson of abdominal power, the Japanese will nearly always defeat his Western opponent in a fight to a finish with or without weapons, firearms of course excluded. In the following pages I have tried to explain in as simple

language as possible the secret of this marked superiority. I am prepared to incur in certain quarters the reproach of mendacity on the score of what I have written; but if my modest efforts gain an occasional convert I shall not complain, for a little leaven will sometimes leaven the lump, while if those whose opinion really counts will take the trouble to trace my statements back to their original sources they will speedily be satisfied of my bona fides.

It should be pointed out that the book is in no sense a technical exposition of these Japanese arts, but rather an imperfect first attempt to arrive at their rationale, both esoteric and exoteric; nor is it intended to be simply that and nothing more. On the contrary, I have ventured to deal with several other distinctively Japanese subjects which, during the past few years, have occupied part of the leisure that could be spared from purely professional duties. I do not say that these subjects have never before been handled by a foreign author, but I do say that I have handled them here either quite independently or with recourse to Japanese originals. While the chapters devoted to the esoteric and exoteric aspects of *judo* form a more or less connected narrative, many other chapters may be read as distinct and separate studies, and two or three are offered simply as lighter samples of actual personal experiences of Japanese town and country life.

CHAPTER II

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN GENERAL

THE alleged physical deterioration of the Japanese people has for years exercised the minds of public-spirited Japanese. During feudal days the *samurai* class were of necessity devoted to the strenuous life, while the common people, save under stress of circumstances, were frankly sedentary in their habits, if we except worthies like the renowned Chobei of Bandzuin and his fellow-wardsmen, the famous *Otokodate* of the old Yedo. The young *samurai* was subject to the severest discipline, and underwent careful training in all manly exercises.

In the present enlightened era the *samurai* have lost their former calling, and fill other walks in life besides those that are essentially military, naval, or official. They may even be found in menial positions, sometimes serving as house "boys," or even pulling jinrikisha in the streets of the capital! I once knew the scion of a Hatamoto family (retainers of the Shogun) who earned his livelihood as a clerk in a foreign firm, and devoted his leisure to wine, women, and song.

The Fighting Spirit of Japan

Some years ago the *Yorodzu Choho*, a popular Tokyo newspaper, published the following remarks on physical culture in Japan :—

"The patriots of this country will learn with regret that the Japanese people as a whole is growing physically weaker and weaker as years roll on. It is true that physical education has always been encouraged to a certain extent among our younger generation, and as a result many of our young men take quite kindly to Western outdoor sports, such as baseball and boating. It is also true that animal diet, which was almost unknown in feudal Japan, has been adopted by a large section of our people since this country began intercourse with Europe and America. In the face of these facts, it would seem that the bodily health of the Japanese might have improved. Yet the fact is that instead of improving it is slowly but surely declining. And there can be no doubt about this, because no less authorities than Lieutenant-Colonel Yokoi and Lieutenant-Colonel Hirano, who have long been engaged in conscript examinations, assert that the results of these examinations show a most lamentable tendency towards deterioration in the health of the Japanese. In recent addresses to a small gathering of Tokyo journalists, these two officers gave some interesting facts in the above context. From them we learn that the percentage of recruits who are physically strong enough to come under the first and second classes is steadily diminishing year after year. We also learn that, compared with Europeans, the average Japanese

male and female are smaller in stature by 3·3 and 3·7 *sun* respectively, and lighter in weight by 2 and 2·6 *kwan* respectively. [The Japanese *sun* is a little more than an English inch, and the *kwan* a fraction over 8 lbs.] The Japanese soldier is, on an average, 5 *shaku* 2·4 *sun* in height, while the English soldier is 5 *shaku* 5·5 *sun*, the Russian 5 *shaku* 6·2 *sun*, the German about the same, and the French 5 *shaku* 6 *sun*; so that the stature of the soldiers of these four Powers is, on an average, 5 *shaku* 6·13 *sun*, and is greater than that of our soldiers by 3·73 *sun*. [The Japanese *shaku* may be roughly calculated as almost equivalent to the English foot.] These figures clearly show that our men are inferior in physical development to the European troops. This is not reassuring, but what must trouble the minds of Japanese patriots most seriously is a statement made by our authorities, that of all classes of society the students of our public and private schools above the grade of middle school are physically the worst. The students of the Imperial University are, on an average, 5 *shaku* 2·8 *sun* in height, and about 112 lbs. in weight. Walking in Hongo or its vicinity one may often meet a slightly built, pale-faced, listless, spectacled young man, clad in a brass-buttoned uniform, carrying a bundle of notebooks, and hurrying along with unsteady steps. He is a good representative of the University student, of which class the future backbone of the nation is to be composed. Will this nation, when it comes to be guided by these sickly men, continue with any degree of success the great race for

self-preservation against the robust and unflinching peoples of Europe and America?"

Such laments as the foregoing are less frequent to-day than before the Russo-Japanese war, which afforded very striking evidence that superior weight and stature do not necessarily imply greater fighting capacity or staying power. For the rest, my own personal experience and observation are far from bearing out the conclusions of the military men above quoted. I have myself frequently had occasion to observe that many Japanese, to the inexperienced eye small and apparently of no particular strength, were in reality "built from the ground up," as the saying is, and so agile as to more than compensate for the extra "beef" of the bulkier European. It is unfortunately true that men of this kind are not in a majority, but what about our own country? Is a perfectly sound physique the rule instead of the exception in our bigger cities? I doubt whether, in the event of conscription being adopted in England, the prospect would be very much more encouraging than in Japan. After having had dinned into my ears, for years before I came to the country, the smallness of everything Japanese, I was somewhat astonished on visiting Yokosuka for the first time to see hundreds of soldiers and sailors well over 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and powerfully built withal. In the days before the great war, when Russian bluejackets could not infrequently be seen at Yokohama, dapper "boys" in restaurants of an inferior type have often been known to expel without much difficulty

Muscovite opponents apparently huge enough to eat them. In short, the Japanese with additional height and avoirdupois would not necessarily be a gainer; he would probably have to sacrifice no insignificant part of his present quickness and alertness.

It is notorious that the Japanese have imported several Western forms of sport and athletic exercise, but with the exception perhaps of baseball it cannot fairly be said that they excel in any. Baseball, however, is a game which appeals strongly to their constitutional preferences, and it is one for which their quickness of hand and eye and their bodily agility admirably qualify them. There is scarcely a school in the Empire without its "nine," and to-day the leading teams of the higher schools and universities (notably Keio and Waseda) are as a rule more than a match for the foreign players of the treaty ports, and can give even American collegiate players a run for their money. Young Japan also takes kindly to lawn-tennis, and one may frequently see the game being played vigorously on open plots of ground in the capital and elsewhere, sometimes with very primitive equipment. A foreign instructor at the Keiogijiku College, Tokyo, some years ago inaugurated Rugby football among the students, and matches are regularly organised between the local foreign fifteens and the Japanese, though in these the latter are far less successful than on the diamond. Cricket, too, has so far failed to attract the Japanese. Cycling, however, is immensely popular, and though no Japanese champion has yet

approached the records of the West, the country has nevertheless produced riders who have beaten foreigners on local tracks. Rowing in foreign style has been taken up enthusiastically, the universities, schools, and even many banks and companies having their crews. The periodical regattas on the Sumida River, Tokyo, are red-letter events in the social life of the metropolis and attract enormous crowds, more especially the spring regatta, which is held during the cherry-blossom season. Japanese crews, however, have not yet generally adopted the sliding seat, and are therefore outclassed by the foreign crews at Yokohama and Kobé.

The Japanese are fond of swimming, and among the younger generation of students and the coast population may be found some splendid long-distance swimmers. Schools of natation teach the art in a systematic manner, and although the best racing times in Japan are not equal to the Western figures, a Japanese expert can perform some truly wonderful feats —such, for example, as jumping into deep water and maintaining a position with the water no higher than the loins, when he will fire a musket or a bow and arrow, write on a slate, paint a picture on a fan with a brush, or move freely in every direction as though walking on solid ground. The expert, while rarely emulating the graceful high dive of the European or American, can leap from a great height and strike the surface of the water with his chest, without sinking or wetting the face and head. In some mysterious way he con-

trives to obviate the painful consequences which the impact would inevitably entail upon the foreigner who should essay this feat, in the absence of the necessary esoteric knowledge. It is said that the old-time *samurai* frequently made use of this trick when crossing a river or stream with their armour and weapons on their heads.

The above statements may be accepted as absolutely true, but it is to be regretted that the vernacular newspapers in Japan sometimes publish the most startling stories of the marvellous feats performed by indigenous Captain Webbs. For instance, they once described how several bold students had swum from Tokyo to Yokohama, a distance of nearly twenty miles, in less than ten hours. This would mean that they kept up an average speed of thirty minutes per mile, or half a mile in fifteen minutes! The best racing speed in Tokyo by the best Japanese swimmer is over nine minutes for the quarter-mile; and it took a good foreign swimmer at Yokohama more than eighteen minutes to cover the half-mile in a race. What adds to the improbability of the story is that these ten hours included stoppages for a smoke, "chow," and a call in at a certain swimming-ground at Kanagawa! The feat may indeed be called natation extraordinary. On the other hand, as illustrative of the antiquity of swimming in Japan, it may interest foreign readers to be told that the famous "crawl" stroke of the Occident, which is there of comparatively recent origin, has been known and practised in Japan for hundreds of

years, in addition to not a few other methods of progression in the water which would doubtless come as a revelation to Europe and America.

It is the practice for students of the universities and schools to repair to the seaside during the summer months and there train systematically, regular courses of instruction being given to those who wish for them. Fancy swimming is a popular feature of the periodical competitions which are held, and, as intimated above, some of the feats which Japanese experts can accomplish are of a surprising character. Very strict discipline is maintained both on these occasions and at the permanent swimming-schools which exist in various parts of the country. The pupils are carefully classified as in *judo*, fencing, and all other forms of physical prowess; caps of different colours are worn as distinguishing badges, and pupils below a certain grade are not allowed to swim beyond a specified boundary for fear of accidents. Several international competitions that have been held between Japanese and local foreign representatives at Yokohama and Tokyo, for the most part, have usually resulted in victory for the Japanese, though by a narrow margin; but in almost every instance the foreigners have carried off the long-distance event, less because their powers of endurance are superior to those of the Japanese than because on these occasions the Japanese long-distance champions were unable to compete. Nor must the point be overlooked that whereas the Japanese representatives have been virtually the pick of the nation, the foreigners

JAPANESE ARCHER MOUNTED.
Feudal period.

[To face p. 29.

have had to select their men from among a very small community, the younger members of which, engaged as the majority are in some business occupation, have nothing like the same amount of leisure for training as their Japanese rivals. Considering the circumstances, their achievements against the Japanese are something to be proud of, though it is to be regretted that Japanese papers, in reporting such contests, should usually write as though the élite of Japan had beaten the élite of Europe and America.

Archery is a very common pastime in Japan, nearly every town and village having one or more ranges at which, for a very small pecuniary consideration, all and sundry may try their skill. During my first years in Yokohama I spent many an enjoyable evening at a favourite *daikyuba* in the popular resort known among foreigners as Theatre Street, and among the Japanese as Isezakicho. The keeper of the range was a member of the *shizoku* class and a man of splendid physique. He had a fine collection of bows, some of considerable age, the actual weapons of the ante-Meiji clansmen. Some of these bows were so strong that I could scarcely bend them at all, not to speak of using them with any hope of making a bull'seye, albeit the proprietor could handle them with comparative ease. Without attempting to enter into a technical description of how the bow is used in Japan, I am safe in saying that there is a right way and a wrong way of holding it, fitting the arrow, drawing, and releasing it; and in this context I can still remember the real

distress experienced by the burly proprietor on those occasions, not infrequent, when some of my companions and I fitted the arrow on the wrong side of the bow and held the latter in the incorrect position. One of these companions, a fellow-journalist on a local foreign paper, was an incorrigible offender in this respect. What added to the enormity of his offence was that in spite of these—so to speak—arch heresies, he always got nearer to the bull'seye than the Japanese habitués, who never drew a bow without having conscientiously indulged in a number of preliminary flourishes, such as baring their good right arms by throwing back their ample sleeves over their shoulders, raising the bow with a spasmodic gesture, and so forth. It was really heartrending to note the persistency with which they missed after all this elaborate ceremonial; but I think I am right in saying that they themselves would far rather have missed, and the proprietor would far rather have had them miss in proper form, than score by such irregular practices as those indulged in by my friend, who, with a cigar between his teeth, the bow held horizontally instead of perpendicularly, and the arrow on the wrong side, would wing his shafts into the very centre of the target with a monotonous frequency which afforded him unalloyed satisfaction and the unhappy and orthodox proprietor ineffable disgust. Archery ranges are generally provided at higher-grade schools, and competitive meetings are frequently held. The standard bow in use is made of inlaid layers of bamboo, and is 8 ft.

long, while the shaft measures 3 ft. and is tipped with hawk's or eagle's feathers.

Horsemanship is not a form of exercise with which the Japanese betray any promise of witching a wondering world at an early date. As I am not a rider myself I cannot pretend to write as an expert, but even a novice can tell when he is looking at a centaur or at a meal-bag perilously balanced on the top of the saddle. Most Japanese equestrians belong to the latter category. Kipling has said things about the Japanese cavalry with which most foreigners are in agreement; but it must in justice be added that here, as in all other branches of the military service, desperate efforts are being made to effect improvement, although the Japanese, by heredity, seems to be unfitted to excel as a horse-master. Constitutionally, your average Japanese would appear to have little love for animals, and, as more than one correspondent at the front had occasion to remark during the war with Russia, the trooper as a rule regards his mount more as an enemy to be bullied than as a friend and companion to be treated with affectionate consideration. The Japanese authorities themselves are fully aware of these shortcomings, and in the Horse Administration Bureau established in 1906, under the direct control of the Cabinet, and with a Privy Councillor and ex-Minister of State as its chief, we find an organ whose chief duty it is to better the breed of horses. Whereas prior to the war with Russia horse-racing had been virtually confined to the meets organised by the Nippon Race

Club, an institution founded by foreigners but with Japanese members, thanks to the efforts of the above-mentioned bureau, which often took the form of substantial subsidies and prizes, numerous purely Japanese clubs sprang up all over the country, and in the season hardly a day passed without its race meeting. The Japanese law forbids gambling, but the pari mutuel had all along been tacitly permitted at the meetings of the Nippon Race Club, and for some time after the war similar latitude was extended to the Japanese organisations. Then suddenly the judicial authorities woke up, and resolved that both the letter and the spirit of the law must be enforced, and in 1908 the pari mutuel was prohibited. The consequences were disastrous. The majority of the newly created clubs, the shares of which had been boomed up to fabulous figures, were reduced to the verge of bankruptcy, and many went out of business. The popularity of horse-racing had hitherto been almost wholly due to the gambling element, for the Japanese are notorious speculators, and once this incentive and attraction was withdrawn the attendance at the race meetings fell to a vanishing quantity. In this case the interests of the military and civil authorities proved to be antagonistic. The former would fain have had the latter wink at a glaring infringement of the law for the sake of improving the breed of horses through private initiative, which was stimulated into action by the prospect of munificent returns, for the most part from the pari mutuel. To-day, although race meetings continue to

be held, the gilt is off the gingerbread, and they are comparatively spiritless affairs. The Horse Administration Bureau continues, nevertheless, to offer prizes and subsidies. According to the *Japan Year Book*, its policy is to keep for the service 1,500 stallions of foreign breed and to distribute them among the principal stud farms, where they are to be paired with mares of native breed. The improvement programme is to extend over twenty-eight years, and is estimated to require an outlay of about Y30,000,000 (£3,000,000). The Japanese native stock is traced back to the Mongolian breed, with an admixture of Persian blood, which seems to have been introduced as early as three centuries ago. The leading stud farms are to be found in the northern districts of the main island and in the Hokkaido, where comparatively extensive plains exist. The finest native breed is the Nambu, from Aomori and Iwate prefectures; other well-known stocks are Hokkaido, Sendai, Miharu, and Kagoshima. Thanks to the stimulus afforded by the Horse Investigation Commission, the Government has begun to import foreign horses in fairly large quantities. Since 1906 it has bought extensively, the breeds comprising Arabs, Anglo-Arabs, Australians, hackneys, trotters, Clydesdales, thoroughbreds, &c. In 1906 the Horse Administration Bureau purchased forty-eight horses, in 1907 forty, and in 1908 some forty mares and forty-four stallions; and it is to be presumed that this practice will be steadily continued in the future.

It is to the credit of the Japanese cavalry arm that,

notwithstanding the many natural disadvantages under which the Japanese trooper has had to labour, a good deal has been accomplished since the war. It cannot be denied that the average Japanese cavalryman has an execrable seat, but for all that he is no weakling and does not easily tire, as has been proved by some recent endurance tests. As an instance of what can be done in this direction, I may mention the performance of the Eleventh Regiment, stationed in Manchuria. The test took the form of a long-distance ride from Dairen to Kungchuling, a distance of five hundred miles, which was covered in five days, four hours, and forty-five minutes, exclusive of the time devoted to rest. According to Japanese authorities, the only previous cavalry feat at all comparable with this was the ride of Austrian troopers between Vienna and Berlin; but in the latter case not only was the distance smaller, but the climatic conditions rendered the test infinitely milder than that to which the Japanese horsemen were subjected. Fifteen men were chosen and divided into three detachments of five men each, commanded by lieutenants. The detachments set out on three successive days, from Fushimi Park, Dairen, carrying with them an ample supply of ammunition for fear of attack from mounted bandits. As it happened this precaution was justified, for one of the detachments was ambushed by desperadoes near the Shaho River, but after a brisk exchange of fire succeeded in putting the enemy to flight. The same detachment on the second day strayed into swampy

ground near Kaiping, and spent four hours in covering two miles. On the third day the second detachment overtook the first, and together they indulged in a rest of seven hours, for they had slept on an average only one hour a day during the first three days, and were on the point of breakdown. On the fourth day the two detachments crossed the Hun River, and rode into Mukden amid loud cries of " Banzai ! " from their compatriots. The best time has been given above. The poorest was six days, one hour, and thirty-five minutes.

Under the modern régime, physical culture begins early. From his boyhood every able-bodied Japanese is subjected to a training which smacks of militarism, though the framers of the physical curriculum believe in teaching the young idea to do more than shoot. The system is essentially eclectic. Dr. J. M. Davis, in his work entitled *The Christian Movement in Japan,* has furnished an admirable account of what Japan is doing in her schools, and from this source I extract a few of the more interesting data. Pupils begin military drill without arms from their fourth year. In the secondary schools, where the drill is compulsory through the entire course of five years, individual and section drill without arms is given in the first year ; the same with company drill is added in the second year ; while during the remaining three years the students are given these three drills with arms. In the high schools military training with arms is continued. As regards gymnastics, Roberts's dumbbell drill, Ling's ten groups

of progressive movements, Barnjum's barbell drill, certain series of fancy steps, and marches of the Springfield Y.M.C.A. are taught. An excellent custom, too, is that of long-distance walking excursions, in which an entire school or class is expected to take part. These trips last a week or ten days. The boys are divided into companies, each of which is led by a teacher; and these companies are subdivided into squads of ten or twelve boys with their chiefs, who are required to report three times a day to the company captain on the condition of their groups. Higher-school boys think nothing of doing their twenty-five or thirty miles a day in this manner. Every boy is expected to carry his own extra clothing and whatever else may be deemed necessary in the way of provision for the trip.

The fairer sex is not being neglected in the matter of physical culture. No longer are young maidens taught that it is the proper thing for them to walk with a sort of chronic stoop supposed to evince a becoming sense of deference, and that it is indelicate to permit the feet to stray beyond the lower edge of the kimono. Indeed, the very costume of the Japanese schoolgirl has been modified to fit her for her new physical responsibilities. The usual kimono, which opens down the front and is confined at the waist with a cumbersome sash, or *obi*, is certainly but ill-adapted to strenuous exertion. To protect the wearer's modesty at such moments the educational authorities have devised a light skirt, usually maroon-coloured,

which covers the lower part of the kimono and is confined at the waist, the clumsy *obi* being dispensed with. Very frequently, too, the young ladies wear European-style shoes instead of native sandals or clogs. In the girls' schools great attention is now paid to dancing steps and Delsarte exercises calculated to confer grace and ease of movement. In the Higher Normal School for Women, Professor Tsuboye, and Miss Ineguchi (a graduate of the Boston Women's Normal College), are doing excellent work along these lines. Fancy marching and dancing steps, calisthenics, the Swedish stall-bars, the vaulting-horse, and basket ball have all been naturalised, and are helping to revolutionise the physique of the future mothers of the Japanese race. A field-day at one of the leading girls' colleges, when to the accompaniment of music the pupils give exhibitions of their skill, is one of the prettiest spectacles imaginable.

The leading associations for physical culture in Japan are, without doubt, the Military Arts Association (*Budoku-Kwai*), organised in 1895 in Kyoto, and the National Physical Education Society, organised nineteen or twenty years ago. The former is a flourishing concern with a membership of nearly two millions, its patron being Prince Fushimi and its president Baron Oura. It has branches throughout the country, at which *judo*, fencing, archery, and boating are practised and taught. It possesses magnificent headquarters at Kyoto, a former temple having been reconstructed to suit its requirements. I can recall

in this context that on the occasion of my first visit I thought that my jinrikisha-man had made a mistake and had brought me to a place of spiritual instead of physical exercise. The latter society enjoys imperial patronage, and is well endowed. It possesses two gymnasiums in Tokyo, one in Osaka, and one in the Hokkaido, which are under the direction of the Department of Education. The headquarters of the Society are now at Omori, two stations outside of Tokyo, on the Tokyo-Yokohama Railway. A Women's Department was opened in 1901. Graduates are granted teaching certificates for all the common higher schools of the country.

Both automobiles and motor-bicycles may be seen in Japan, but so far they have not been used for racing purposes. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as an automobile track in the country, and it is only within a comparatively restricted area that even moderate speeds can be attempted with safety, the usual Japanese country road being scarcely in the same class as the roads of France and England. In time, no doubt, the more general use of the motor-car and motor-bicycle will tend to stimulate road improvement, which at present leaves almost everything to be desired. Undoubtedly Japanese foot-gear is largely responsible for Japan's backwardness in this respect. The native wet-weather clogs, *geta* and *ashida,* raise the wearer several inches from the ground, and therefore above such mundane considerations as mud and slush ; and, seeing that both sandals and clogs are invariably dis-

carded on entering the house, it is obvious that for the Japanese bad roads, even in the heart of the capital, are merely among the minor ills of existence, to be dismissed with the ever-ready reflection, "*Shikata ga nai!*" ("It can't be helped!") With the gradual increase in the use of Western boots and shoes and of the motor-car, it may be expected that the country will witness the growth of a body of public opinion which will insist upon greater municipal activity in the above department. Already an automobile club has been established in Tokyo, with foreign and Japanese members, and as it represents the élite of the capital it ought to be able to make its voice heard.

CHAPTER III

HISTORY AND RATIONALE OF *JUDO*

TURNING from hybrid and imported forms of exercise, I will now attempt to describe those which have a truer national flavour, and which are therefore of superior interest. Many early fallacies concerning the Japanese are being gradually dispelled by the limelight of publicity, but even to-day there are many, no doubt, who associate the idea of Japanese wrestling almost exclusively with those mountains of fat and muscle who, under the style of *sumo-tori*, form a class apart, and hold periodical contests in various parts of the Empire. But this brand of wrestling would not in itself entitle Japan to peculiar distinction. It possesses forty-eight different throws, most of which are the common property of wrestlers throughout the world; it is therefore to another and more elaborate form of the art of offence and self-defence that I now desire to draw the reader's attention. I speak of *judo*, more familiarly *jujutsu*, incorrectly *jiujitsu*, which may be said to have become naturalised in the West during recent years. Perhaps the pioneer of the Japanese art, or a sort of version

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The first foreigner to attain "Shodan" rank.

[To face p. 41.

of it, in Europe, was Mr. Barton Wright, who studied for some time in Japan, afterwards proceeding to London, where he opened an academy and taught what he knew under the name of *Bartitsu*. He claimed that he had grafted on to the parent stem various shoots of his own invention, or culled from other schools in different parts of the world. But so far, to the best of my knowledge, with the exception of a volume published in Japan by Professor Arima of the Kodo-kaan, not one of the many English books on Japan has dealt intelligently with this truly remarkable evolution of the national love of detail.

The late Mr. Lafcadio Hearn has devoted one of his picturesque and imaginative chapters to the subject, but it has so fallen out that although authors galore, qualified and otherwise, have written about Japan, few, if any, have had practical knowledge of this particular art; while the very few foreigners who have at various times turned their attention to it have not yet joined the ranks of the bookmakers.

Personally, while very far from claiming anything like profound proficiency in *judo*, I at least share with one other foreigner, Mr. D. T. Weed, of Tokyo, an American citizen, the distinction of holding the highest rank as yet attained by any alien. Apart, moreover, from my practical experience of the art, I have devoted a good deal of time to the study of its history and rationale, and thus deem myself qualified to express an opinion.

It must frequently have puzzled and bewildered a

big and brawny bluejacket to find himself easily mastered by a little Japanese policeman half his size. Let me hasten to add that it is *not* every Japanese policeman who is skilled in *judo*, though at home the conviction has apparently gained a firm foothold that the most anæmic and attenuated native of Dai Nippon has but to touch the most herculean Westerner with his index finger in order to bring his victim to the ground a shuddering heap of helpless, shattered humanity. On the contrary, the average efficiency of the Japanese police in this regard is not very great, and as a general rule, man for man, the Japanese policeman has hitherto fared but second best at the hands of American and British Jack Tars in those not infrequent "scraps" between the "liberty men" and the *junsa* which help to create diversion in the savoury purlieus of the Yokohama "bloodtown" and the equally salubrious quarters of Nagasaki and Kobe. Elsewhere in these pages I shall have occasion to describe a class of Japanese *judo-ka* (exponent of *judo*) whose skill and strength combined, I make bold to say, could not be equalled, much less excelled, in any other part of the world.

The word *jujutsu*, to use the older nomenclature, is written with two ideographs, the first *ju*, meaning "to obey, submit to, weak, soft, pliable"; and the second meaning "art" or "science." The use of the first character is intended to imply that *jujutsu* relies for its triumphs, not upon brute strength but upon skill and finesse, the ability to win by appearing

to yield. Thus in *jujutsu* the opponent undermost may have the other at his mercy, though to the novice he may appear to be defeated.

Jujutsu is the art which every *samurai* under the feudal régime was compelled to learn, and it was often a point of honour among the higher-minded ones, if attacked by a vulgar opponent, whether with or without a weapon, to try first to overcome him by means of *jujutsu* before drawing their own sword.

Nowadays, however, *jujutsu* is no longer a monopoly of the military class, and the various *dojo*, or schools, in the larger cities render it possible for any respectable person to practise it. The fees charged are astonishingly small, the principal school in Japan, the above-mentioned Kodo-kwan of Dr. Kano Jigoro, collecting but fifty sen a month, or say a shilling, from every pupil; while those who hold the grade of *shodan* and upwards pay nothing, since they attend in the capacity of teachers. It is another characteristic of this cult that its members may not make a public display of their art for money. Thus for the most part all competitions are virtually private functions, admission being by invitation, and *jujutsu* gossip does not figure in the sporting columns of the native press like boxing and wrestling in America and England, though ample space is allotted to reports of the *sumo* matches during the season. Similarly, *kenjutsu*, or fencing, is held in equally high esteem.

The origin of *jujutsu*, like so many other things Japanese, is traced back to the mythological age, the

gods Kajima and Kadori having, it is said, availed themselves of the art for the purpose of chastising the lawless inhabitants of the eastern provinces. But from then until the time of the Hojo régime (say from the twelfth to the fourteenth century) no special school (*ryugi*) had developed. Later, however, the various methods employed by physically inferior persons in defeating physically superior antagonists were carefully elaborated until eventually many distinct *ryugi*, sects, or schools, came into existence. The suggestion that Chin Gen-pin or Chuen Yuan-pin of the Ming dynasty of China introduced the art into Japan is not generally credited; and in any event it seems certain that it owes its present perfection almost entirely to Japanese exertions. *Jujutsu* is but one of the names by which almost one and the same thing has been connoted; *kempo*, *yawara*, *kugusuku*, *kumiuchi*, and now *judo* are all slightly different applications of identical principles. Irrespective of the eclectic and predominant modern system of *judo*, evolved by Dr. Kano Jigoro above referred to, the best known schools to-day are the Kiraku-ryu, Takenouchi-ryu, Yoshin-ryu, Shinnoshindo-ryu, Tenshin Shinyo-ryu, Sekiguchio-ryu, Shibukawa-ryu, Asayama Ichiden-ryu, Kyushin-ryu, Kito-ryu, Ryoishinto-ryu, Arata-ryu, Shimmei Sakkwatsu-ryu, &c. I was first introduced to the Tenshin Shinyo-ryu, which is an amalgamation of the Yoshin-ryu and the Shinnoshindo-ryu. The founder of the Yoshin-ryu was one Akiyama Shirobei Yoshitoki, a physician of Nagasaki. He had

been to China to study, and there learned under one Haku-tei or Pao-chuan three *te*, or tricks of *jujutsu*. The principal features of the art, as practised in China, were kicking and thrusting. Yoshitoki fully mastered these three *te*, together with twenty-eight different *kassei-ho*, or means of resuscitation. Returning to Japan, he taught the art to his pupils, but discouraged by the paucity of tricks at their master's disposal, the majority abandoned their studies before they had acquired proficiency. Yoshitoki then sought to improve his art, and it is recorded that he retired to the Temmangu temple at Tsukushi for a hundred days, where he finally succeeded in increasing the number of his *te* to one hundred and three.

The title of his school arose in this way. He chanced to notice one day in winter that the branches of a willow-tree in front of the temple did not retain the snow, even after a heavy fall, and that, thanks to the suppleness of its branches, which gave way under the falling snow and thus threw it off as fast as it accumulated, the tree escaped the fate of seemingly sturdier growths whose branches were everywhere ruthlessly crushed and broken under the burden. This circumstance so impressed the onlooker that he gave to his sect the name Yoshin-ryu—*i.e.*, "Willow-heart-school."

The founder of the Shinnoshindo-ryu was Yamamoto Tamizayemon, his school being a modified form of the Yoshin-ryu, and the names of many of the tricks the same in both. They were classified into *shodan*

(preliminary rank), *chudan* (middle rank), and *jodan* (upper rank). The founder of the Tenshin Shinyo-ryu was Yanagi Sekizai Minamoto-no-Masatari, who was born at Matsuzaka in Seishin. He was attached to the feudal lord of Kishiu, his original name being Okayama Hochiroji. He acquired an early taste for warlike arts, and on attaining his fifteenth year proceeded to Kyoto, where he studied *jujutsu* for six or seven years under Hitotsuyanagi Oribe, who was a retainer of Lord Hitotsu-yanagi and a well-known master of the art. After the death of his teacher he joined one Honma Joyemon, an exponent of the Shinnoshindo-ryu, whose teachings he thoroughly mastered in six years. This done, he travelled through the country and tried conclusions with different champions, being successful in every encounter. He stayed two or three years at Kusatsu in Joshiu, where he gained many "disciples" (*montei*). On one notable occasion, assisted by Nishimura, one of his pupils, he encountered more than a hundred lawless ruffians, whom he put to flight after soundly drubbing them. The sceptical West may smile in a superior sort of way and dub this story apocryphal, but incidents scarcely less remarkable have come under my own personal observation during my residence in Japan, and I am therefore quite prepared to accept it as substantially correct. Yanagi elaborated *atemi*, of the art of inducing a state of apparent death by kicking and striking certain vital spots in the body, and *kwappo*, or the art of resuscitation. In the long

run he established his school of the Tenshin Shinyo-ryu, and fixed the number of *te*, or tricks, at one hundred and twenty-four. He again toured the country, improving his art, and finally went to Yedo (Tokyo), where, after the characteristic and bewildering Japanese fashion, he changed his name to Kuriyama Matayemon, and became a retainer of the Tokugawa Government. Later he again changed his name to Iso Matayemon Yanagi Sekizai Minamoto-no-Masatari. His fame continued to spread and the number of his pupils increased to five thousand.

"In order fully to master any military art," says a native writer on *jujutsu*, "it is essential to learn under a competent teacher. The pupil must not be proud nor overbearing. He should constantly practise his art and scrupulously obey his teacher's instructions. Three vices must be strictly guarded against, viz., the excessive love of wine, money, and sexual immorality. If the pupil should become addicted to sexual immorality, or unfaithful owing to his love of money, or if he should grow proud and arrogant owing to drink, he may ruin his life; or even if he should become experienced in his art he will not deserve any credit! These evils, therefore, should be studiously avoided."

Our author continues: "The *jujutsu* pupil learns his art without any weapon on his person. After gaining experience, when he then puts on arms, his mind will be capable of controlling his body. On the other hand, should an inexperienced person put on armour, his bodily movements will be fettered. Thus the mind

must be well trained to begin with. The pupil's mind should be sovereign of the body, and his hands and feet his servants. Training his mind and limbs alike, he should then buckle on his arms. The art of *jujutsu* is an important ally on the field of battle.

"Even in practice one should try to imagine one's opponent an actual enemy. A correct posture should be carefully maintained, and the rules of *genshin* (the power to anticipate an attack) and of *zanshin* (how to act after throwing one's opponent) must also be observed. A truculent attitude should not be assumed. When one is attacked with a wooden sword one's fear or caution is not great; on the other hand, substitute a steel sword for the wooden one, and caution will be exercised. Let the pupil, then, try to imagine that his opponent is armed with a real sword.

"The employment of violent physical strength in *jujutsu* is not desirable, but is sometimes admissible. The pupil, however, who has not completely mastered his art must avoid the reckless use of force which tends to hamper the free movements of the body and limbs, and therefore to prevent him from learning the mystery of the art. He should endeavour to practise lightly and softly, and should avoid stiff and heavy movements.

"In an encounter you should watch your opponent's arms, the weapons he handles, and his eyes. At the same time, remembering that a clever adversary will frequently seek to deceive you, the eyes are not to be absolutely relied on. When the enemy remains

motionless, you may find it impossible to attack; in that case you must keep strictly on the defensive. Above all, avoid entertaining feelings of hatred towards your opponent. Do not keep your limbs at tension, but be cool and wary and prepared for any emergency. If you are over-eager to defeat your opponent you may overlook an opportunity. To take advantage of a change in your antagonist's position is called *aiki-no-sen;* the sudden resort to a trick is known as *fui-no-sen*. The act of throwing or otherwise disabling an opponent should be performed as if you are casting a stone to the ground. The body should not be made too hard, nor should the shoulders be raised too high. If this advice be followed the lower part of the body will become firm. The *ki-ai* [literally 'spirit-meeting'—*i.e.*, a sort of shout[1]] should emanate from the stomach, by which means the lower part of the abdomen is strengthened. In seizing or throwing your adversary care should be taken to protect your own body. In seizing with the left hand do not lose sight of your right hand and leg, and in throwing with the right hand take care similarly of your right side. The human body being formed of angles, try to assault the latter. In resisting an attack yield, as it were, to the enemy's will, but in the same manner as a gourd afloat on the water, even if pushed downwards, instantly rises again to the surface.

"When opposed to one physically stronger than

[1] A separate chapter on *Ki-ai* will be found elsewhere.

yourself do not be afraid, and, on the other hand, never despise one weaker than yourself. Do not recklessly resist your opponent's physical strength; imitate the action of a boat adrift upon the surface of the ocean. If your strength is inferior to that of your adversary it is useless for you to oppose strength to strength; try instead to avail yourself of your art and to attack him during an unwary moment in an unguarded spot, deceiving him with fictitious movements. By so doing the weaker but more skilful man will defeat a more powerful opponent.

"In the action of mind and body a negative (*in*) and a positive (*yo*) principle operate. The active state of the mind or body is termed *yo*, and the passive is termed *in*. As the proper control of the mind has an important bearing upon the practice of *jujutsu*, considerable attention has been devoted to it. The mind should be kept energetic and the attention concentrated upon the fundamental principles of the art. The mind will keep watch and ward over every part of the body, whether stationary or in motion.

"The technical terms *shi*, *ki*, and *chikara* may be broadly defined as idea, spirit, and power. A man's intention to pick up something is *shi*; his compliance with the prompting of *shi* is *ki*; and the actual handling of the object is due to *chikara*, which obeys the impulse of *ki*. Where there is *chikara* there is also *ki*, and *vice versa*; one is really the complement of the other. But in practising *jujutsu* it should be remembered that if precedence be given to power

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[To face p. 50.

(*chikara*) the result is bound to be highly disadvantageous. Power, or physical strength, should be relegated to a secondary position, and efforts should be made to gain experience in the control and employment of spirit, or mind, for when that is accomplished the right application of strength will become spontaneous.

"By the term *ki wo mitsuru* is meant the assumption of a correct position, with the mind on the alert. The god Senju-Kwannon has a thousand arms and only one head, but still he is accredited with the ability to use all his hands simultaneously. To obviate the danger of an uneven distribution of strength, the mind must permeate the entire body from the head to the extremities.

"The word *kurai* means a quiescent state of mind, as if one were afloat in a small boat on the ocean. A boat obeys the impulse of the waves and currents, and will not attempt to resist them. Similarly in *jujutsu*, when powerful pressure is brought to bear do not resist it, but appear to conform to the will of your adversary. Nevertheless, at the moment that he relaxes his efforts promptly avail yourself of a favourable chance.

"Imperturbability of mind in an emergency is called *fudoshin*. An unmoved demeanour on seeing sharp drawn swords or at any other unexpected happening is highly valued, and this attitude of mind should be sedulously cultivated. In an encounter with a powerful opponent the mind should be kept placid and all the

tricks of the art should be tried. In ancient times the student had more frequent opportunities than to-day of witnessing and taking part in warlike actions in order to acquire this mental imperturbability. Some enthusiasts would even go so far as to retreat to mountainous regions or other desolate places in search of mental concentration. Nowadays too many *jujutsu* pupils merely train their bodies and pay but slight attention to the cultivation of their minds, but this is a mistake; the importance of mental training should never be lost sight of.

"Sometimes when one prepares to attack, the opposite party will not move, but will maintain a composed posture as if he had fallen asleep. This conduct is called *muga-mushin;* it is highly valued and ought to be carefully studied, though the learner should never scruple to take advantage of a chance favourable to himself and detrimental to his opponent."

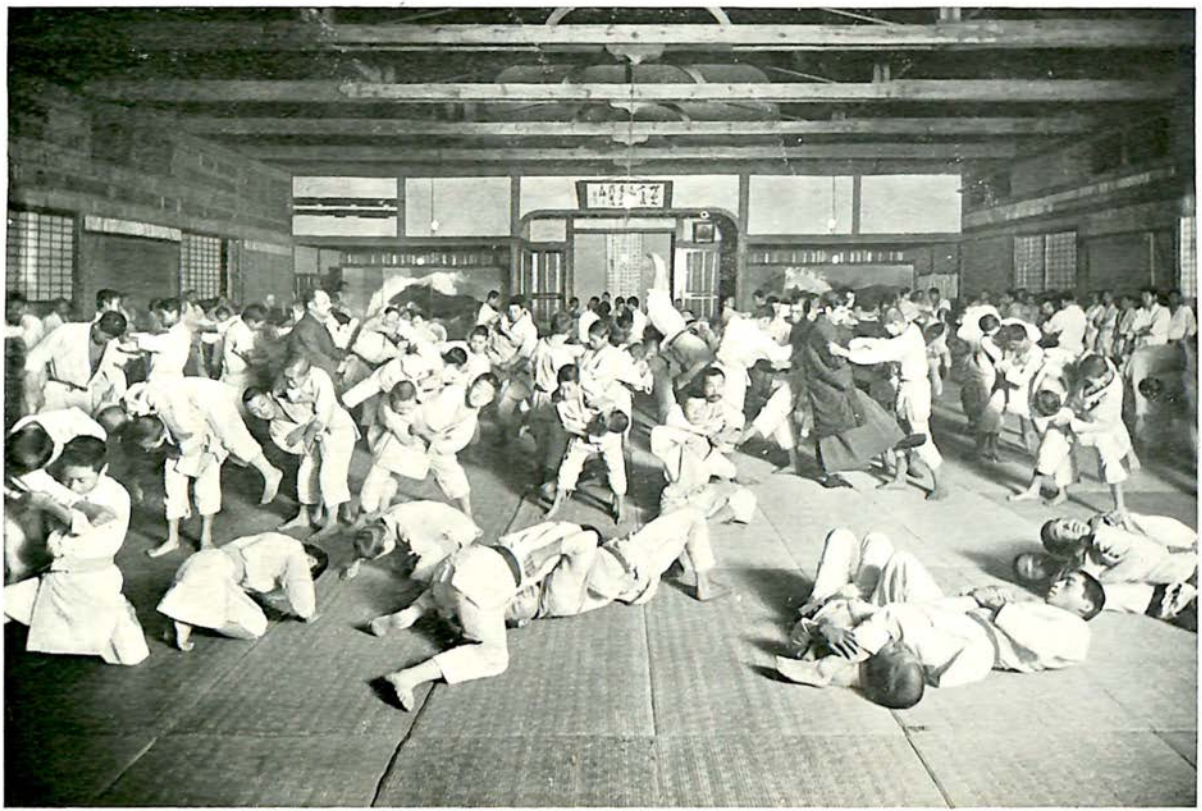
Thus far my Japanese author, whose remarks will have been sufficient to give the foreign reader a fair idea of the theory and application of *jujutsu*. Not all that is here written should be accepted in a painfully literal manner; some allowance must be made for Oriental hyperbole, and it is not every theory that is capable of flawless fulfilment in practice. No modern teacher of *judo* despises physical strength. Other things equal, it is almost certain to turn the scale in favour of its possessor. The vital consideration is that a knowledge of *judo* enables the student to distinguish between the right and wrong use of strength. I began

to realise the philosophy of the distinction early in my novitiate, when a Japanese considerably smaller and lighter than myself threw me over his head with what is known as the *seoi-nage*, and splintered my collar-bone. It is, nevertheless, a difficult lesson to learn, especially for a muscular pupil who is constantly tempted to try to bear down his opponent by sheer "beef." It is because the adult Sandow type of pupil can rarely avoid instinctive recourse to mere physical strength that the most satisfactory results in *judo* are usually achieved in the case of the "disciple" who is caught young, say at the age of fourteen, and who is thus enabled to develop skill and strength simultaneously. Such a subject, if to begin with he possesses some natural aptitude, is rarely guilty of the offence of "unreasonably" (*muri-ni*, as the Japanese say) applying his strength. It is not that the powerful adult may not become a very formidable exponent of *judo* in a practical sense, but simply that his victories in the matted arena are likely to be due less to what the Japanese call *waza* (the neat and finished performance of a trick) than to *wanryoku*, or brute strength, albeit the effectiveness of the latter will unquestionably be intensified by knowledge of the principles and practice of the art. But for a true demonstration of the essential properties and virtue of *judo* one should not look to such a demonstrator, but rather to a comparatively small and by no means heavy expert who, when he accomplishes a given throw, will seem to do so without serious effort.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE *DOJO*

NO more remarkable object-lesson in the futility of mere physique when pitted against "science" could be desired than that afforded by a visit to a first-class *judo* school. The highest of all such *dojo* is the Kodo-kwan in Tokyo, to which I have already referred as the headquarters of Dr. Kano Jigoro's eclectic system, which has gained the widest official recognition and the largest number of followers throughout Japan. The Kodo-kwan was recently rebuilt, and to-day is a very handsome Japanese-style structure, with an imposing central entrance surmounted with a carved wooden arch or canopy. The entire building is of the same material, and was erected at a cost of about a thousand pounds sterling, or ten thousand yen. It is situated in the metropolitan ward known as Koishikawa, not far from the arsenal, a forty minutes' tramcar journey from Shimbashi; but though apparently somewhat remote from the centre of the capital, it is nevertheless located in a populous student district; while for the rest, a true *jodo* student thinks nothing of spending two or three hours per day in merely travelling



THE KODO-KWAN, TOKYO.

[To face p. 54.

to and from the *dojo*. The interior of the Kodo-kwan is a sort of Sahara of straw-coloured mats, a specially strong kind of *tatami* made to resist as long as possible the incessant shocks from falling bodies to which they are necessarily subjected. The bare statement that there are some two hundred of these *tatami* on the floor space of the Kodo-kwan will not in itself convey a great deal to the average foreign reader ; but when it is added that the approximate dimensions of one Japanese mat of this type are 6 ft. long by 3 ft. wide a better idea of the generous area of the place will be forthcoming. A mat of the above description is composed of a *toko*, or bottom, usually made of straw, sewed in eight or nine lines ; and of a covering made of rush matting (*ryukyu*), which is tightly sewn to the bottom in ten or fifteen lines, the thread used for the purpose appearing on the surface as little as possible. In the case of a perfect *dojo* such as the Kodo-kwan, these mats lie upon a flooring, which in turn rests upon numerous steel springs which cause the entire floor to give perceptibly in response to the smallest pressure from above. The surface of the mat, though seemingly hard and smooth, is none the less of remarkable elasticity, and although a clumsy fall may result in a broken bone, it is astonishing with what force one may be thrown and still rise to renew the encounter absolutely intact. At the same time, this result presupposes on the part of the victim some knowledge of how to fall. The walls of this, as of all *dojo*, are of wood, and as far as possible sharp

angles are avoided, corner-posts being concealed within the walls. Immediately behind the main entrance, which is reserved for the use of Mr. Kano, is a spacious alcove-shaped platform, from which Mr. Kano is in the habit of addressing his disciples from time to time. His portrait hangs in one corner, and the rule of the school imperatively requires that every member of the *dojo*, both on entering and leaving the hall, shall make an obeisance before this portrait, by going down on his hands and knees, in Japanese fashion, and tapping the mats with his forehead. On either side of this central daïs are two smaller platforms, one of which is intended for the use of occasional visitors, foreigners or Japanese, who may wish to watch a display of *judo*; and the other is the space dedicated to members of what is known as *shodan* rank and upwards. As a rule a group of experts, with the director of the *dojo*, the famous Yokoyama, as the central figure, may daily be seen on this latter elevation, squatting round a huge brazier, or *hibachi*, smoking the eternal cigarette and perenially discussing "stunts." The common herd must foregather for social intercourse at the other end of the *dojo*, though for wrestling purposes the matted floor space is free to all. When taxed to its full capacity, the new Kodokwan will permit a hundred or more couples to practise at a time. The typical *judo* costume is made of strong cotton cloth, sleeved and lined. To quote Professor Arima, the author of a standard work on the subject, "it must cover the legs an inch or two below

the knees and be so made that its *eri* [which in Japanese clothes forms the collar and extension] can fit both sides of the body. The sleeves should be an inch or two longer than the elbow, and loose enough to admit of the first, in addition to the arms. The garment must be thickly stitched crosswise with white thread, but below the waist it may be stitched obliquely or lengthwise and crosswise. The belt should also consist of cotton cloth, folded five or six times, stitched with white thread in four to six lines, and be long enough to encircle the body twice, leaving sufficient length to fasten in front. The trousers must be loose and need not be lined. They should end about midway between the knee and ankle, but may be half that length. They are to be fastened around the waist by means of cords attached to their upper part."

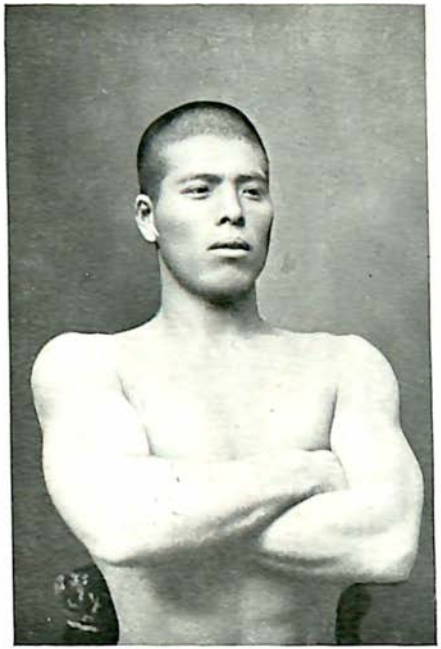
In some of the smaller *dojo* many pupils may be seen wearing nether garments scarcely more voluminous than the bathing trunks used by men when ladies are not present, but I do not advise the tender-skinned Occidental to follow the example of these young stalwarts, whose epidermis seems impervious to abrasion. I speak feelingly on this subject, seeing that I began by wearing this attenuated kind of costume, and endured agonies before my knees became inured to the flaying process every time they struck the mats. I well remember that during one winter season they were cut and torn so repeatedly that suppuration set in, and I had to undergo special medical treatment before I could renew my exertions. Later on, however, when

I joined the Kodo-kwan, the problem was solved by the adoption of the more sensible style of trousers affected at that school.

The idea underlying the use of some sort of costume in the practice of *judo* may call for explanation for the benefit of Western boxers and wrestlers who, in practice, often wear nothing over the upper part of the body. The theory of *judo*, however, is largely based upon the justifiable assumption that in nine cases out of ten your opponent in a quarrel in real life would be clad in ordinary garments, and with equal justice a large number of the tricks in the repertoire of the art depend for their most successful fulfilment upon a grip of the upper garment, although it would be a grave error to suppose that the *judo-ka* (exponent of *judo*) is necessarily at a loss when his antagonist is nude from the waist up. The field of action would to a certain extent be reduced in the latter instance; but, on the other hand, there is an esoteric branch of the art the application of which would actually be facilitated by this very circumstance. As a rule, however, the *judo* expert is loth to have recourse to the tricks comprised in the latter category, save in the last extremity, and prefers if possible to put his opponent out of action by means of a throw or bone-lock, which, if the victim is wise enough to know when he has had enough, rarely leaves him much the worse for wear. The esoteric side of *judo* will be dealt with more in detail later on.

The only outward distinction of rank in the Kano

MR. MIFUNE.
Fifth grade in *judo*.



MR. TOKU.
Fourth grade in *judo*.

MR. TOKU.
Fourth grade in *judo*.

[To face p. 59.

school lies in the colour of the belt. Below the rank of *sankyu*, which may be freely rendered as third-class, the student wears a simple white belt ; from *sankyu* up to *ikkyu*, or first-class, the colour changes to brown ; and from *shodan* upwards a black belt is worn. The word *dan* in Japanese has the meaning of grade or degree ; *shodan* is the lowest rank in the section above that of *kyu*, already described ; and from *shodan* upwards the classification runs numerically—*i.e.*, "second-grade" (*nidan*), "third-grade" (*sandan*), "fourth-grade" (*yodan*), "fifth-grade" (*godan*), "sixth-grade" (*rokudan*), and "seventh-grade" (*shichidan*). There are probably only two or three men in Japan who hold the seventh-grade, and below the latter the number of representatives is usually in inverse proportion to that of the *dan*, or grade. Professor Kano, as the founder of the school, may be said to stand above even this distinction, while after him the most celebrated and, in practice, the most formidable of all *judo* experts of recent years is Mr. Yokoyama, above referred to. Fairly tall for a Japanese, but of medium height for a foreigner, Mr. Yokoyama, now a man on the shady side of forty, is seen at a glance to be of unusual muscular development, his neck more especially rising from between his broad shoulders like a solid pillar of sinewy flesh. Any attempt, by even the strongest untrained man, to throttle such an opponent would be vain indeed.

I had occasion to note during my first visit that several of the *yudansha*, or teachers, were scarcely

more than 5 ft. high—though many were, of course, far taller—but in spite of their inferior stature it was a comparatively simple matter for them to topple over their opponents, however big, with an apparent absence of effort that added to the impressiveness of the demonstration. Mr. Kano himself is a middle-aged man of perhaps 5 ft. 4 or 5 in. in height, but with a thickness of neck and a depth of chest which denote great strength. Very strict discipline is observed among the students, and no one ventured to address Mr. Kano, during my visit, without an obeisance, the head of the school, on his part, giving his instructions with military curtness. Mr. Kano still does a certain amount of practice, and would be an ugly customer to tackle in a serious encounter. His name is one to conjure with throughout Japan.

Catch-as-catch-can wrestling is the nearest approach to *judo* that we have in Europe or America, and several of the pure throws are similar in both schools, though in view of the fact that the catch-as-catch-can wrestler is naked, save for a pair of jock-straps and pumps, he is by no means so good a subject for holds and grips as a man who is clothed. Again, the object in catch-as-catch-can is to force your opponent's two shoulders down upon the mat; in *judo*, though a clean throw of course counts, you are at liberty to try to defeat your opponent by falling voluntarily upon your back, or in any other manner, whereas in catch-as-catch-can the man who, voluntarily or otherwise, allows his two shoulders to touch the mats together is defeated.

In *judo*, on the contrary, it may often happen that the man on top is in such pain as to be forced to surrender.

The question is continually being asked by foreigners which is the more effective—*judo* or boxing. I may say at once that in my opinion the problem can never be satisfactorily solved under the conditions of a friendly contest in which the boxer must wear gloves and the *judo-ka* cannot avail himself of the more deadly tricks in his repertoire. I may recall in this context that many years ago, not long after I had taken up the study of *judo* in one of the *ryugi* outside the Kodokwan, the well-known middleweight Jack Slavin, former champion of Australia, came to Japan and gave several exhibitions, at one of which some of my Japanese wrestling friends and I contributed a display of the art of *judo*. The presence of the Australian was regarded as a fitting opportunity for an international contest, and arrangements had actually been completed for a meeting between Slavin and a famous Japanese champion named Mr. Izuka, professor of *judo* at the Keio University, when Slavin suddenly sailed for the Klondyke in response to an invitation from his brother Frank, the prominent heavyweight. Jack Slavin, in a letter to his agent, explained that, as his funds were at zero and an opening had presented itself, he would not have been justified in letting it slip. Personally, I believe the excuse was genuine enough, but his departure at such a juncture naturally created a most unfortunate impression in Japanese circles, and confirmed the very real belief that Slavin would have been

defeated. Since confession is said to be good for the soul, I do not mind acknowledging that I, too, shared that belief and still share it, for Slavin's prospective opponent, Mr. Izuka, albeit not more than 5 ft. 3 or 4 in. in height, is a miniature Hercules in physique and possessed of astounding skill and agility. But even had the contest come off it would have been hampered by the conditions already adverted to, and would have satisfied only the winning side. The only logical way of deciding the point would be to put the boxer and the *judo-ka* in an open field and there let them fight to a finish. But unfortunately for the final settlement of this much-vexed question, though fortunately for the limitation of international bills of mortality, neither the laws of the civilised East nor those of the West permit what the Japanese call a *shinken* (real fight).

I once asked Mr. Kano how one of the big wrestlers (*sumo-tori*) would fare at the hands of an expert *judo-ka*.

"Well," he replied, "no doubt the *sumo-tori* might be able, under the silly rules of his style of wrestling, to push the *judo-ka* out of the ring, but in a real fight an expert *judo-ka* ought to be able to kill the *sumo-tori*." Apropos of which there is a Japanese yarn which tells how once upon a time a *judo-ka* and a big *sumo-tori* fell into a dispute on this very subject, until finally they agreed to try conclusions in order to make certain. At the very commencement of the struggle the big man picked the *judo-ka* up and holding

THE BUTOKU-DEN, KYOTO.

[To face p. 62.

him high above his head, asked triumphantly, "Now where are you?" Apparently not a whit perturbed by this turn of events, the *judo-ka* answered, "Oh, this is just where *judo* comes in. The moment you attempt to throw me down I'll kick you to death!" Terrified out of his wits by this awful threat, the fat man, still holding the *judo-ka* in the same position, rushed out into the street, shouting loudly for help! The sequel is not recorded.

The term *judo* is not in itself new, but until its adoption by Mr. Kano to designate his system it was by no means so much in vogue as the expression *jujutsu*. Etymologically, a single ideograph differentiates *jujutsu* from *judo*. As already explained jujutsu means an art; *do* means a road or way; in other words, Mr. Kano insists upon the ethical as well as the purely physical aspect of his system, and, in theory at least, a good moral character is as essential to the promotion of the student of *judo* as practical efficiency. Mr. Kano perfected his school a good many years ago, after training under the teachers of several of the older *ryugi* and thoroughly assimilating the best they had to offer. In the days following the abolition of feudalism a reaction had set in against the martial arts, and when the prominent German physician Dr. Baelz urged upon the faculty of the Imperial University the necessity of improving the sadly deteriorated physique of the students of the day, he encountered strenuous opposition. One result of this tendency of the times was that the *jujutsu dojo* were almost

deserted, and the starving teachers were only too eager to impart their knowledge to so enthusiastic a disciple as Mr. Kano then was. Thus, in the end, the latter was enabled to establish his own school, which has retained all that is really valuable from the repertoire of the older *ryugi*, while rejecting what the lawyers would call surplusage, adding largely to the list of *waza*, or tricks, and classifying the latter in a logical and scientific manner. From modest beginnings the famous Kodo-kwan has grown into an imposing practice-hall with a membership that must now be at least ten thousand, and it is continually growing; while among Mr. Kano's *montei*, or disciples, are included many of the most prominent military and naval men of Japan, not excepting even princes of the Imperial blood. The young Prince Tokugawa, son of the last of the Shoguns, and now head of the house, is a clever exponent of the art, with the rank of *nimdan*. *Judo* is the system officially recognised, compulsory in all naval and military schools, practised at all Government universities and schools, and at nearly all the bigger private educational establishments.

The fee charged for tuition at the Kodo-kwan is astonishingly small—only thirty sen a month, or less than eightpence, in addition to an entrance fee which is not usually less than a yen, but which can be increased by those disposed to do so. When the student reaches the rank of *shodan*, or lowest teaching grade, the charge is remitted in return for the help which he is expected to render to lower-grade students. The

method of classification is quite simple. Responsibility devolves upon a select number of teachers, who carefully watch the form displayed by the pupils in daily practice and in the periodical *shobu* (competitions), and decide all details relative to individual promotion. The applicant who obtains permission to enter the institution is required to present it with a pair of folding fans and the sum of one yen. Until the student attains the *dan* grade he is forbidden to make use of certain locks called *gyaku*, which, unless skilfully applied, may result in serious injury to muscles and joints. When the student reaches the *dan* grade he is gradually initiated into the esoteric branches of *judo*, which include *atemi*, already referred to as the art of striking and kicking vital spots, and *kwappo*, or the method of resuscitating one who has been rendered unconscious by strangulation or other cause. The non-esoteric branches of *judo* are called *randori*, in which the pupil freely applies his knowledge in open practice (*keiko*) with others, and *kata*, or forms, in which the principal tricks are demonstrated in a given order by two performers.

In order to inure the pupil to the two extremes of heat and cold, and to cultivate the virtue of perseverance, all *dojo*, including the Kodo-kwan, hold special summer and winter exercises. For the former, the hottest month of the year, August, and the hottest time of the day, from 1 p.m., are chosen; and for the latter, commencing in January, the pupils start wrestling at four o'clock in the morning and keep

it up until seven or eight. The summer practice is termed *shochugeiko* and the winter practice *kangeiko*. There is likewise the "number exercise," on the last day of the winter practice, when, as a special test of endurance, the pupils practise from 4 a.m. till 2 p.m., and not infrequently go through as many as a hundred bouts within that interval.

In the periodical competitions the best two out of three falls, or other recognised proof of superiority, decide the victory, although the umpire, if the contest be unduly prolonged, may announce what is called *ippon shobu*, which means that one fall shall decide the issue. Expert students with exceptional wind often defeat half a dozen opponents one after the other, and wrestle continuously for an hour or more at a time.

The two great competitions of the year, held in the spring and autumn respectively, are styled *Kohaku Shobu* (Red and White Contest), in which the competitors are divided into two parties (red and white), each party having its chief and being arranged according to the degree of skill possessed by the members. Thus the contest will begin with the least proficient and youngest opponents, and each bout is decided by the first fall. Ultimately the two best men on either side meet and fight it out. Or it will sometimes happen that one side is so far ahead of the other, owing to a succession of victories won by individual competitors, that towards the end lower-grade men on the winning side must wrestle with higher-grade men on the losing side. At such moments, not unnaturally, intense ex-

citement prevails, and the adherents of the rival colours freely encourage their champions with cries of "*aka*" (red), "*shiro*" (white) respectively, and frequent use of the expression "*Shikkari! Shikkari!*"—*i.e.*, "Firmly! Firmly!"—something like our "buck up" or "stick to him," perhaps. At the close of the competition the members of the winning team, with their leader (*taisho*) at the head, enter the roped enclosure and from the hands of Mr. Kano himself receive the championship flag as concrete evidence of their victory. At one time the *Kohaku Shobu* began with the very lowest grades, mere children, and finished with *sandan* or *yodan* experts; but nowadays, owing to the constantly growing number of entries, the contest begins only with the *ikkyu* grade. It is quite a common thing for four hundred couples to participate in these historic meetings. The names of the competitors are written in large characters on a wide strip of paper, which stretches right across the far end of the hall, so that they may be readily perused from a distance. Written, of course, in Japanese, each name must be read vertically from top to bottom, and the entire list from left to right, though the customary Japanese order in books and newspapers is from right to left. Thus, whereas a corresponding list of names in English would take the form of two or more perpendicular rows, the names in each row being written horizontally, in Japanese the separate rows, for red and white contestants, are horizontal, one colour above the other, while the names of members of both teams form per-

pendicular lines. Nominally, each name in the upper row is supposed to appear immediately opposite the name of a prospective antagonist in the lower row, but, as a matter of fact, this original order can rarely be preserved; and it is curious to trace the fluctuating fortunes of war on either side by means of the red lines which an assistant, seated high enough to have an unobstructed view of the contests, describes with a brush after each bout. Two or more red lines, radiating from a name in the upper row and ending at two or more names in the lower one, would indicate that the owner of the name in the upper row had beaten the owners of the names in the lower row, or *vice versâ*. It is therefore quite easy for even a foreigner with but an elementary knowledge of the language to ascertain at a glance at the red lines which side is ahead for the time being and by exactly how many men. The *Kohaku Shobu* is, furthermore, the occasion for numerous promotions, which are also announced by Mr. Kano himself, in a stereotyped formula from which he rarely, if ever, deviates. Even after the pruning process above referred to, a *Kohaku Shobu* commencing at eight in the morning rarely finishes much before the same hour in the evening, and prior to the pruning process 11 p.m. has seen the young gladiators hard at it in the glare of the incandescent lamps. Ordinary *shobu* differ somewhat from the *Kohaku*, in that there is no red and white classification and two out of three falls are required for a win unless the umpire, as already explained, announces

"*ippon shobu*" owing to the equal character of the struggle. Also it may be that two or even three couples with three umpires are bouting simultaneously, while, unlike the *Kohaku Shobu*, the onlookers maintain a religious silence. For those who are susceptible to verbal encouragement, therefore, the ordinary *shobu*, held on an average every six weeks in the case of students below the *dan* grades, is a far more serious and trying affair than the *Kohaku*, and a greater test of physical endurance. Speaking from long personal experience, I can say that the *shobu* is a genuine mental as well as physical ordeal—for the participant. In the case of the more advanced students, who come on at a later hour, there is all the horror of anticipation to be contended against. As one enters the building the only sounds to greet the ear are the "dull, sickening thuds" which proclaim successive falls, the deep breathing and panting of the contestants, and the staccato tones of the umpires as they declare victory and defeat. From the umpires' decisions there is no appeal. In the very rare case where one of the competitors is a foreigner the latter finds it difficult to resist the conviction that the majority of the onlookers, who squat on the bleak-looking mats in serried ranks, are anxious to see him defeated, not because they entertain towards him any personal animus, but simply out of deference to the racial sentiment which is nowhere more assertive than in Japan, and which, while no doubt it makes for national solidarity, undoubtedly carries with it strong prejudice against the

alien and the not unnatural desire for his discomfiture whenever and wherever he runs up against a true son of Dai Nihon. I must hasten to add that in the Kodo-kwan, whether or not this feeling exists, it is never allowed to reveal itself. No outward demonstration signalises victory or defeat on either side, and, so far as the umpire himself is concerned, speaking generally, strict justice may be confidently expected at his hands, irrespective of race, colour, or creed.

The pleasure of a *shobu* is not at all enhanced by the sort of weather Tokyo enjoys in winter. Let it be said that in the Kodo-kwan, as in all other *dojo*, there is no artificial heating of any kind whatever, and in order to anticipate suggestions from inventive foreigners I must hasten to add that no footgear other than socks or stockings and no overcoats may be worn inside the building. Here, then, in such circumstances, the expressive Anglo-Saxon colloquialism "cold feet" has a very real and dreadful application. For reasons already explained, it is impossible for the heads of the *dojo* to specify the exact moment when a given competitor must take to the mats against his opponent, or for them to determine beforehand who that opponent will be. Imagine, therefore, the state of being, physical and psychological, of the nervous person, while waiting, waiting, waiting, constrained by the awful fascination of the game to watch as one after the other the contestants preceding him are either defeated or emerge victorious from the strenuous fray. The spectacle of a human being hitting the mats with a bang which

literally shakes the spring-supported floor and seems to shake the entire building is hardly conducive to a happy, tranquil frame of mind. The feet of the nervous onlooker are by this time so frigid as to be almost destitute of sensation, and what between excitement and the temperature his teeth are chattering like the proverbial castanets, and it is with extreme difficulty that he can articulate at all. These symptoms of "blue funk," I am sorry to say, are rather more frequently exhibited by the foreigner than by the Japanese. After all, the Japanese *judo-ka* has usually been caught very young, say at thirteen or fourteen, and is thus to the manner born. Furthermore, he is among friends and compatriots, and can as a rule depend upon the moral support of a large proportion of the spectators, while his opponent is usually a Japanese. The average foreigner is necessarily in a different position, and is handicapped accordingly. As a matter of fact, however, during the whole of my experience of the game I can recall only five foreigners who have taken part in *shobu*, and of this number two only at all regularly. And apropos of the psychology of the *shobu*, the testimony of Mr. Weed is of the utmost value, for he is a well-known athlete among resident foreigners in Japan, having won distinction and numerous trophies in football, rowing, baseball, swimming, running, and to a lesser extent cricket. When, therefore, a man of this calibre testifies that the *judo* competition is the most trying of all, and one that imposes the severest demands upon the nervous and physical forces, I think

the reader ought to be convinced that in my own appraisement of the *shobu* I have not been guilty of any exaggeration.

What, it may be asked, is the human product of *judo*? Elsewhere in these pages I shall have occasion to quote the views of authorities like Mr. Kano, Mr. Kunishige, and Mr. Yokoyama; but speaking briefly here from my own experience and observation, I do not hesitate to declare that the teachers and students of the art in Japan constitute a body of men of which any nation and any epoch might well be proud. The foreigner in the treaty ports, who rarely leaves the beaten track, and knows nothing of any other kind of Japanese than the narrow-chested, pasty-faced, anæmic *banto*, whose principal recreations are tobacco, *sake*, and dissipation generally, is wont to smile almost sceptically when told of the existence of a very different type of native—of a young man bubbling over with health and vitality, not tall, perhaps, but extraordinarily broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and thick-necked, with beautifully developed thighs and calves, back and stomach muscles. This kind of man appears to walk somewhat from the hips, with a suggestion of swagger, probably unconscious and the outcome of justifiable self-confidence. He is usually a student at one of the bigger schools of Tokyo or Kyoto; and if, as sometimes happens, devotion to *judo* tends to detract a little from his devotion to book-learning, he is none the worse on that account, and the race as a whole is decidedly better, since it cannot be doubted that at about the

time Mr. Kano succeeded in popularising his system the gravest physical and nervous deterioration had set in as the outcome of excessive zeal in the pursuit of Occidental knowledge. It is scarcely too much to say that the revival of the old *samurai* art in an improved form has been the salvation of the rising generation, although it must be confessed there are still too many young men and boys who appear to be committed irrevocably to the sedentary life. Mr. Kano may thus with reason be regarded as a public benefactor, and that his motives are purely disinterested —in a pecuniary sense at least—is patent to all who are familiar with the facts. Owing to the almost nominal charge made for tuition, it is doubtful whether the Kodo-kwan does much more than support itself, and in many indirect ways it is almost certain that Mr. Kano is out of pocket for the board and lodging of the numerous *shosei* (a sort of student-dependant) who gather round him. But to return to our muttons. The type of student whom I am endeavouring to describe is as a rule quiet and well-behaved, but it is not always possible to avoid trouble without sacrifice of self-respect. When, however, trouble does occur, it is usually confined to the opponent of the *judo* expert. Two Kodo-kwan teachers were assaulted some time ago by seventeen coolies in a meat-shop—a sort of popular restaurant. Although some of the coolies were armed with knives the gang were dispersed in a twinkling, three of them with broken arms and all with bruised and battered faces. As fast as one of

the experts artistically "downed" his man the other would pick the victim up like an empty sack and dump him unceremoniously into the street. The only evidence of the conflict on the side of the two experts took the form of skinned knuckles where the latter had come into contact with the coolies' teeth. On another occasion a celebrated expert fell foul of a coolie in the upper room of a restaurant and promptly threw him downstairs. The coolie returned to the fray with fourteen comrades, but the expert calmly sat at the head of the stairs, and as fast as the coolies came up in single file, owing to the narrowness of the passage, he simply choked them in detail and hurled them down again. In the excitement of the moment he was rather rougher than was strictly necessary, and so broke one man's neck. The rest fled in terror, carrying off their dead and wounded. The *judo* expert was arrested, but as he was easily able to prove that he had been one man against fifteen he was, of course, acquitted. Nevertheless, the Kodo-kwan temporarily suspended him for his conduct, which was deemed unduly violent.

In another case the hero, whom I know personally, was then a youth below *shodan* rank, and was attacked one night in a lonely part of Tokyo by a footpad armed with a sword. He succeeded in capturing the footpad and handing him over to the police, but received a wound in the foot which laid him up for a month. Professor Kano himself has had more than one adventure. During a voyage to Europe he once engaged in a wrestling contest with a huge Russian, and greatly

to the surprise of the spectators, who anticipated his speedy defeat, threw his opponent with ease by means of the *koshinage*, or loin throw, and, what is still more remarkable, saved the Russian's head from a nasty knock on the deck by placing his hand underneath it as the man fell. Commander Hirose, who perished during one of the famous blockading expeditions before Port Arthur, was in his youth attached to the Japanese Legation at St. Petersburg as a student, and was once challenged by certain Russian naval officers of herculean proportions to a friendly trial of strength. Needless to say, Hirose, by means of his art, threw his men with ease. The Tsar, being informed of the episode, invited Hirose to the Imperial Palace, where a contest was arranged with a famous athlete, and again Hirose emerged victorious. Mr. Uchida, a well-known fourth-grade expert (*yodan*), who has travelled extensively in Korea, Manchuria, and Siberia, has more than once had occasion to utilise his knowledge of *judo* for purposes of self-protection, and has never yet been found wanting. In 1895, while travelling by steamer to Vladivostok, he came into conflict with a big Russian, who, thinking to make use of his superior height and reach, seized Mr. Uchida by the collar and waist. Mr. Uchida, however, quickly applied the *koshinage* and threw his antagonist. The latter rose again and tried to kick Mr. Uchida, but was speedily swept off his feet and brought to the deck with a crash that knocked all the fight out of him. He fled from the arena and refrained from further interference with this formidable

Japanese. The West already knows what can be done even by second and third-rate men. The well-known Yukio Tani, for example, who for a long time had everything his own way on the boards in England, until Mayeda (fourth-grade of the Kodo-kwan) appeared and easily defeated him, had no special standing in Tokyo, where scores of young students might have been found to throw him.

While admitting that black sheep exist in every fold, I contend that, having regard for the terrible superiority over the rank and file possessed by thousands of young men in Japan at the present day, the comparative absence of abuse of this superiority is in itself a very striking proof of the uniformly good character of the majority, thus vindicating Mr. Kano's claim that his system is not only physical but ethical in its scope. It should be added that most teachers exercise discretion in imparting the more dangerous secrets of the art to their pupils. Those of the latter who show signs of a hasty temper or of dissipated habits are not usually favoured, so that, speaking generally, the *judo* expert would be the last man in the world to seek a quarrel, albeit being in one he might be depended on to so conduct himself as to afford his opponent the best of reasons for bewaring of him.

After long association with disciples of the cult, as it may almost be termed, one grows to recognise them anywhere by a sort of instinct. Perhaps their bearing becomes affected by the constant exercise of certain muscles in a certain way. The teacher of *judo*, who

MR. MAYEDA.
Fourth grade in *judo*.

[To face p. 76.

has been accustomed to practise almost daily until middle age, cannot safely retire at a moment's notice and henceforth lead a life of ease. His system has grown to need the stimulus of exercise, and the sudden suspension of the latter is calculated to impair the general health. The teacher who begins to tire of his strenuous calling and to pine for the condition of *inkyo* (retirement) finds it necessary to leave off by gradually reducing the daily number of bouts until in the end he feels it safe to abandon practice altogether.

CHAPTER V

STRANGULATION EXTRAORDINARY

UNDER the general heading of *kubi-gatame,* or "neck-locks," the Kano School of *judo* has a very extensive repertoire of effective methods of choking an obstreperous adversary into submission, and unless surrender comes in the nick of time, the victim will infallibly lose consciousness. Though the recital in the absence of a photographic commentary must be little better than a Chinese alphabet for the majority, as the Russian saw has it, I may mention the *nami-juji* (literally, "usual cross," the Japanese equivalent for the word "cross" being "sign of ten"), *gyaku-juji* (reverse cross), *kata-juji* (half-cross), *hadaka-jime* (naked strangle-hold), *okuri-eri* (sliding-collar), and *sode-guruma* (sleeve-wheel).

It must be well within the recollection of any ordinary reader of the newspapers and of fiction that the would-be descriptive, picturesque writer not infrequently indulges in heroics when it comes to dealing with the sensations of an individual undergoing strangulation, while the question whether or not our common form of capital punishment is the most humane one

possible in the circumstances also occasionally furnishes food for lengthy polemics. It so happens that I am in a position to write intelligently on the subject of strangulation, for the simple reason that I personally have been choked into insensibility, and have scores of friends and acquaintances, one being a foreigner and the rest Japanese, who have undergone a similar experience. I will say, and they will say, that being choked, by a competent hand, at least, is *per se* a bagatelle not worth making a fuss over. Indeed, beyond the preliminary sensations, as in the case of being chloroformed—another of my personal experiences—the sensation is rather pleasant than otherwise, and if the victim is intelligently revived by means of *kwappo*, he feels as fit as ever five minutes afterwards. So lightly do the Japanese practitioners of *judo* and *jujutsu* regard strangling, that apart from those accidental cases which are bound to occur quite frequently during *judo* contests, it is the time-honoured custom to choke deliberately all newly appointed *shodan*, or students of the art who hold the lowest teaching grade, the outward symbol of which is the black *obi* or belt. The idea at the bottom of this seemingly cold-blooded procedure is both to steel the victim's nerves and round off his experience, as it were, and to afford the newly promoted members an opportunity of putting into practice certain forms of *kwappo* (the system of resuscitation) which are demonstrated by an expert teacher before strangulation takes place.

My particular friend, Mr. D. T. Weed, recently

underwent the above experience, and has furnished me with an account thereof which, I think, makes interesting reading.

Mr. Weed practises the art at the *dojo* of Keio University, Tokyo, the instructor of which is the famous Mr. Izuka, holder of the sixth grade (*rokudan*). Of stature somewhat below the average, even for a Japanese, he is built on the lines of a miniature Hercules, and albeit to-day some thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, is still more than a match for the strongest and most expert of his pupils, ten and fifteen years younger. Shortly after his promotion, together with some ten others, Mr. Weed attended the customary lecture and strangulation ceremony—if it may so be called—at the private residence of Mr. Fukuzawa, the son of the immortal founder of Keio University, Yukichi Fukuzawa. Mr. Izuka delivered the lecture, which dealt generally with the ethical aspects of *judo*, and this was followed by a demonstration of specific methods of *kwappo*, or resuscitation, and finally by the choking of all eleven *shodan* and their speedy restoration to consciousness by the application of *kwappo*, the details of which every initiate is under the most solemn pledge never to reveal to outsiders. The proceeding was so arranged that every new *shodan* alternately choked a colleague, was choked by another, and revived a third by the application of the special *kwatsu* (single method of resuscitation) which had shortly before been illustrated either by Mr. Izuka or some other high-class *yudansha* present. The room in which the

ceremony was performed was, of course, in Japanese style and matted, and the *shodan* participating in these experiments wore the usual *keiko-gi*, or practice garments, as most suitable for such an occasion.

Mr. Weed was asked by Mr. Izuka if he had ever been deliberately choked outside an actual *judo* contest. On receiving a negative reply, Mr. Izuka rejoined cheerfully, "Well, in that case you had better go through with it; otherwise you cannot regard yourself as a full-fledged *judo-ka*."

Mr. Weed, affecting an air of easy nonchalance which he cheerfully confesses was very far from being a faithful reflection of his true state of mind, lay down on his back, and the famous expert, having secured a good hold in the *kata-juji* style, in which the loose collar of the upper garment is tightly constricted against the depression below the Adam's apple, by the dual motion of pressing against it with the right hand and pulling the left lapel of the coat downwards with the left hand, deftly dispatched Mr. Weed into the land of nod in forty seconds by actual watch count. Mr. Weed informs me, however, that he lost consciousness after the timekeeper had counted eleven, this being the last sound he heard, but his legs and arms continued to move convulsively for twenty-nine seconds more, so that the full count of forty seconds must be accepted as the interval required in which to "put him to sleep." As a matter of fact, with the exception of one student who took forty-five seconds to go off, Mr. Weed displayed the greatest resisting power of any present.

It should be added that under these conditions the victim does not try to resist, but rather to co-operate with the operator in consummating this congenial task. To that end he is required to empty his lungs as far as possible and to relax the muscles of the throat, which are at other times brought into play when the subject has no overmastering desire to take a nap merely to oblige another. As already stated generally, so in Mr. Weed's case, the first sensations were the usual ones of suffocation, the symptoms of which are a singing in the ears and a black void before the eyes. Complete oblivion speedily ensued. While in this state all perception of time and space is lost. Mr. Weed's earliest realisation of his own identity took the form of a dim, confused attempt to balance a series of conflicting figures which presented themselves to his mind, but to no purpose. Next he heard the dull murmur of voices, and then suddenly regained complete consciousness with a start, and opened his eyes to find himself sitting on the mats surrounded by a circle of grinning comrades.

The older or more advanced *yudansha,* who had on previous occasions undergone this ordeal, did not scruple to indulge in uncomfortable jests at the expense of their juniors whose turn had yet to come on this memorable evening. These juniors, looking decidedly green about the gills, vainly sought to conceal their nervousness and anxiety beneath an assumption of coolness and indifference which succeeded in deceiving nobody, and laughed artificially in response to

the grimly jocular comments of their seniors. "*Sayonara!*" ("Goodbye!"), "*Mata chikai uchi ni!*" ("See you again shortly!"), "Have you any last words or messages for your friends?" &c., were among the commonest forms of wit employed as one by one the members of the gallant eleven passed temporarily into the *ewigkeit*. It is a notable fact that these experiments have no bad effect that can be traced, and seeing that even the Kano School of *judo* has been in existence for upwards of twenty years, the data under this head are by this time sufficiently voluminous to enable those responsible to estimate the danger, if any, of adherence to this practice. Mr. Weed showed no other signs of wear and tear the next day than a pair of slightly bloodshot eyes, but these symptoms rapidly disappeared, and the experience will hereafter remain in his memory as something which he is glad to have endured but has no overwhelming wish to undergo again.

In my own case the effect was unrehearsed. It was during the Russo-Japanese War, and I had gone to the Kodo-kwan in Koishikawa for my customary afternoon practice, at the end of which I was wont to while away an extra hour or so "yarning" with the rest and occasionally participating in trials of skill and strength not always strictly confined to *judo*. On one of these occasions a certain genius bethought him of an effective method of testing the resisting power of the human neck. The scheme was for one man to pass a sash round the neck of another from behind,

the loop being carefully adjusted so as to press exactly upon the slight depression an inch or so beneath the Adam's apple—*i.e.*, the most sensitive part of the throat, and the one which, in conjunction with the jugular vein, yields most speedily to attentions of this description. The loop having been thus adjusted, the first man seized the two free ends of the sash, turned his back upon the other man, and passing the two ends of the sash over his own shoulders, raised the second man from the floor by bending forward at the necessary angle, in such a manner that virtually the entire weight of the second man hung from his neck and exerted corresponding pressure upon the impromptu noose by which he was being carried pickaback. The object of the second man was, of course, to resist gradual strangulation by hardening the muscles of his throat. The carrier would then move forward at a rapid pace, but the moment the second man gave notice by clapping his hands that he had reached the limit of endurance the carrier would drop him. The winner of this novel competition was the man who could hold out while his mount carried him over the largest area of mats. I was an amused and interested spectator of these proceedings until a dozen or so fellows had with varying fortune coqueted with strangulation, but so far not one had failed to give the signal in time. Then suddenly certain members of the group turned to me and invited me to have a try. I may say without undue vanity that I possessed then and possess now a neck and throat of more than average strength

and thickness, especially for my height, which is only 5 ft. 6 in. After years devoted off and on to catch-as-catch-can, before I came to Japan, and *jujutsu* and *judo* almost from the day of my arrival in that country, I have developed special muscles to such purpose that it was no easy task for an ordinary man to choke me even when I made no use of my hands to ward off the attack but relied solely upon those muscles in doing so. I therefore consented with something like alacrity to have a go for the record, and was soon under way. I can at this moment recall quite clearly how I took count of the mats as my bearer stepped over them, and how the thought passed through my mind that I must be ready to give the signal as soon as I had improved on the distance of my most successful predecessor, if I could possibly hold out so long. The old, familiar symptoms were soon declaring themselves. My temples were throbbing, my ears singing, and things began to dance before my eyes. I saw that I had gone one better than the previous winner, and I was just thinking to myself, "Now, now I'll clap my hands!" and my arms were raised in the very act when I knew no more. As the Japanese vernacular has it, I fell (*ochita*). The transition from consciousness to unconsciousness appeared in this case to be exceptionally abrupt. My first awakening thought was one of locality; I felt puzzled to know where I was—whether in England, America, Japan, or where? "Where the blazes am I?" was the problem that never ceased to worry me. Following this stage I became

aware that I was sitting on the floor, but where, I could not yet be sure. Then, with a suddenness rivalling that with which I had succumbed to strangulation, I regained my full senses and opened my eyes. But immediately before I did this I had heard the dull, confused murmur of human voices which entered into Mr. Weed's experience, though I had been unable to distinguish words or to associate the sounds with individuals whom I knew. On opening my eyes I found myself surrounded by a small crowd of laughing fellows, but I did not know until some time afterwards that I had been brought round by the application of *kwappo*, and that the *yudansha* who had performed the operation was one named Karino, holder of the third grade at that time. My first words before rising to my feet were "What a pleasant sensation!" (" *Domo! ii kokoromochi da!* ") whereat everybody roared more loudly than ever. Thus the incident terminated, and I felt absolutely no ill effects from the ordeal. Ever since that time I have been less ready to sympathise with the actual physical sensations of the victims of capital punishment or of hanging generally, since, on the score of physical pain alone, a toothache or a severe kick on the shins is infinitely worse. Still, if it is all the same to the reader, like Mr. Weed, I am not hankering after additional experiences of a like nature.

MR. YOKOYAMA.
Seventh grade in *judo*. Director of the Kodo-kwan.

[To face p. 87.

CHAPTER VI

A CHAMPION'S REMINISCENCES

I HAVE already spoken briefly about the famous superintendent of the Kodo-kwan, Mr. Yokoyama, as perhaps the greatest practical exponent of modern *judo* Japan has yet produced. Mr. Yokoyama and I have been on amicable terms for something like a dozen years, albeit occasional absences on professional duty in my case have interfered with continuous intercourse. Like so many other adherents of this wonderful physical and ethical cult, Mr. Yokoyama, in private life, is the very personification of good-nature, although in his time, in pursuance of his calling, he has been compelled to give a good deal of pain to his fellow-creatures. Certainly this latter observation is more true of the past than of the present; modern Japanese law does not permit human beings deliberately to inflict injuries upon each other, even when all the parties concerned are perfectly willing to run the risk. In Mr. Yokoyama's younger days, while the liberty of the subject was more restricted in other respects, yet in *judo* and fencing encounters far more

latitude was granted to the participants than during the present Meiji era.

When I asked Mr. Yokoyama to tell me something about his strenuous youth he readily complied. On the day appointed he took dinner with me at my residence in Kojimachi, Tokyo, and then over the post-prandial whisky and cigarettes promptly fell into reminiscent mood, to which he gave verbal expression.

"In the old feudal days," he began, "*jujutsu* was divided into many schools. I commenced my study of the art from boyhood under a master of the Tenshin Yoshin-ryu. In those days contests were extremely rough, and not infrequently cost the participants their lives. Thus, whenever I sallied forth to take part in one of these affairs I invariably bade farewell to my parents, since I had no assurance that I should ever return alive. Competitions were of such a strenuous nature that few tricks were barred, and we did not hesitate to have recourse to the most dangerous methods in order to overcome an opponent. I have had experiences of this kind without number. Since then the more dangerous tricks have been eliminated from these encounters to avoid serious consequences, and this circumstance, I think, accounts for the growing popularity of the art.

"When I was about twenty-three years old I had a contest with Mr. Samura Masahara, of the Takeuchi school. The scene was the *dojo* of the Metropolitan Police Bureau, and I was fortunate enough to gain the victory. Some time after, I had a contest in the same

dojo with Mr. Nakamura Haruze, of the Ryo Shinto school. Mr. Nakamura was then in the prime of manhood, and enjoyed the reputation of being the strongest representative of *jujutsu* in the country. Our bout lasted fifty-five minutes—the longest time recorded in matches of this kind—and had not then been decided in favour of either of us. Fearing lest a continuation of the struggle should result in fatal injury to one or both of us—for we were prepared to go the limit—Mr. Mishima Tsuyo, then Chief of the Metropolitan Police, stepped forward and ordered the suspension of the match. The above-mentioned masters are the most formidable I have ever met in my life. For the most part the matches in which I have wrestled have terminated in my favour after two or three minutes. About that time a list of *jujutsu* masters was published, in which Mr. Nakamura appeared as the champion of the East and I as champion of the West.

"From 1890 the taste for *jujutsu* began to decline, and the various *ryugi* lost their pupils; but with the foundation of the Kodo-kwan the tide again turned, and no pains are spared nowadays to produce competent teachers. The art is taught at all the high schools and to military and naval officers. The pupils of the Kodo-kwan number about thirteen thousand, of which the proportion of *yudansha*, who are allowed to wear black belts as a sign of efficiency, is about 1,200. The seventh grade (*shichidan*) is now the highest conferred at the Kodo-kwan, and has so far been obtained by only two men—viz., Mr. Yamashita and myself. The

sixth grade (*rokudan*) is held by three men, Mr. Isogai, Mr. Nagaoka, and Mr. Iidzuka. There are six persons holding the fifth grade (*godan*), and about thirty the fourth (*yodan*). It may be interesting to mention that Commander Hirose, who lost his life in the attempt to block the entrance to Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese War, held the fourth grade, and was posthumously raised to the sixth grade by Mr. Kano. The third grade (*sandan*) comprises about 120 names; the second (*nidan*) about 300; and the lowest of the *yudansha* grades, known as *shodan*, are correspondingly numerous. There are some well-known masters outside the Kodo-kwan school, of whom Mr. Imai, of Okayama, who in point of skill is equal to our fifth grade, Mr. Tanabe, also of Okayama, and Mr. Yamamoto, of Chiba, both of whom may be classed as fourth grade, deserve special notice. The *yudansha* of the Kodo-kwan are scattered all over the provinces, where they are striving to popularise the art. Some of them have gone abroad and are winning a high reputation in foreign lands.

"When I was a young fellow," continued Mr. Yokoyama, "Tokyo was not at all what it is to-day. Old residents can still recall that there was a licensed quarter at Nedzu, immediately behind the Imperial University. At the back of this quarter there was a road running along the Shinobazu pond, at the foot of Ueno Park, and this road was bordered with bamboo-bushes and was a decidedly lonely spot at night. The licensed quarter was then infested with gamblers and

other rascals who were ever on the look-out for a pretext to quarrel with peaceable wayfarers in order to extort money by means of intimidation. The *jujutsu dojo* where I practised was situated not far from Nedzu, and the pupils found these gamblers and other rough elements excellent raw material on which to test their skill. We were in the habit of repairing to the road I have described, usually choosing a dark night, and there taking up our station in the bamboo-bushes. When a party of gamblers came along one of our number would emerge from his hiding-place and intercept their passage. A row was sure to ensue. We had no intention of inflicting serious bodily harm; all we wanted to do was to give them a bit of a surprise and a certain amount of physical pain by way of well-deserved chastisement for their sins. Accordingly we agreed among ourselves not to strike at any vital spot, but to confine our attentions to dislocating temporarily the lower jaws of the bellicose gamblers. We have a simple method of accomplishing this by sharply striking the point with the open palm. Whenever words resulted in blows we would promptly settle the encounter by administering the necessary fillip, which rarely failed to place our antagonists *hors de combat*. It used to afford us *jujutsu* pupils immense amusement to watch our victims as, with their lower jaws out of joint, they would vainly try to cry out, the only audible outcome being a sort of muffled groan as with both hands supporting their damaged jaws they made off at full speed. Sometimes a pupil failed to finish his

opponent with one stroke and had to repeat the process, in which case he was regarded as not yet fully proficient in his art. Bone-setting is taught by *jujutsu* masters as an essential part of the art, and so it happened that the injured gamblers would go to the *dojo* in the morning to have their jaws reset. Often enough as many as half a dozen victims would require the services of our teacher in a single day after a fracas of the kind I have described, and we would thus have the pleasure of examining at close quarters the effect of our skill, which added to the zest of these nocturnal adventures. We were all high-spirited and mischievous young bloods in those days, and I make no excuse for our delight in these malicious tricks. Times have changed, and to-day practices of this kind, however laudable their motive, must be discouraged. I tell you the story as a voluntary confession of my boyhood.

"Apart from this deliberate seeking of opportunities to make use of *judo*, I have more than once had occasion to apply the art for offensive and defensive purposes, but I do not care to enter into details since these encounters are mostly connected with the election troubles that occurred during the early days of the constitutional administration, when the political campaign was frequently characterised by displays of brute force between the supporters of the rival candidates. Instead of dwelling upon these unpleasant incidents, I will recall a few cases of a less serious nature in which I have had recourse to my art. I remember

during the early part of January, 1909, I went to a certain restaurant, accompanied by Mr. Mifune, a fifth-grade teacher of the Kodo-kwan. We noticed in one corner of the room a group of thirteen young fellows drinking *sake*, while in an adjoining apartment there were an elderly couple and some other visitors taking food. The members of the first-named group were seen to be putting their heads together at frequent intervals and to be busily whispering, at the same time casting glances in our direction. I did not take any special notice of what was going on, nor did I suspect that they had any designs upon us. Mr. Mifune and I went on chatting over our drinks. Presently one of the rascals approached us, calmly picked up my overcoat and hat, and tried to make off with them under our very noses. Of course I remonstrated, when the thief, evidently bent on picking a quarrel, insisted that the coat and hat were his property. A warm altercation arose, in the midst of which he assumed a threatening attitude, and was speedily joined by half a dozen of his comrades from the other side of the room. There being no alternative, Mr. Mifune took a hand in the game. He avoided unnecessary roughness, but in less than a minute he had them all down with a succession of swift blows. Then the rest of the gang set upon me, but I knocked them down one after the other, and the affair was over in less than three minutes. As our victims regained consciousness they lost no time in making themselves scarce; but we detained one of them, and forced him to confess.

He admitted that their object had been to extort money from us by intimidation. They had been misled by our good clothes and had imagined that we would be easy prey. We let the fellow go instead of handing him over to the police, as we considered he had received punishment enough at our hands. After the rascals had gone the old couple who had been interested spectators of the occurrence told us that they had just witnessed for the first time in their lives a practical display of *jijutsu*, and were amazed at the wonderful feats which experts were able to perform against such odds.

"It was during the same month that I was called upon to render a friend of mine a trifling service. He had undertaken to finance a theatrical performance, and, fortune having smiled upon him, he had netted a few thousand yen profit. One day about the middle of the month he was entertaining a friend at dinner when about half a dozen *soshi* [a type of swashbuckler often reinforced from the ranks of ex-students who have gone under] called on him and demanded an interview. As they were perfect strangers to him, naturally my friend refused to meet them, more particularly seeing that he had a guest. But the *soshi* were not to be denied, and forced their way into the room where my friend and his guest were seated enjoying themselves. My friend asked them what they wanted, and they calmly stated that they wished to borrow some money. On his refusal to consider so preposterous a request and a peremptory order that

they should leave the house the ruffians produced swords and daggers which had been concealed among their clothing, and curtly informed my friend, who sat spellbound, that they would wait there until they received a more satisfactory answer, and meanwhile proceeded to help themselves to whatever they fancied among the delicacies on the table, including copious libations of *sake*. Thus my friend and his guest were virtually prisoners. Fortunately, a man-servant was able to slip out by a back door and to tell me of what had happened, and I lost no time in hastening to the rescue. On arriving at the house I found the *soshi* threatening my friend with drawn swords in their attempt to extort money. I recognised the leader of the gang, and advised him to decamp with his comrades if he cared to keep a whole skin. He, too, knew me, and at once changed his tone, apologising profusely for having given my friend so much trouble. The other *soshi*, who did not know me, appeared inclined to have recourse to violence, but their leader assured them that if they raised a hand against me they would never cease to regret it, and he told them who I was. They then laid down their weapons, which I collected and laid aside. I again advised them to quit the house, and instructed them to call on me the next day, when I would advance them some money to meet their immediate needs. The *soshi* were escorted from the premises, and my friend thanked me profusely for the little service I had been able to render him. Of course the *soshi* did not call on me the following day,

as I had anticipated ; but later on one of their number joined the Kodo-kwan, turned over a new leaf, and is now a very promising pupil."

Mr. Yokoyama then recounted a very interesting incident of which he was an eye-witness, and in which the principals were a sturdy young jinrikisha-man and an old man.

"It was some seven years ago," said Mr. Yokoyama, "that I chanced to be taking a stroll along Dango-zaka to see the chrysanthemum display, and on the way an old man, seemingly about seventy years of age, accompanied by a boy of eleven or so, both riding in a 'rikisha, passed me. Reaching the foot of the hill, they alighted, and the old man tendered the puller his fare. The coolie, however, was dissatisfied and demanded more. The old man resented the puller's impudent manner, and tried to proceed without taking any further notice of the request. The coolie followed and repeated his demand, with the addition of a threat. I watched them from a short distance, and was on the alert to interfere should the 'rikishaman attempt to carry out his threat. The old man told the boy to go on ahead, and then faced the coolie and ordered him to discontinue his importunities, whereupon the coolie seized the old man by the throat. I quickened my pace, thinking the moment had arrived when my help would be required, but before I could reach the spot I saw the old man quickly grip the hands laid on him, and without any apparent effort bring his assailant to the ground on his back, where he lay pinned helplessly,

skrieking with pain and praying for forgiveness. A crowd speedily gathered and vastly enjoyed the bully's unexpected discomfiture. Finally the old man let him go. It was a fine sight to see him limping off with the shafts of his vehicle tied to his belt, both hands having been crippled for the time being by the powerful and skilful hold of the veteran, who in this encounter had shown really wonderful knowledge of the art of *jujutsu*, which he must have acquired in his younger days.

"I can carry my memory back to the days when all *samurai* wore the two swords and used them as well when necessity arose. When quite a boy I accidentally witnessed an exciting duel to the death between a *ronin* [an unattached *samurai*] and three *samurai*. The struggle took place in the Kojimachi ward, in the neighbourhood of Kudan, where the Shokonsha now stands. Before proceeding with my narrative I ought to explain for the benefit of my foreign listeners [there were two of us present besides another Japanese gentleman] the usage that was commonly observed by the two-sworded men of the old feudal days, in order that the incident I am about to describe may be better understood. The sword of the *samurai*, as you know, was a possession valued higher than life itself, and if you touched a *samurai's* sword you touched his dignity. It was deemed an act of unpardonable rudeness in those days for one *samurai* to allow the tip of his scabbard to come into contact with the scabbard of another *samurai* as the men passed each other in the street; such an act was styled *saya-ate* (*saya* = scabbard, *ate* = to strike

against), and in the absence of a prompt apology from the offender a fight almost always ensued. The *samurai* carried two swords, the long and the short, which were thrust into the *obi*, or sash, on the left-hand side, in such a manner that the sheath of the longer weapon stuck out behind the owner's back. This being the case, it frequently happened, especially in a crowd, that two scabbards would touch each other without deliberate intent on either side, although *samurai* who were not looking for trouble of this kind always took the precaution to hold the swords with the point downward and as close to their sides as possible. But should a contretemps of this description occur, the parties could on no account allow it to pass unnoticed. One or both would at once demand satisfaction, and the challenge was rarely refused. The high sense of honour which prevailed among men of this class forbade them to shrink from the consequences of such an encounter. So much by way of introduction. The episode I am going to describe arose in precisely this fashion. The parties to the duel were a *ronin* and three *samurai*, as I have already said. The *ronin* was rather shabbily dressed, and was evidently very poor. The sheath of his long sword was covered with cracks where the lacquer had been worn away through long use. He was a man of middle age. The three *samurai* were all stalwart men, and appeared to be under the influence of *sake*. They were the challengers. At first the *ronin* apologised, but the *samurai* insisted on a duel, and the *ronin* eventually accepted the challenge.

By this time a large crowd had gathered, among which were many *samurai*, none of whom, however, ventured to interfere. In accordance with custom, the combatants exchanged names and swords were unsheathed, the three *samurai* on one side facing their solitary opponent, with whom the sympathies of the onlookers evidently lay. The keen blades of the duellists glittered in the sun. The *ronin*, seemingly as calm as though engaged merely in a friendly fencing bout, advanced steadily with the point of his weapon directed against the *samurai* in the centre of the trio, and apparently indifferent to an attack on either flank. The *samurai* in the middle gave ground inch by inch and the *ronin* as surely stepped forward. Then the right-hand *samurai*, who thought he saw an opening, rushed to the attack, but the *ronin*, who had clearly anticipated this move, parried and with lightning rapidity cut his enemy down with a mortal blow. The left-hand *samurai* came on in his turn, but was treated in similar fashion, a single stroke felling him to the ground bathed in blood. All this took almost less time than it takes to tell. The *samurai* in the centre, seeing the fate of his comrades, thought better of his first intention and took to his heels. The victorious *ronin* wiped his blood-stained sword in the coolest manner imaginable and returned it to its sheath. His feat was loudly applauded by the other *samurai* who had witnessed it. The *ronin* then repaired to the neighbouring magistrate's office to report the occurrence, as the law required."

Mr. Yokoyama observed, in conclusion, that in feudal days, for obvious reasons, the art of fencing was more sedulously studied than that of *jujutsu*. Many skilful masters made their appearance from time to time, and endless stories are told of their wonderful prowess. The most famous fencers during the early days of Meiji were undoubtedly Messrs. Yamaoka Tetsutaro, Henmi Sosuke, and Ueda Umanosuke. Among living celebrities may be mentioned Messrs. Takayama Minesaburo, Takuno Junshiro, Okumura Sakonda, Takano Sataro, Naito Takagi, Uchiyama, and Takahashi.

THREE FAMOUS FENCING MASTERS.

CHAPTER VII

FENCING, WRESTLING, AND SWORD-DANCING

FENCING, wrestling, and sword-dancing are branches of physical culture in Japan which assume such a distinctive guise as to deserve a special chapter to themselves, even if it be only a short one.

The Japanese term their form of fencing *kenjutsu*, literally "sword-art," and as practised in Japan it appears to be a genuine national growth. The weapon used in practice is a stick called a *shinae*, made of three strips of bamboo bound tightly together, with a small round gourd and a hilt large enough to accommodate both hands. Its length is usually about four feet. The Japanese style of fencing is two-handed, and although at the present day the police and military are armed with a light, single-handed weapon, not unlike the European sabre, the old *escrime* continues to be taught to the police in preference to our Occidental methods. The principal native schools are the Shinkage, Shinto, Yagiu, Ono-ha-itto, and Ni-to-ryu, the last-named being practised with two swords, one for each hand, as invented by the famous Miyamoto Mushashi during the seventeenth century. In practice

the performers are protected by masks and breast-plates of strong lacquer, and by gauntlets. In practice striking at the legs is forbidden, and the decisive points are the head, both sides, the right arm, and throat, the latter being virtually the only thrust permitted.

A good *kenjutsu* bout is quite exciting. It is interesting to watch the combatants as they move with cat-like agility this way and that, with occasional fierce rushes and noisy impact of the sticks, both men giving vent to hideous yells at frequent intervals, especially when a hit is claimed. The umpire often sits in a chair nowadays, and gives his decision with a placidity which nothing can disturb. When the issue is doubtful he usually says laconically, "*Mo ippon*" ("One more bout"), and the champions sail in afresh. A peculiar feature of the Japanese method is that either combatant is at liberty to cast aside his weapon and try to close with the other. If he succeeds in throwing his adversary and disarming him, he is declared the winner.

Japanese fencers are undoubtedly skilful, but *kenjutsu* never appealed to me in the same way as *judo*, and it appears to lack the subtlety of the French and Italian rapier play, although I preserve an open mind on this point, and am ready to be convinced to the contrary. In actual fighting one good cut with the "sword of Old Japan" would certainly settle the contest, and the heavier weapon might conceivably bear down the lighter, while for the rest the value of *kenjutsu* as an exercise is

A BOUT OF KENJUTSU.

To face p. 102.

unquestionable. Japanese who are addicted to the art can, as a rule, be identified by the abnormal development of their forearms. Perhaps the only foreigner who ever took up *kenjutsu* seriously is Mr. F. J. Norman, late of the Indian Army, a cavalry officer and expert in both rapier and sabre play. Mr. Norman was for some years engaged as a teacher at the Etajima Naval College, and while there devoted his attention to the Japanese style to such good purpose that he speedily won an enviable reputation among the Japanese, and engaged in many a hard-fought encounter. Some few other foreigners have practised and do practise *kenjutsu* for the sake of exercise, but I am not aware that any one of them has won distinction in Japanese eyes. Japanese women rarely practise *kenjutsu;* the equivalent in their case is commonly the use of the *naginata*, a description of lance which was greatly in vogue among their sex in feudal days.

The *sumo-tori*, or fat wrestlers of Japan, are so well known and have been so often described that I shall make my references to them very brief. To foreigners their exaggerated obesity would appear to be the very last qualification in the world for athletic exercises. They vary greatly in size, the smallest being not more than 5 ft. 4 in. in height or thereabouts, and the biggest considerably over 6 ft. and 300 lbs. Fat as these men are, it would be a mistake to conclude that they are therefore incapable of exerting tremendous strength. True, their wind

as a rule is comparatively poor, but then the bouts are nearly always brief, and, of course, all the competitors are at the same disadvantage. But they are actually very powerful fellows, and their fat has been hardened by continual beating and butting at wooden posts until it becomes almost a weapon of offence in itself. An ordinary man would go down like a ninepin beneath a swinging blow from the huge stomach of a Japanese wrestler. A little incident which really occurred in the garden of a Japanese hotel at Miyanoshita some years ago will help to substantiate these statements. The famous Taiho, a mountain of beef, though burdened with less abdominal hamper than many of his rivals, was stopping for a few days at this hotel when he chanced to meet a foreign friend of mine who speaks the Japanese colloquial quite fluently. In the course of conversation Taiho asked my friend if he knew of anybody in the hotel who would kick him in the stomach. The requirement was a novel one, and my friend was taken by surprise, but just at that moment a young American wearing a pair of tooth-pick shoes drew near the couple, and when Taiho's petition had been made known to him, undertook with significant alacrity to kick him as often and wherever he pleased. As soon as this understanding had been arrived at Taiho assumed a posture with his legs slightly bent and his hands resting lightly on his knees. The young American drew back for a convenient "take-off," and at a given signal bounded forward like a chamois, and at the psychological

AIOI.
A champion wrestler.

UMEGATANI.
A champion wrestler.

[To face p. 104.

moment planted his right trilby fairly in the centre of the wrestler's stomach. The result hardly coincided with his expectations. A footballer of some pretensions, he had confidently looked to see his victim collapse in agony upon the greensward. What actually happened was that Taihō gave his ponderous abdomen a heave forward, and the young American a second later found himself flying through space and landed flat upon his back several yards away. I have not heard that he has ever again tried to oblige a Japanese wrestler by kicking him in the stomach.

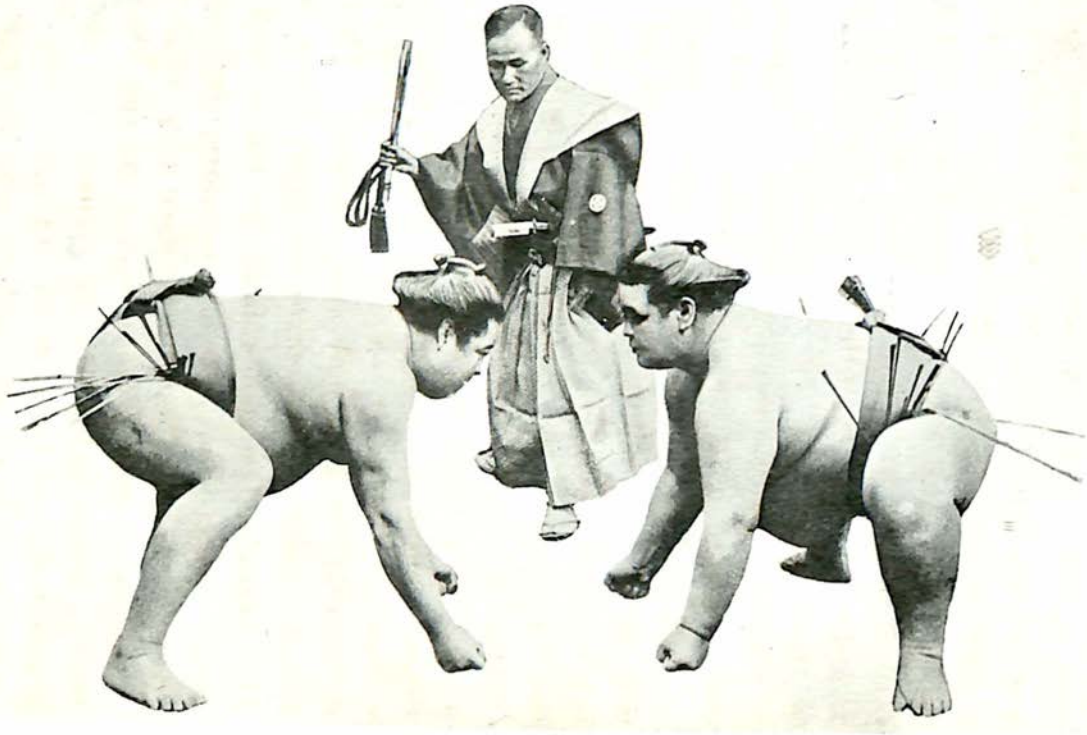
The limbs of these men, too, are extraordinarily supple, as even a tyro may convince himself by watching the manner in which each competitor before the bout will raise his massive legs alternately until the knees are almost level with his chin, these stereotyped motions being regarded as a survival of the steps which the eight hundred myriad members of the Japanese Pantheon practised before the cave of the Sun-Goddess in order to entice her out and so restore light to a world which had been plunged into darkness by her retirement. I have also seen some of these men do what we in England and America call the "split" without unwholesome strain.

Mr. Mitford (the present Lord Redesdale), in his *Tales of Old Japan*, explains that the wrestling arena is supposed to be formed of "sixteen rice-bales, in the shape of one huge bale, supported by four pillars at the four points of the compass, each pillar being painted a different colour, thus, together with certain

paper pendants, making up five colours, to symbolise the Five Grains "—the name of the autumn festival. The repertoire of the art comprises forty-eight fair falls—to wit, twelve throws, twelve twists, twelve lifts, and twelve throws over the back. If but as little as a foot of one of the contestants projects beyond the boundary of the ring, its owner loses the bout. It will therefore be realised how important a factor avoirdupois must be, other things equal, in a struggle of this description.

The umpire at these contests is an important functionary who must be thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of the art. At one time he wore a sword with which to commit *harakiri* should he be so unfortunate as to render an erroneous decision. To-day the etiquette of the position is less exacting.

The wrestlers may be said to constitute a class apart, their unusual stature and their retention of the old-fashioned cue head-dress making them conspicuous objects in a crowd of their far more diminutive countrymen and women. They wrestle naked save for a *fundoshi*, or tight-fitting loin-cloth. The periodical matches held in Tokyo and at other places attract thousands of spectators, the greatest contests of the year being conducted in a ring within the enclosure of the Ekoin temple. At the close of each bout it is an extraordinary sight to see the air suddenly darkened by a shower of hats, coats, umbrellas, and other articles of clothing which are pitched into the arena by the excited backers of the winners, and



KUNIMIYA AND UMEGATANI ABOUT TO CLOSE.
Umpire in the background.

[To face p. 106.

subsequently collected by the champion's pupils to be restored to their owners on the following day in return for pecuniary gifts, which vary according to the generosity or means of the individual. During the wrestling season many Japanese patrons of the ring become completely demoralised; they virtually cease to attend to business, and spend their days in watching the matches and betting on the results. Popular wrestlers, too, are often in great demand among *geisha* and other professional women, who are not ashamed to purchase their favours at a ruinous figure. For the most part these men are low, vulgar fellows, with the appetites and tastes of animals. The present champion, Hitachiyama, is an exception. By birth he belongs to the *shizoku* class, and has had the benefit of a middle-school education. His abnormal measurements and tremendous strength naturally diverted his mind to the profession, and he speedily forged to the front. Some years ago he visited the United States with his disciples and gave an exhibition before President Roosevelt; but he did not pit himself against any of the American or Western champions, so that the question of superiority as between East and West still remains undecided.

The wrestling guilds are continually on the look-out for new blood in the shape of exceptionally well-developed children to adopt and train up in the profession; and seeing that a good wrestler can earn far more than an ordinary man belonging to the same social grade, the parents of burly offspring are, as

a rule, only too glad to hand them over to the guilds.

During the spring of 1902 an enterprising Japanese went to Yokohama, and in the unsavoury purlieus of the region commonly and descriptively known as "Bloodtown" collected a number of so-called foreign wrestlers, whom he engaged to tour the country and to compete against the Japanese *sumo-tori*. The company included Englishmen, Americans, a Chinaman, a Swede, and a negro. The Swede was the champion and a really big and powerful man, though by no means a chicken. Some of the others, however, were distinctly weedy and thin in the underpinning, and the contrast between their pallid bodies and spindle shanks and the dark skins and massive limbs of the Japanese hardly kindled within me a spark of racial pride. I attended some of the matches at Shizuoka, and had the pleasure of seeing the big Swede win more than once. The negro, with his rolling eyes and thick lips, was regarded by the crowd in the light of an immense joke, and allowed to win every bout. The big Swede was a very different sort of proposition, and when on one occasion he hurled his adversary against a pillar of the arena and smashed his collar-bone, there was a riot, and the police had to be called in. It should be added that the Japanese wrestlers were not by any means first-class.

Another Japanese accomplishment cultivated by both amateurs and professionals is sword-dancing (*kembu*). The performer wears the *hakama* and a handkerchief

KUNIMIYA WRESTLING WITH KOBITACHI.

[To face p. 108.

tied round the head (*hachimaki*). The dance is actually the pantomime recital of a story, the words of which are supplied by a companion, who chants them with such fervour as to seem at times in imminent peril of bursting a bloodvessel and thus of dying a premature death. Nevertheless the dance grows on one, and an expert often displays great skill in drawing and handling his dangerous weapon. The *kembu* is very popular, and when given in public members of the audience signify their appreciation with an entire absence of self-consciousness surprising to an Anglo-Saxon. The dance is typically Japanese, and should be seen by visitors to the country. Ignorance of the words of the song—not infrequently unintelligible to the uninitiated Japanese himself—necessarily detracts from perfect enjoyment of these exhibitions.

The art of drawing the sword, which figures in *kembu*, might also be classed as a branch of fencing. It is termed *ihai*, and is well worth seeing. An expert will perform some amazing feats, one of which is to pull the weapon from its scabbard with both hands tied. All these movements are carried out with lightning-like rapidity, and in watching them one can better appreciate the character of those spacious days when he who succeeded in first drawing his sword "had the drop on" his more deliberate adversary just as effectually as the "bad man" out West with his six-shooter.

Having regard for all these evidences of a disposition to live the strenuous life, I cannot share the

pessimistic forebodings of Japanese publicists who see in the future of the race nothing but physical and moral calamities. There can be no doubt that the substitution in the schools of benches and desks for the old-style method of squatting is helping to increase the stature of the youth of Japan; and the partial adoption of foreign diet should likewise add to the vigour of the race. Already the introduction of meat into the army and navy and the reduction of the quantity of rice consumed by the troops have materially lessened the number of cases of beri-beri (the Japanese *kakke*), which was formerly a perfect scourge.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ESOTERIC ASPECTS OF *BUJUTSU*

IN Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain's classic work, *Things Japanese*, under the heading of *Esotericism*, there occur the following observations, worthy of being quoted as an introduction to the subject :—

"When an Englishman hears the word 'esoteric,' the first thing, probably, that comes into his head is Buddhism, the second name of Mr. Sinnett or Mrs. Besant. Matters stand somewhat differently in Japan. Not religion only, but every art, every pastime, here is or has been esoteric—poetry, music, porcelain-making, fencing, football, even bone-setting, and cookery itself. Esotericism is not a unique mystery shrouding a special class of subjects. It is a general attitude of the mind at a certain stage, and a very natural attitude, too, if one takes the trouble to look into it. Sensible men do not wear their hearts on their sleeves for daws to peck at. Why should an artist do so with his art? Why should he desecrate his art by initiating unworthy persons into its principles? Nor is it merely a question of advisability, or of delicacy and good taste. It is a question of

possibility and impossibility. Only sympathetic pupils are fitted by nature to understand certain things ; and certain things can only be taught by word of mouth, and when the spirit moves one. Moreover, there comes in the question of money. Esoteric teaching of the lower arts may be said to have performed, in old days, the function of our modern system of patents. The institution of guilds belongs to the same order of ideas. Such are, it would seem, the chief headings of the subject considered in the abstract. Fill them out, if you please, by further reflection and further research ; and if you wish to talk to your Japanese friends about esotericism, remember the fascinating words *hiden*, " secret tradition " ; *hijutsu*, " secret art " ; and *okugi*, " inner mysteries," which play a notable part in Japanese history and literature."

So far so good, but the talented author concludes by saying : " Viewed from a critical standpoint, Chinese and Japanese esoterics well deserve thorough investigation by some competent hand. We ourselves do not think that much would be added thereby to the world's store of wisdom. But we think that a flood of light would be shed upon some of the most curious nooks and crannies of the human mind."

Much, of course, depends upon the individual definition of wisdom, as to which opinions necessarily differ. Of Chinese esoterics I know nothing, and of Japanese esoterics generally very little ; but of that branch of Japanese esoterics which belongs to what may generically be styled *bujutsu*, literally, " military arts,"

though the Japanese terminology has a far wider and more comprehensive scope than its English equivalent, I may justly claim to know something—little enough, no doubt, from an expert Japanese standpoint, but probably more than any other living foreigner. And when I speak of knowledge, I mean theoretical rather than practical knowledge, since even among Japanese specialists the number of those who in the arts of *judo*, or *jujutsu*, *kenjutsu* (fencing), *tessen* (use of the iron war fan), *naginata* (lance exercise), *kyujutsu* (archery), swimming, and allied accomplishments are able to make any practical use of esoteric knowledge is exceedingly limited. That things were very different during the feudal era, when the *samurai's* skill in fence or wrestling, for example, might at any moment furnish his only safeguard against sudden death, I personally am fully persuaded. What I know at first hand of the feats that are possible in an era of so-called enlightenment (Meiji) among the chosen few, men whom I prefer to regard as the real aristocracy of the nation, predisposes me to lend credence to stories of ancient prowess which to the average foreigner, or even to myself when I first arrived in Japan, might appear simply mythical and fanciful. Confining my dictum, then, to "military arts," and connoting by that expression individual skill in the use of individual weapons, both natural and artificial, I do not hesitate to declare that Mr. Chamberlain's pronouncement calls for qualification. I might go even farther, and assert that in that which concerns the fundamental and most

vital principles of the art of individual self-defence and of attack we Occidentals have everything to learn from that small circle of the elect the members of which in Japan have succeeded in preserving, and one can but hope in perpetuating, some remnant of the marvellous occult powers of the old-time masters. The question of a proper terminology in writing of matters which are entirely foreign to the average Western mind necessarily presents no small measure of difficulty. I hasten to add that apart from the one subject which I have selected for consideration in the following pages, I disclaim any special scientific and philosophical knowledge. What is more, I am writing, not for the specialist in any branch of inquiry but for the general reader, and in choosing my expressions I am guided solely by the desire to make my meaning as clear and lucid as the nature of the topic will permit. So much by way of explanation is apparently called for in a hypercritical age; in order to anticipate, and if possible to disarm, the objections of the favoured few that the definitions employed or the language generally used in this book are not "scientific." When, therefore, I speak here of occult powers, I have no wish to hark back to the most precise and exhaustive etymology of the word; my intention is to represent thereby something supernormal rather than supernatural, which latter term ought by this time to have become obsolete.

Another point which likewise calls for emphasis is that the eulogistic appraisement which I can conscien-

tiously apply to the true *bujin* of Japan, the man who enjoys esoteric knowledge but never abuses it to the detriment of society, is by no means intended to apply to the everyday Japanese, for whom I entertain no unusual respect or admiration. Indeed, it may help to convince the sceptical that hyperbole, or what looks like hyperbole, in the former case is not the outcome of hasty judgment or of an unworthy wish to strengthen "local colour" and "human interest," if I say candidly that fairly protracted intercourse with the ruck of Japanese has not infrequently intensified my wonder that *bujin* of the type I shall hereafter describe should belong to the same race. The *bujin* of this type—rare enough even in Japan—embodies the efflorescence of the very qualities which the average Japanese appears to lack. Some of these qualities the average Japanese may possess in part, while others he possesses in a far less marked degree than the average Englishman or American. I have found too many Japanese "slack" —no other word quite does justice to the sort of characteristic I have in mind—unreliable, sadly wanting in the sense of responsibility, unpunctual, and very far from ascetic. There is also in many Japanese a strain of cruelty which reveals itself in strange indifference to the sufferings of animals, and in Japan it is no infrequent sight to see adults looking on laughing and smiling while their young charges are inflicting deliberate torture upon some stray kitten or puppy. Whereas, too, the Japanese fighting man is as hard as nails and far more capable of enduring physical

pain than his Western contemporary, the average Japanese of sedentary habits will absent himself from his daily work for some slight ailment which an English or American schoolboy would laugh at.

An intelligent Japanese would be the first himself to admit that the native nature is inclined to run to extremes. This tendency helps to explain many startling contrasts and contradictions in the race itself and in the terms which an unprejudiced foreign observer can find in his heart to employ with reference to that race ; for in almost one and the same breath he may conceivably display withering contempt and dislike for one class of Japanese and unbounded respect and admiration for another, while to the uninitiated listener both abuse and eulogy may appear exaggerated. The truth is that both are justified. Intellectually, morally, and physically we find the two extremes exemplified. I am disposed to ascribe this fact to climatic influences more than to any other single factor. In spite of occasional lucid intervals, the climate of Japan must be pronounced enervating and depressing, in consequence of its excessive humidity and the violent atmospheric fluctuations to which the country is subjected as the result of its geographical position. It follows, therefore, that only those endowed with more than the average share of physical and mental vitality feel any natural inclination to "get out and hustle," as our American cousins sometimes phrase it ; the more usual penchant is for tea, cigarettes, if nothing stronger, and the *dolce far niente* generally. Those,

then, who yield to the soporific blandishments of the climate are bound to become flabbier and flabbier, physically, mentally, and morally, as time goes on; while, conversely, those who, through heredity or other causes which we need not stop to analyse here, remain proof against the temptation to pursue the line of least resistance inevitably grow stronger and stronger, in precisely the same attributes. The habits of resistance and surrender both develop with what they feed on, until at one end of the line we find the *iro-otoko*, the debauchee, the rake, the libertine—in a word, the moral and physical degenerate and invertebrate—whilst at the other we find the *bujin* (fighting-man) the real *jujutsu* and *kenjutsu* expert, the highest exemplar of the adage, *Mens sana in corpore sano*. Thus it comes about that if a generalisation is insisted on, I should be apt to say that the Japanese fighting man belonging to the élite I have attempted to describe is a cut above the best of the Occidental product, whereas the Japanese "rotter" is perhaps just a little bit more of a "rotter" than his Occidental prototype. But of course, as already insisted, generalisations are always dangerous, and I should prefer to avoid comparisons and simply to invite a valuation of the Japanese *bujin* on his merits. In any event, I trust that I have succeeded in making it fairly clear that my estimate of the Japanese *bujin*, whether he be exoteric or esoteric, cannot rightly be extended to the Japanese people as a whole.

We have now reached a stage in this inquiry where

we may profitably pause to examine the more concrete aspects of both ancient and modern Japanese esotericism in so far as these concern *bujutsu*. In what respect, it may be asked, can the powers of a Japanese esoteric of this class be differentiated from those of an Occidental fighting expert of the past or present? A few instances will best illustrate this difference. A real master of fence in feudal days, if opposed to an enemy of marked inferiority, could do several things, and of these I will mention three. In the first place, he could exert a species of mesmeric force at will to such good purpose that he himself would instantly become invisible to his antagonist, whose gaze would be helplessly fascinated by the point of the expert's sword, which in turn might be multiplied to seem like half a dozen points, all equally real to the expert's prospective victim, who, quite irrespective of his inferiority in the art of fencing, would not be able to anticipate the direction of attack, seeing that he could not distinguish the true sword point from the false. In the second place, the expert could arrest the movement of his adversary's weapon in the very act of striking, preferably exactly at the moment when his would-be assailant had raised his sword above his head with both hands—the native sword being double-handed—with the object of delivering a downward stroke at the expert's head or shoulder. Paralysed into immobility at such a juncture, the victim would be left with his entire body exposed to the expert's attack, and he would thus be placed completely at the latter's mercy.

In the third place, if the expert wished to avoid unnecessary exertion or to spare the life of his foe, he could in a few minutes convert the latter's bloodthirsty rage into fatuous good-humour, and send him on his way laughing heartily at one of the expert's spurious valedictory jests. Analogously, we are told about the expert fencer who, unarmed and pursued by an enemy, snatched up a fan or a piece of paper, and turning on the latter, instantly convinced him that he—the expert—held a very business-like *katana*, or long sword, in his grasp. So much headway gained, it would be a comparatively simple matter for the expert thereafter to get the better of a foeman so inferior. Recourse to this class of hypnotic, mesmeric, or odyllic force, call it what you will, also helps to explain why, minus any optical delusion, an old fencing-master attacked by the celebrated Miyamoto Musashi, who flourished during the seventeenth century, and usually fought with two swords, a short one and a long one, experienced no difficulty in worsting his antagonist with nothing more formidable than an ordinary paper fan. Of the feats above enumerated, I have been assured by perhaps the ablest living exponent of the esoteric side of military arts that the conversion of an enemy's murderous anger into laughter and good-humour is by far the most difficult.

On a par with these astonishing performances is a manifestation of magnetic influence by experts whereby birds can be made to fall from a tree to the ground apparently lifeless, and again instanteously revived and

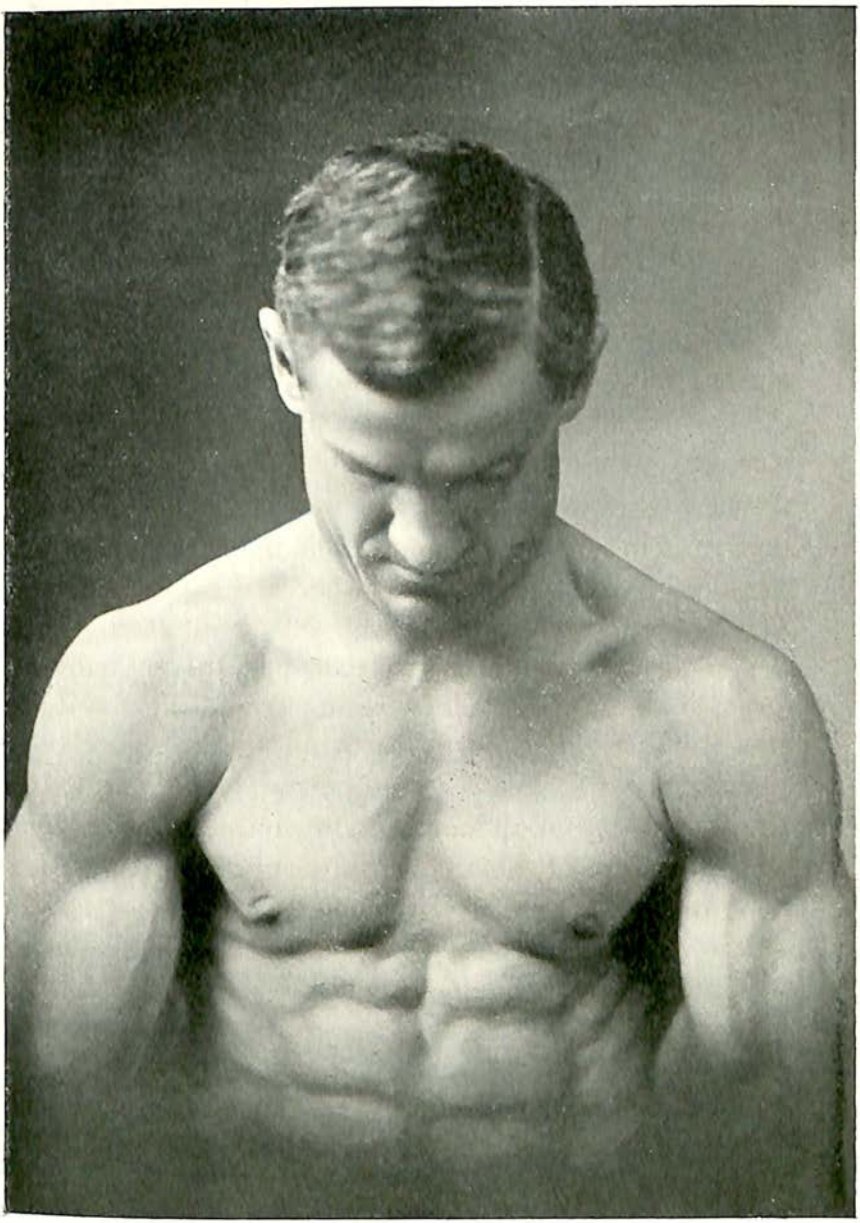
put to flight. The exertion of this influence is usually accompanied or emphasised by the strange *kiai* shout, referred to in another chapter, though it may be opined that it is not the shout itself, but the force behind dictating it, that is really responsible for the phenomenon. On the other hand, it is a well-known scientific fact that a tone pitch which sets up certain vibrations in the surrounding atmosphere can accomplish remarkable concrete results. Thus the *basso profondo* "prodiakon" of a great Russian cathedral could break the window-panes were he to give full play to his terrific lung capacity within a confined space; under similar conditions he could crack the tympanum of a listener who chanced to be standing too near, or extinguish the flame of a candle. It is a justifiable assumption, therefore, that the peculiar timbre of the *kiai*, as uttered by an expert, may derive some portion of its efficacy from the atmospheric vibrations which it excites.

But it must not be supposed that it is sufficient for the complete *bujin* to be an adept in all that pertains to the art of killing or disabling an opponent; he must know, also, how to restore a vanquished foe, if any life remains. To slay recklessly should be no part of the whole duty of a *bujin*. Of course it has to be admitted that just as in our own so-called days of chivalry certain highly humanitarian principles were often far more honoured in the breach than in the observance, so, too, in Japan, pre-eminently perhaps during the first half of the sixteenth century, the precepts of *bushido* and *bujutsu* were one thing, their

application entirely another. Nevertheless, then as now the curriculum of the fencing or *jujutsu dojo* would not be complete without its course of *kwappo*, or the art of resuscitation. Now that feudalism is a thing of the past, it is true that the *bujin* has less scope for the display of his aggressive spirit than in the more spacious days of Oda Nobunaga or of the Taiko Hideyoshi, unless he wishes to turn outlaw, and even then his term of voluntary activity is likely to be suddenly cut short, though thereafter he may "do the State some service" in an unrehearsed rôle. On the other hand, if the *bujin* may not gain merit by alternately crippling and restoring personal enemies, accidents met with in purely pacific walks of life are as common nowadays as ever they were, and in the long run a really earnest seeker after esoteric knowledge need never let his faculties hypertrophy through lack of practice. Among the students of *jujutsu* and kindred arts themselves, it frequently happens that bones are broken or dislocated, sinews wrenched, and obstinate adversaries choked into insensibility, all of which conditions call for recourse to *kwappo*. Here, again, *kwappo* may be, so to speak, esoteric and exoteric, although according to the *Kano* system of *judo*, neither *kwappo* nor *atemi* (methods of attacking vital spots) may be taught to students below the *shodan* grade. Yet, as I shall have occasion to show more in detail in the next chapter, whereas in ordinary *kwappo* consciousness cannot be restored to the patient without direct contact, a teacher versed in the *okugi* or esoteric

side of his art can achieve the same result by the exercise of force of will, accompanied, as already explained, by the *kiai* (literally, "spirit-meeting") shout. Reserving for an attempt at fuller elucidation elsewhere the rationale of the process, it may be said here that, according to the *bujutsu* creed, the seat of occult force, as also of courage, is the *tan*, or gall-bladder. Technically this force is known as *aiki*, a term which is written with the same two Chinese characters as *kiai*, though with their order reversed. *Aiki*, however—the power which actually accomplishes these seeming miracles—is silent, the *kiai* shout being, shall we say, something in the nature of an auxiliary agent contributing to mental concentration upon the one object. Physically, as explained elsewhere, the practice of the *kiai* is supposed to have the effect of strengthening the region of the *tanden* (that part of the abdomen situated about two inches below the navel), and must thus bulk largely as a factor in the development of physical courage and occult power, much in the same way as the strengthening of the muscles and physique as a whole predisposes the subject to a life of greater activity than that of the sedentary clerk or student.

An index to the length of time this belief has existed in Japan is furnished by such words as *tan-ryoku*, meaning "courage," "spirit"; *daitan*, literally "big gall-bladder"—*i.e.*, "audacity," "impudence," "great personal courage," and some others. Perhaps unconscious deference to the same theory may be detected in the well-known Americanism "gall," imply-



PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.
Showing pectoral abdominal development due to *judo* practice.

[To face p. 122.

ing impudence, "cool cheek," as when it is said of a certain person that he has "an awful gall." Concurrently with the development of the gall-bladder and *tanden* region generally, the abdomen becomes prominent—not necessarily fat, but solid and muscular. The possession of a swelling chest is deemed of secondary importance. The part played by the brain in inspiring physical activity is not ignored, but just as concentration of will, according to Sandow's theory, is indispensable to the successful development of the surface muscles, which are thus enabled to discharge increasingly difficult tasks at the command of the brain, so does this same concentration, when intelligently and persistently directed, operate upon the *tan*, the strengthening of which is supposed to increase one's capacity for the performance of acts of valour. By virtue of this developed *tan*, which has obeyed the impulse conveyed by a strong mind, an opponent inferior in this respect, although physically bigger and stronger, must give way —so the supporters of the theory contend. Thus during the Russo-Japanese War, as a prominent exponent of *bujutsu* once remarked to the writer, the Russians, in spite of greater weight and equally effective weapons, were invariably compelled to retreat before their smaller and lighter adversaries, and that, moreover, not alone in long-range actions, but in hand-to-hand encounters. In the opinion of the above authority, this superior resolution of the Japanese was due to *tan*, which is highly developed among the *samurai* (now known as *shizoku*) officers. The same Japanese also insists that

the courage required for the performance of *harakiri* can be found only among those who have strengthened the *tan* to the necessary degree. But the importance of mental control is never really lost sight of. When, on the other hand, precedence is given only to physical strength, the ultimate result is bound to be highly disadvantageous, inasmuch as the physical strength of an old man must as a rule be inferior to that of a young one who is equally assiduous in the pursuit of *bujutsu*; whereas the veteran *bujin*, skilled in the esotericism of *jujutsu*, can always in the end vanquish his more juvenile antagonist, even though in exoteric wrestling he might be thrown again and again.

As bearing directly upon this phase of the inquiry, I will quote what Mr. Arima, in a recent work on the Kano system of *judo*, has to say about the cultivation of abdominal power as an indispensable feature of the expert's equipment.

"*Judo* being of itself one of the best and most interesting forms of exercise," he writes, "there would seem to be no need of subsidiary means to add to its merits. I, however, have had some valuable experience in a method of fostering abdominal power which served me full well in *judo* contests. One day while young, I accompanied Viscount Tachibana and some of my schoolmates on an excursion. As we went along the Viscount pointed out to us the advantage of walking with the abdomen rather than with the legs. The words made such a strong impression upon me that I decided to begin the practice upon the spot.

All through the excursion I laboured under this resolution, none of the fine views along the route having been noticed by me. In fact, I became more exhausted than delighted with the day's journey. Not disappointed with the initial experiment, I repeated the practice as often as I had opportunities, with the result that since then I have never fallen behind anybody in the matter of walking, whether in a level or a mountainous country. A few years after our excursion, the Viscount, in the course of conversation, said: 'Whether sitting, or standing, or moving, you must always take care that your lower abdomen is filled with strength. I have myself practised this method to this very day, and, old as I am, I have of late become so corpulent, especially in the abdomen, that my old foreign clothes do not fit me.' This advice came in the nick of time, for then I was absorbed in the study of *judo*. I took up the suggestion in dead earnest, and after some time found that it helped me in preventing my body from becoming buoyant during a contest.

"An old book dealing with the preservation of health has the following about breathing: 'Stand or be seated upright and face the rising sun. Then breathe thirty times moderately deep, interlacing this seven times with deep breathing. Keep your eyes partly open while breathing, which latter must be deep and calm. Close your teeth and exhale slowly from the mouth, expelling the vitiated air as the fresh morning breeze expels mist. Inhale quietly from the nostrils, and refresh your blood by filling your *tanden* with air

invigorated by the sun's rays, after the manner of thirsty plants absorbing summer showers.' It is a recognised fact that by filling the *tanden* with air and strength we can best maintain our equilibrium in a *judo* contest, and this is perhaps due to the fact that the centre of our weight lies somewhere about the abdomen. Mr. Kikojiro Fukui, one of my friends, has also his own way of breathing. He says: 'Before meals, when your stomach is empty, seat yourself in a well-ventilated place, stretch out your hands, and put them on both sides of the lower abdomen with your thumbs at the back, and keep your head and body erect. Then draw in the air through the nostrils little by little until your lower abdomen is full. In so doing, endeavour to swell the latter, assisting the operation with your hands. Remain in this condition until you can no longer bear it. Then exhale slowly from the nostrils, thus expelling all the air you can. Repeat the process for about five minutes a time, gradually extending the length of time to twenty minutes as you get used to it. After a little while you will perceive your abdomen swell, followed by a development of the legs and trunk, finally culminating in the invigoration of your whole frame. Two months' exercise will probably convince you."

Additional instances of how this cultivation of abdominal power operates are given later, the object of this chapter being rather to furnish the reader with a bird's-eye view of the subject than to enter exhaustively into technical details.

I am fully aware, of course, that nothing short of

ocular demonstration—and not always that—will satisfy a certain brand of mind that these things can be or that they have been. Some persons, for the most part Occidentals, are prone to cherish scepticism as a badge of superiority distinguishing its proud possessor from the common herd. I will not deny that scepticism is an excellent mental condition up to a certain point, but beyond that point it not infrequently degenerates into an obstinate disinclination to reject the outcome of careful inductive reasoning. It is largely a question of experience. Shakespeare makes Polonius say: "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits"; and it is generally the case that capacity for belief is most highly developed in those who have seen most of the outside world. As far as I personally am concerned, I cheerfully admit that if before I came to Japan I had been told that there were Japanese then living who could produce the physical and quasi-physical phenomena which I have since witnessed with my own eyes, I should most probably have doubted the truth of these assurances. And it is because, as stated elsewhere, I have had ocular demonstration of phenomena which are inexplicable on the basis of generally accepted physiological, anatomical, and psychological laws, that I tacitly accept more surprising stories from the record of the past, even though the *à posteriori* process may not be exhaustive. I give an account of these personal experiences, together with the views of an expert as to their causation, in succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER IX

THE ESOTERIC ASPECTS OF *BUJUTSU—concluded*

THE Japanese teacher to whom I am most largely indebted for inspiration on the esoteric aspects of *judo* is a Mr. Nobuyuki Kunishige, a veteran well over sixty years of age, belonging to the Shinden Isshinryu school of the art. Mr. Kunishige is the proprietor and director of a fifty-mat *dojo* called the Shido-kwan, situated in the Shimbashi quarter of the capital of Japan, hardly five minutes' walk from the station of the same name. I should say that Mr. Kunishige teaches fencing as well as *judo*, and is besides an expert in the use of the spear and the iron fan, in archery, swimming, and horsemanship; in a word, he is a worthy representative of the old *samurai* class which did not limit specialisation to a single subject.

In person Mr. Kunishige would be pronounced decidedly large for a Japanese. His height is probably between 5 ft. 6 in. and 5 ft. 7 in., and his weight must be in the neighbourhood of 165 lbs., though in his youth he was fully twenty pounds heavier. Whenever he dons fencing or wrestling gear—and in spite of his years he may frequently be seen in action on

MR. KUNISHIGE.

[To face p. 128.

the mats—one cannot fail to notice the abnormal development of his forearms, this being the result of constant use of the fencing-stick from early youth. As bearing upon what I have said about abdominal development, one interested in such matters would also remark the generous proportions of the lower half of his torso, although it would be erroneous to suppose that these are in any way identical with obesity. His moral qualities have stood the test of years of comparative penury, and are such as to render the word *Bushido* something more than vain and empty nomenclature. In an age when the object of the majority is to turn everything into hard cash, Mr. Kunishige has never been known to make an exhibition of his peculiar powers for gain alone. For the edification of a private circle of friends and disciples he is generally willing to give a demonstration, but otherwise he exercises that branch of his art which concerns healing and resuscitation for the benefit of the suffering, and in those cases the charge is regulated by the financial ability of the patient, and is therefore, on occasion, nothing at all. At best it is pitched at a figure which would throw a Russian feldsher into convulsions. In other words, pay or no pay, Mr. Kunishige would deem himself morally bound to respond to the call for succour.

My own acquaintance with Mr. Kunishige dates from the strenuous days of the war with Russia, when I represented a London daily in Tokyo, and devoted my leisure moments, those of them, at least, that were

not taken up with rest and mental study, to the practice of *judo*. Occasional absences from Japan on professional pilgrimages have broken the continuity of our direct intercourse, but this has always been renewed when opportunity offered, and so when I finally decided to write this book I very naturally turned to my old friend and instructor for his understanding of the scope and meaning of *judo* or *jujutsu*, and Mr. Kunishige readily consented to satisfy my curiosity. Thus it came about that on a freezingly cold evening in midwinter, the Japanese *kanchu*, I repaired to the chilly Shido-kwan in the company of a Japanese friend named Mr. Umezawa, a fine type of the Japanese gentleman and a splendid English scholar, who had kindly agreed to make an extended note of the teacher's remarks and afterwards to furnish me with an English translation; for I may add that however fluently one may speak the colloquial, the detailed report of a lecture highly charged with Sinico-Japanese terminology is not a task to be approached light-heartedly even by a recognised Japanologue, which I have never professed to be.

Mr. Kunishige received us in an upper room of the Shido-kwan, where he delivered his address to an audience composed, not only of Mr. Umezawa and myself, but of a dozen or so of his Japanese disciples ranging in age from mere boys to young men between twenty and thirty. Mr. Kunishige took his stand behind a small foreign-style table, on which a cheap kerosene-oil lamp gave out a feeble light. Mr.

Umezawa and I were both accommodated with chairs at the same table, as the guests of honour, and as a concession to our more sybaritic tendencies a couple of Japanese braziers were placed between our feet to sustain our circulation during the discourse. The members of the teacher's purely Japanese auditory simply squatted round the room in native fashion, with a heroic assumption of indifference to the disgracefully low temperature. These simple preparations having been made and the meeting called to order, Mr. Kunishige began his lecture, a report of which I append, as far as possible translated literally from the original Japanese.

"In response to the request of Mr. E. J. Harrison," he began, "an enthusiastic student of *judo*, who, I understand, intends to write a book on our national art of self-defence with a view to introducing the latter to the foreign public, I venture to speak to you on the same subject, although I must confess that I do not consider myself fully qualified to undertake the task with full authority.

"First of all, I deem it necessary to draw a clear line of demarcation between *judo* (or *jujutsu*, as it is sometimes called) and *taijutsu*. The latter is a branch of *judo* and is, I regret to say, too often regarded as synonymous with the latter. It is this *taijutsu* that is generally taught in *judo* schools of the present day under the style of *judo*. *Taijutsu* is a part but not the whole of *judo*, for otherwise *judo* would lose its essential value and become an art

hardly worth learning. The distinction between the two arts is this, that whereas *taijutsu* aims more particularly at physical culture, in which its main value lies, *judo* seeks to invest its exponents with power over life and death, within certain limits, its secret lying in the wonderful *aiki-no-jutsu*. [The Japanese word *jutsu*, meaning "art," is usually by a colloquial corruption pronounced *jitsu*.] *Taijutsu*, on the contrary, having for its primary object physical culture, does not include in its curriculum *ate* [methods of striking or kicking vital spots in the body in order to disable or kill an adversary] ; while the *katsu* [methods of resuscitation] employed in this branch of *judo* are also of the most simple description. A *taijutsu* contest ends when one of the parties is thrown to the floor. In *judo* or *jujutsu* the case is otherwise. Mere throwing does not determine either victory or defeat, because even while being thrown down an expert can use *ate* in order temporarily to disable his antagonist in the shape, say, of paralysis of a joint or limb which will deprive him of fighting capacity. Moreover, *taijutsu* does not include *tsukide* and *keashi*, parts of *ate* which properly belong to the sphere of *judo*. Nevertheless the two arts, *judo* and *taijutsu*, are closely related to each other. It is therefore advisable for students to begin with *taijutsu* as a preliminary course before entering upon the practice of *judo*.

"In learning *judo* the student should never lose sight of the necessity of developing the *shita-hara* [literally, "lower-belly"—*i.e.*, the *tanden* referred to

in previous chapters], since without a properly developed *shita-hara* his art will lose no small portion of its efficiency. I shall say something more about *shita-hara* later on. In *judo* if your opponent tries to hit you in the eye, say, you naturally defend yourself by stopping his fist before it reaches your eye, and in so doing you hit his hand on a vital spot [*kyusho*] to disable it. This act is what we term *ate* or *atemi*. This *ate* is an essential characteristic of the art of *judo*, and the great value of the latter rests in it. *Ate* may deprive an opponent of life for the time being, but it is by no means brutal, seeing that it also provides its exponent with the means of restoring the fallen foe to life again by the application of *katsu* or *kwappo*. In these possibilities lies its military virtue.

"The masters of some schools are inclined to separate *judo* and *seikotsu* [the art of bone-setting], but in my school *seikotsu* is treated as an integral part of *judo* for obvious reasons.

"Now the vital parts of the human body exposed to attack are the *ninchu* [immediately below the nose], *juka* [under the ears], *daino* [brain], *kono* [? occiput], *suigetsu* [breast-bone], *niuka* [under the breasts], *ekika* [under the arm-pits], and *hihara* [the sides, both front and back]. These parts are known in our school as the *kiukon* [nine organs]. An *ate* aimed at any one of these spots affects the internal organs."

I may interrupt Mr. Kunishige's recital here to state that the nomenclature of these vital spots varies somewhat according to the *jujutsu* school, and similarly

some schools may recognise additional spots not specified above, but speaking generally, as regards the more susceptible and fatal points in the human body, the leading schools are virtually at one; the name may sometimes be different, but the thing is usually the same. In my possession are charts clearly indicating the position of the leading vital spots and their particular connection with nerve-centres and internal organs; but it is not the object of this work to give away information which might conceivably become dangerous in unscrupulous hands, the more so seeing that this information was given to me by a former teacher under the pledge of secrecy.

Continuing, Mr. Kunishige said: "A rib is especially liable to break when hit with force. *Katsu* is effective in repairing broken bones when properly administered within two hours after the infliction of the injury. With the help of *aiki* the art of *seikotsu* proves particularly effective in cases where the victim is being treated for *ate* applied to any one of the nine organs above mentioned."

It was at this point that the lecturer supplied several illustrations of the efficacy of *aiki* and *seikotsu* culled from his own extensive experience, more especially the case of the setting of the upper vertebræ of a coolie named Suzuki who had fallen from the roof of a house, and had been given up for dead by the ordinary practitioners.

"In such cases as this *katsu* alone is ineffective in restoring a man or woman to life. Thus the *judo*

student should not neglect to learn the art of *seikotsu* to render *katsu* more efficacious.

"*Taijutsu* is effective against a small number of antagonists, but is of little use when one is confronted by many."

To substantiate this statement Mr. Kunishige told his hearers that quite recently an experimental contest had been arranged at the Metropolitan Police Station, where a *taijutsu* master was pitted against three policemen, his business being to throw each policeman three times in succession. The test resulted in the defeat of the master, who was firmly held by his adversaries before he could fulfil the conditions. Mr. Kunishige went on to assert that with a proper knowledge of *judo* it would have been a comparatively easy matter to overpower even a larger number, because the master could have disabled them one after the other by *ate*, and this, too, without inflicting any permanent injury, for he could have restored them just as easily.[1]

"If the student learns *judo* at all he should learn it thoroughly—*i.e.*, until he has fully mastered *ate* and *katsu*, together with *seikotsu* and *aiki* [the secret of *judo*].

"All branches of Japanese military arts have not

[1] Personally I am inclined to qualify this statement. It would be easy for me to pick out half a dozen experts from the Kodo-kwan who, without recourse to *ate*, could throw three inferior antagonists three times in succession. Nevertheless, in principle, Mr. Kunishige's contention is sound enough.

for their prime object the killing of men; their ultimate purpose is to chastise wicked men. Military virtue is really identical with humanity, and military arts aim at the attainment of this object. In *judo* we often have recourse to *ate*, and it is therefore all the more necessary to learn *katsu* and *seikotsu*. Just as a sword is not necessarily a weapon intended to kill men, so too is *ate* not solely designed to inflict injury.

"The essence of *Bushido* is contained in the military arts. A certain professor [Dr. Nitobe] recently published a work on *Bushido*, in which he says that *Bushido* is a moral teaching which favourably compares with the moral doctrines taught in the various countries of the world; and he then proceeds to remark that *Bushido* is independent of fencing, *judo*, and other military arts. I do not agree with this gentleman in the latter remark. In my opinion the military arts are important parts of the structure which is termed *Bushido*. *Bushido* without the military arts, however noble and lofty it may be, must fade into nothingness. Loyalty and justice are the precepts of *Bushido*, and military arts are the essential means of attaining the object in view. *Bushido* imposes upon men the sacrifice of their lives for the cause of loyalty and justice. But when an emergency calls upon us to die in defence of the State, we can be of little service if we are ignorant of the military arts.

"Various opinions obtain as to the origin and development of *Bushido*. Some ascribe the former to the advent of Buddhism, while others trace it to

the introduction of the Chinese classics. I feel firmly convinced that *Bushido* sprang up in pre-historic ages, and that its origin may be traced back to the very foundations of this Empire. History furnishes abundant proofs of this contention. Together with *Bushido*, the military arts sprang into being and have made the vast development which we witness to-day. *Bushido* surpasses religion and other moral teachings in that it gives prompt chastisement to the wrongdoer, while religion and moral teaching merely exhort men to abstain from doing wrong. *Bushido* calls upon men to rise to the succour of their fellow-creatures in danger from bandits, robbers, and other evil-doers, even at the sacrifice of their lives. A person ignorant of military arts can do little to help others at the call of *Bushido*, if he is ignorant of military arts. Thus far *judo* and *Bushido*.

"I will now proceed to give you a few hints which may be needful to the student of *judo* and military arts (*bujutsu*) in general. As I briefly stated at the beginning of this lecture, the student of military arts should lay stress upon the *shita-hara*. Here it is necessary to distinguish between the *shita-hara* of the *samurai* and that of *Zen*—and by *Zen* is meant, not only the *Zen* sect of Buddhism, but all the adherents of that creed. The *shita-hara* of *Zen* is the subjective culture of one's inner self, while sitting in the *zazen* style; whereas the *shita-hara* of the *samurai* requires both subjective and objective culture of oneself, based upon a proper conception of loyalty and

justice. By *shita-hara* is meant the cultivation of mental immobility (*kokoro wo ugokasanu*). This cultivation is not so difficult to attain if you apply yourself thereto with thorough care. Never at any time should one lose sight of one's *shita-hara;* sitting, standing, walking, or lying down, he should keep his strength concentrated there. But in addition to constant watchfulness over their own emotions, students must also bear in mind the necessity of *shinki* [*shin* is "soul," "mind"; *ki* is also "soul," "mind," "temper," "humour"), for the training of the *shita-hara*. *Shin* and *ki* at times separate from one another and at times are joined."

At this point the speaker gave a somewhat metaphysical explanation of the manner in which *shinki* may be controlled in order to eliminate the subject's consciousness of physical pain. Reducing this explanation to the simplest terms, it may be said that when your finger-tip is pinched you feel pain there because your mind at once travels thither; but if you could keep your *shin* detached therefrom you would no longer feel pain. To accomplish this object the *tanden* already referred to must be kept immovable, while your *ki* is, as it were, dismissed from the body, although you retain the power to recall it at a moment's notice; when you have reached this stage in your occult training you may be said to have finished a preliminary course of *aiki*, and, according to Mr. Kunishige, this undertaking offers no insuperable difficulty.

The Esoteric Aspects of *Bujutsu*

"When you are really proficient in the military arts," the lecturer went on, "you will arrive at the stage described by the old masters as *Furai muitsu*, which may be likened to the facility with which the wind comes and goes without leaving any sign of motion. Still higher stages in *aiki* may be reached. I myself can practise only a small portion of the latter. But a man who has thoroughly acquired the art of *aiki* verges on the divine. The clairvoyance so much talked about nowadays is nothing but a part of *aiki*. But *aiki* can be acquired only by long and patient study, after one has attained the highest degree of proficiency in practical *judo* feats. In order to study the art of *aiki* one must learn the method of *shinki kiitsu* [*shin* = "soul," "mind," "conscience"; *ki*, "turn of mind," "consciousness," "disposition"; *kiitsu*, "coming to one"—*i.e.*, the method of uniting soul and turn of mind]. The old masters of my school have sayings to the effect that one with full knowledge of *aiki* could see in the dark, bring walking men to a full stop, or break the sword brandished to slay him, and these words can be accepted as true. I draw this conclusion from my personal experience in stopping bleeding from the nose, and from the modern practice of clairvoyance. I believe that men can enter the divine realm through constant culture of their mental and physical faculties. But one who has not learned *shinki kiitsu* cannot grasp *aiki* even if taught. The student will do well to train his *shita-hara* until he has learnt to place his *ki* at his disposal without

moving his *kokoro*—soul or mind. By mesmerism one can place another under one's influence and compel him to act as one suggests; but the art of *aiki* is even more certain in its effect. Consequently great prudence is needed in the teaching of this art, because wicked persons could work untold evil and endanger the safety of human society by its reckless exercise. I sincerely trust that those who study *judo* and other military arts will attach due importance to the doctrines of *Bushido*."

Mr. Kunishige interspersed his address here and there with quotations from the Japanese poets, but for foreign readers these condensations of thought are of minor value.

CHAPTER X

PRACTICE AFTER PRECEPT

AT the close of the lecture of which a summary has been given in the previous chapter the rank and file of the disciples retired, and Mr. Kunishige invited my friend Mr. Umezawa, myself, and a few chosen spirits to drink tea over the *hibachi*. The cold was intense, and both Mr. Umezawa and I, accustomed as we were to more luxurious superfluities, experienced no little difficulty in restraining our teeth from audible expression of our feelings. As a matter of fact, my poor friend contracted such a violent cold on this occasion that he had to take to his bed for several days, apropos of which he sent me a humorous postcard, wherein he opined that the result in his case must have been due to an imperfectly developed *shita-hara!* Be this as it may, while mentally we hung on Mr. Kunishige's words, physically we hung over the braziers and tried to imagine that we were warm. It would appear, however, that our abdominal power was scarcely equal to this *tour de force*, and so we continued to suffer on the one hand and to enjoy on the other.

Mr. Umezawa, who, although a Japanese born and

bred and the son of a *shizoku* who had worn the two swords in his day, had never before been inside a *jujutsu dojo*, evinced the keenest interest in Mr. Kunishige's exposition.

"I have heard from Mr. Harrison," he said, "about some of the remarkable feats you yourself can perform by means of this *aiki*. Would it be asking too much for something in the way of a demonstration of how this power acts?"

The teacher, with that almost instinctive deference to the Japanese custom which demands self-depreciation in these and similar circumstances, at once denied the possession of any extraordinary powers, but expressed willingness to undertake two or three experiments in the interests of our investigation.

It is necessary to say here that we were all at this time sitting on the mats, the teacher and others in Japanese costume squatting in *bonâ fide* Japanese fashion with their legs doubled up beneath them, and those of us wearing foreign dress affecting the posture known in the vernacular as *agura wo kaku—i.e.*, with the legs simply crossed. Neither style is specially calculated to improve the cut of one's inexpressibles; but the true native squat is simply perdition to the most resolute creation of the most conscientious tailor of either hemisphere, and no trouser-press extant can restore even approximate perpendicularity to a pair of knees which have been subjected for any length of time to the foregoing form of discipline. But it is not alone the inanimate texture of one's nether garments that suffers

from the practice of squatting. The Japanese knee is astoundingly elastic, and therefore capable of accommodating itself for hours at a stretch to this contracted position; but the Occidental knee is the victim of heredity, the product of centuries of hopeless addiction to some type of chair, whence it follows that—with very rare exceptions—foreigners, if they persist in their efforts to be polite by imitating their Japanese friends in this respect have to be removed from native functions by an impromptu ambulance corps, owing to cramp in the legs. I have had more training than the average alien, but none the less would rather sit in a chair and listen to Japanese vocal music for two hours on end than squat in Japanese fashion for half that time *vis-à-vis* the most attractive *geisha* from the Shimbashi quarter of the Japanese capital.

This seeming digression brings me to the point where Mr. Kunishige invited me to squat and face him. This I did as well as I could. He then instructed me to seize both his ears and to pull them as hard as I liked. Without more ado I obeyed. I am not exactly a weakling, but my most desperate efforts had no more effect upon Mr. Kunishige's facial expression or upon his ears, so far as any of us could see, than if they had never been. A Spartan might perhaps contrive to conceal the agony he was enduring beneath a mask of indifference, but no Spartan known to history ever possessed ears which could have survived intact the tugging to which I subjected the corresponding organs of Mr. Kunishige. What is more, through all this

pulling the teacher never altered his position on the cushion. At the end of a minute's exercise of this description I began to feel that in much the same manner and with about an equal prospect of making a dynamic or sentient impression I might exhaust my energies upon the Trafalgar Square lions or the Egyptian sphynx. Finally, Mr. Kunishige asked, "Are you satisfied?" When I said I was he made a pass with one hand, simply observed, "His strength will now disappear," and with no external aid whatsoever leaned back on his haunches and dragged me after him, still hanging on to his ears for all I was worth!

Similarly I was invited to push against Mr. Kunishige's broad chest with one or both hands; no efforts of mine could budge him any more than they could have budged Mount Fuji, whereas with his little finger placed lightly against my body he upset my equilibrium in a second, and I had no power to resist.

Again, I seized the teacher's right hand with both of mine, and brought the strongest pressure to bear upon the upper joints of the four fingers. Once more it must be said that even the fingers of a Sandow could not resist such treatment for long without being disabled or broken, while the pain alone would compel submission after a few seconds. Mr. Kunishige, however, let me work my will upon his joints with the most complete unconcern. While I began to go red in the face with my exertions he addressed Mr. Umezawa, and calmly pointed out that if he were

experiencing pain at the time his features must in the end disclose the fact, whereas his facial expression continued to be perfectly normal. Then when I could do no more, but still continued to press, he made the same pass with his left hand, remarked, "His strength has now gone," and with scarcely an effort withdrew his right hand from my strenuous grip. Neither Mr. Umezawa nor I could remain proof against any of these experiments for more than a few seconds at the outside. Mr. Kunishige's very first pull at my ears made them crack ominously, and so with our finger-joints. The pain was simply excruciating.

Of an analogous character was an experiment in which he took a long sash used to confine the *kimono* at the waist, tied the two ends together, and passed the loop thus formed round his own neck and that of a disciple of *nidan* rank. In this position he allowed the disciple to pull against him, not only with his head and neck but with the additional help of both hands, which held the sash at his end on either side. Needless to say, Mr. Kunishige never stirred until once more, with the exercise of the *aiki*, he began to lean back, and with absolute ease pulled his opponent forward until his haunches left the mats and he tumbled forward against the teacher.

After this it should surprise nobody to be told that it was Mr. Kunishige a very simple matter to drag two of us round the room simultaneously, in spite of our desperate struggles to return the compliment. The most striking feature of all these demon

strations was the comparative absence of stress and strain on the part of the teacher.

Two considerations effectually dispose of the—at best—remote hypothesis that Mr. Kunishige could have performed any of these feats through superior physical strength. One of those considerations is that he is, as previously stated, an old man—well over sixty years of age; the other is that he has duplicated these self-same feats against the strongest men in the empire in the persons of the huge *sumo-tori*, or professional wrestlers of Japan. When it is added that 300 lbs. avoirdupois is no uncommon weight for these "mountains of fat and muscle," as they have been aptly termed by an English writer, fuller comprehension of the nature of Mr. Kunishige's performance will be forthcoming, for his own maximum weight at the time of writing cannot exceed 160 lbs.

Shakespeare makes Bolingbroke say, "O! who can hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus?" Obviously the Caucasus has nothing to do with Mr. Kunishige's accomplishment of the prodigy mentioned by Shakespeare, for it may well be doubted whether Mr. Kunishige has ever heard of the Caucasus. Be this as it may, what is certain is that he actually picks up the glowing contents of a Japanese pipe and holds them for several moments between his thumb and forefinger without sustaining any burn or apparently suffering any pain during the process.

Still more inexplicable, perhaps, measured by the commonly accepted standards of Western medical

science and practice, is Mr. Kunishige's system of administering first aid, as adverted to in a previous chapter. As therein stated, the method of resuscitation employed in the majority of schools, including the Kodo-kwan, calls for direct contact with the patient. Not so with Mr. Kunishige, or at least not necessarily so. It is a matter of common knowledge among the doctors of the district in which Mr. Kunishige lives that he has time and again restored to consciousness men and women given up for dead by the regular practitioners, and that, too, to all outward semblance simply by means of a shout—the *kiai*, to wit—but which I have already shown to be the vehicle of a more deeply seated force called *aiki*, supposed to emanate from the *tanden*. In one of these cases a coolie working on the new buildings of the Department of Communications near the Shimbashi Station had fallen from a great height and almost broken his spine. One shout from Mr. Kunishige summoned back the waning life, or—as Mr. Kunishige himself would say—infused into him some of the life of the operator, and enabled him to rise to his feet, after which the doctors had a chance to confirm the cure by recourse to more concrete remedies. In many of these cases Mr. Kunishige makes no pretence to effect a permanent cure; what he does undertake to do is to revive a patient who, if treated in the orthodox way, would frequently perish.

Here are two further illustrations of his gift which fall within my personal recollection.

The male child of a neighbour was slowly dying in terrible agony, and nothing the ordinary doctors could do appeared able to alleviate the patient's sufferings. Finally Mr. Kunishige's aid was solicited. He simply began to talk to the child in a quiet and even tone of voice, explaining to him that both he and the speaker were on their way to Ryogoku to see the firework display which takes place annually on the Sumida River, and is known in Japanese as the *kawa-biraki*, or "opening of the river." The child instantly succumbed to Mr. Kunishige's hypnotic spell and was content. All symptoms of pain disappeared, and it was evident from the child's delighted exclamations that he saw clearly the subjective picture which Mr. Kunishige's peculiar power enabled him to visualise. Thus Mr. Kunishige described the tramway ride to Ryogoku, the arrival there, the vast crowds, the noise, the laughter, the river, the strumming of the *samisen* from tea-houses on its banks, and *geisha*-laden barges on its surface, the dazzling illuminations, and the fireworks; and the child, mentally speaking, passed away blissfully and painlessly amid pleasant surroundings. In this instance, of course, the child was doomed, and however much of a temporary stimulus Mr. Kunishige's power might have imported to the waning faculties, it could not have achieved a permanent cure.

In the second instance the subject was again a child, a girl who was suffering from nasal hæmorrhage of the most persistent and violent type. Nothing that

the doctors in the neighbourhood could do proved of any avail, and the situation had begun to look hopeless when a jinrikishaman who chanced to know of Mr. Kunishige's reputation advised the parents to carry the child to him. As a last resort this was done. The child was still conscious and could obey instructions. She was placed on the mats a little distance in front of the operator, who fixed his eyes upon her, emitted the *kiai*, and swept down his arm. On the instant the flow from one nostril entirely ceased, and that from the other was reduced to a slow dribble. A second *kiai* removed even these traces of the trouble, and the cure was complete. From that day to this the child has never been bothered with bleeding from the nose. As a matter of fact, this branch of the art is very commonly practised by Mr. Kunishige. Chance collisions, falls, and blows in *jujutsu* exercises frequently result in "bloody noses," if not "cracked crowns," but with Mr. Kunishige at hand to stop the ruddy flow the pupils think nothing of such trifles.

A young student friend of mine named Miyachi, a *shodan* of the Kodo-kwan, lived with Mr. Kunishige for some time as his *shosei—i.e.*, a young man who is furnished with free board and lodging by a senior in return for certain services. Before Miyachi entered Mr. Kunishige's domestic circle he had had little or no belief in the esoteric claims of these teachers of the old school, and so when on one occasion he, too, found his nose bleeding profusely he felt more amused than otherwise when Mr. Kunishige volunteered

to cure him in the usual manner. However, he knew better than to raise any objection, and complied literally with the teacher's directions. The result was that he was cured in a few seconds. Describing his sensations to me, he said that when Mr. Kunishige concentrated his gaze upon him his expression was simply terrifying, and that when the *kiai* was uttered he felt as if a thin stream of cold water had started to run upwards from the tip of his nose to his forehead, after which the flow of blood disappeared. Evidently, then, faith in the efficacy of Mr. Kunishige's system is not in any sense a condition antecedent to these applications, and in this respect the system must be sharply differentiated from the affirming and denying of Christian scientists.

I have here been dealing less with approximate first causes than with concrete phenomena, so to speak, but it may be surmised that we have in all these experiments a more elaborate and perfect system of mesmerism than Western operators have yet succeeded in developing.

Diaphanous and anæmic doctors who have been amazed and bewildered witnesses of Mr. Kunishige's ability to resuscitate where all the resources of the *materia medica* had utterly failed, have implored him to explain how it is done. To all such entreaties Mr. Kunishige has replied that with the best will in the world he could not impart the necessary information to any purpose until the student had undergone a hard preliminary training in *jujutsu*, in the absence of which

the most adamantine abdominal muscles evoked by deep breathing would be of little avail. Apropos, Mr. Kunishige loves to narrate with many appreciative chuckles how many years ago at Kyoto he fell foul of one of the priests of the *Zen* sect, which inculcates deep breathing as an essential concomitant of its system of mental concentration, the benefits of which, so far as they go, not even Mr. Kunishige would care to deny. Indeed, some of the most famous men in Japanese history, ancient and modern, including Togo, Kodama, Oyama, and many others, would willingly bear testimony to the debt they owe to the practice of *Za-zen*, as the particular method of sitting for hours at a stretch in profound meditation, which constitutes one of the most notable practices of this sect, is designated. The important point is that meditation is not the be-all and end-all of mundane existence, and it was in connection with this phase of the subject that Mr. Kunishige and the priestly advocate of *Zen* came to verbal blows.

"Yes," said the former, after listening politely and attentively to a long disquisition from his antagonist on the virtues of the system, "that is all very well as long as you remain squatting upon your three-by-three platform with no one to bother you. There you can develop your *shita-hara* to enormous proportions free from rude and sacrilegious interference; but the moment you descend from your perch and run up against a *bujin* who has developed his *shita-hara*, not by constant squatting but by constant movement, where are you?"

And Mr. Kunishige showed him as he had shown me how by a simple touch with a single finger he could topple him over. Needless to say, the sacerdotal disciple of *Za-zen* waxed exceeding wrath over this attack and illustration, and departed in high dudgeon.

I am nothing if not eclectic, and in telling this story I have no wish to run down *Za-zen*, of which, in fact, I treat sympathetically elsewhere in these pages; but facts are facts, and one cannot prepare oneself for the storm and stress of a world which is largely objective by endeavouring to elucidate abstract and concrete phenomena by means of purely subjective processes and independently of actual experience. *Judo, jujutsu,* and their essential *okugi* and *hiden*, or esoteric doctrines and practices, have just this superiority over too many Occidental forms of intellectual and physical training that they are both subjective and objective; their theory and practice go hand in hand, and—within limits—the student is not asked to accept as axiomatic any theory or principle which cannot be at least approximately demonstrated as true. For this reason, then, I maintain that if Japan had given nothing else to the world than this she would be deserving of recognition and gratitude from the Occident and the rest of the Orient.

I have heard it raised as an objection to *judo* that it tends to make young men brutal. Here, too, we must be very careful about our terminology. As to what constitutes brutality much depends upon the point

of view. Your peas, potatoes, prunes, and prisms brand of old lady would doubtless regard ping-pong as brutal; and the vanguard of the mollycoddle brigade may ever be heard protesting that football is brutal because players get damaged occasionally; and that boxing, wrestling, and, in short, nearly all physical exercises into which the factor of personal rivalry enters are brutal for analogous reasons. Candidly, to use an expressive Americanism, I have no use for such persons or for such arguments. Acquiescence in their implications and acceptance of their logical consequences would in the course of a few generations deprive the world of all its blood and bone. Or if such theories are to be applied only by an effete West—although I hasten to add that I have no belief in the possibility or probability of any such disastrous consummation—we shall simply be hastening the day, that is talked about *ad nauseam* by neurasthenic degenerates, when the Orient will make us its easy prey. If, again, by brutality is connoted a type of personal character which inclines its fortunate possessor to make light of hard knocks and injuries sustained by others because he is wont to make even lighter of similar temporary inconveniences when sustained by himself, then I will freely and cheerfully admit that *judo* is a brutal sport, and the only piece of advice I can offer to those who think that mankind ought to be packed in cotton-wool and kept "this side up, with care" for fear of breakages is the good old Shakespearean one, to wit, "He who has not stomach for the fight, let him depart."

But because the *judo* student never makes a fuss, but looks on almost coldly even when a good comrade is sometimes removed from the arena with a broken collar-bone, a snapped knee ligament, or a temporary concussion, it does not necessarily follow that he is not sympathetic. It may be said that his very coolness the better qualifies him for the task of administering first aid, and in no case are the most indispensable steps for the immediate relief of the victim of one of these misadventures neglected. The would-be reformer who sets out by trying to abolish pain by avoiding danger is starting from the wrong end. *Judo* does not teach the student to invite danger gratuitously. What it does teach him is how he can best bear himself when danger comes his way. Thanks, too, to the physical and moral training which it gives to its best disciples, experiences which would be unbearably painful to the molly-coddle type of young man are positively and literally pleasurable to the student of *judo*. Thus it can be demonstrated that up to a certain point even pain is subjective and a matter of individual temperament, and a perfectly logical concatenation brings us to the conclusion that pain can be most effectively dealt with by making the subject almost impervious to it, just as one may avoid the sting of the nettle by grasping it firmly. This means that if pain cannot be abolished its area at least can be sensibly circumscribed. It comes to this, then, that to be candid, no form of physical exercise capable of conferring all-round development can be

devised so as to be entirely free from the element of danger to life and limb; for I decline to agree that the solitary tussle with a pair of spring-grip dumb-bells or a collection of rubber strands is sufficient for this purpose, although as a subsidiary and an auxiliary means to the same end it may be heartily recommended within reason. If this elementary and fundamental proposition be accepted—and it must be accepted—we may pass on and declare that the perfection of physical development, which I hold to be a noble end in itself, cannot be attained without acceptance of these risks to life and limb. The abominable horrors of vivisection are the inevitable outcome of this fear of pain for the human. True, both the boxer and the *judo-ka* inflict pain even as they endure *it*; but they do not inflict it upon a helpless and an unwilling victim, but upon a free agent who finds enjoyment and exhilaration in exercising both his physical and mental faculties in escaping the infliction of punishment, and in silently grinning and bearing it when it proves to be unavoidable. All this has nothing to do with the very proper and necessary steps which society sees fit to take for the reduction of accidents in avocations included in the struggle for existence, though analogous considerations are certainly applicable to the socialistic movement, which would eliminate competition, which is the most potent of all incentives to improvement in every sphere; but it has everything to do with the question of physical culture in its broadest sense. Let those who prefer something

less strenuous map out their own line of conduct, but let them also refrain from vexatious and officious interference with those who would feel that they had not lived without the football charge, a rousing bout with the mits, the fullest exercise of all physical and many of the mental faculties in the struggle for a fall on the padded mat of the Japanese *tamati*. I have nothing but sympathy with those who through no fault of their own cannot participate in these mimic frays, and equally I have nothing but contempt for those who, because they are either unable or unwilling themselves to participate therein, would fain prevent others from doing so. The remedy for these gentry is a good squelching by the methods which for them are *anathema maranatha*.

CHAPTER XI

MORE ABOUT *KIAI*

IN previous chapters I have dealt incidentally with the part played by the mysterious force known as *kiai* in the production of certain phenomena connected with the military arts, in the broad Japanese sense. The subject, however, is of so much interest and importance, since in the development of *kiai* lies, so to speak, the kernel of military efficiency, that I have been induced to investigate a little farther and to seek the views of a native specialist as to the real meaning of *kiai*. As luck would have it, while I was pursuing my own independent inquiries from Japanese teachers, a book entitled *The Art of Kiai* (in Japanese, of course), by Mr. Kumashiro Hikotaro, was published in Tokyo, and to this source I am indebted for much valuable material reproduced in the following pages, with the kind help of Mr. Umezawa, who has made an excellent synopsis of the more salient points.

According to this authority, *kiai* may be described as the potential power that governs the course of human life, and the source of the energy inherent in the human race—the energy of all energies, in short. The existence of *kiai* and the ability to control it

have been recognised from time immemorial, although heretofore that ability has been usually associated with the military arts and regarded as a sort of monopoly of the *samurai* class, to which the common people might not aspire. This conception is nevertheless erroneous, for the presence of *kiai* may be detected in all human activities, from politics down to chess. For the matter-of-fact Occidental the most important aspect of the inquiry must be some indication of the method by which power to make use of *kiai* can be acquired, and with the co-operation of Messrs. Hikotaro and Umezawa I hope to place the curious reader in possession of a few general instructions, the efficacy of which he will be at liberty to test for himself.

As briefly pointed out in previous chapters, the word *kiai* is a compound of *ki*, meaning "mind" or "turn of mind," and *ai*, the contraction of the verb *awasu*, signifying "to unite." As this combination naturally suggests, it denotes a condition in which two minds are united in one in such a manner that the stronger controls the weaker. Psychologically it is the art of concentrating the whole of one's mental energy upon a single object with the determination to achieve or subdue that object. Physically it is the art of deep and prolonged breathing, as will be explained more in detail hereafter. Its practical application is, so to speak, to gain a start over an opponent with whom one may chance to be face to face. *Kiai* is also sometimes spoken of as *aiki*. Although the two are one and the same thing when construed in a broad

sense, yet they admit of distinction when more narrowly interpreted. Briefly *kiai* implies the active side of one's mind, whereas *aiki* has to do with its passive state. In other words, the former represents a condition in which one's *ki* or mental energy is actively concentrated upon the object in view, whereas the latter indicates a state in which this mental force is quiescent. For practical purposes there is no need to distinguish the two. They stand to each other in much the same relation as active to latent heat. *Kiai* is thus the motive power which prompts man to an action with the strong resolve to carry it to a successful issue ; it is the force that furnishes the impulse to take advantage of opportunity.

We may consider first the utility of *kiai* as applied to military arts. *Bushido* has its basis in mental (? moral) rectitude, and the latter is the essence of *kiai*. When one's mind is unjust *kiai* will prove of little avail. Military arts are divided into many branches, but *kiai* is the life of all ; without *kiai* they cannot be carried to perfection. In the opinion of the Japanese fighting man, it is not the mere concrete art, if such an expression is permissible, that enables one to win the victory ; it is in *kiai* that the secret of success lies. The combatant who secures the lead over his antagonist will win, and it is not actually the art of fencing or wrestling but *kiai* which gives the combatant the power to secure that lead. Thus the late Mr. Yamaoka Tesshu, the most skilful fencing-master of his day, reveals the

secret of the art of fencing in the following words: "Do not fix your mind on the attitude your rival assumes, neither have it riveted on your own attitude nor on your own sword. Instead fix your mind on your *saika tanden* [literally, that part of the belly which lies beneath the navel]; and do not think either of dealing a blow at your opponent or of the latter's dealing a blow at you. Cast aside all specific designs and rush to the attack the moment you see your enemy in the act of brandishing his sword over his head."

Jujutsu (literally "soft art"), as its name implies, is based upon the principle of opposing softness or elasticity to hardness or stiffness. Its secret lies in keeping one's body full of *ki*, with elasticity in one's limbs, and in being ever on the alert to turn the strength of one's foe to one's own advantage with the minimum employment of one's own muscular force. "The soft conquers the hard" is a saying which expresses the idea of the proper use of *kiai*. Not only in fencing and *jujutsu*, therefore, but in all other branches of the military arts *kiai* must be intelligently exerted if one wishes to attain the best results.

We may next consider *kiai* in connection with respiration. When one expels the air from the lungs one feels one's muscles and bones relax, while when one fills the lungs and abdomen with air one is conscious of the opposite phenomenon. In expelling the air one loses vigour, whereas in inhaling one gains strength. In the language of Japanese esotericism, the latter condition is called "fullness" (*jitsu*) and

the former, "emptiness" (*kyo*). To attack emptiness with fullness is a sure means to victory. If in the act of striking one of the combatants has his lungs full of air and the other's lungs are empty, the former is sure to win. Such, at least, is the theory. Regarded in this light, *kiai* may be deemed synonymous with the art of breathing. The phrase often used by Japanese fencing masters, "*Kiai wo kakeru*" (to utter the *kiai*) means to fall upon one's foe with a shout at the exact moment when the foe has exhaled his breath. The secret of *kiai* breathing lies in filling the *saika tanden* already described, instead of the chest, as we Occidentals are wont to do. What may be called deep abdominal breathing is spoken of in Japanese as *fukushiki kokyu*. There are many methods of breathing in this manner, but one of the simplest is thus described:—

"Take a piece of cotton cloth about six feet long, fold it twice and pass it twice round the stomach just below the lower ribs, and fasten it tightly in that position. Then try to inhale the air deep down into your stomach. Repeat the process three or four hundred times a day, or even two or three thousand times, if you can get used to it. In so doing keep your body soft, hold your shoulders well drawn down, your back bent forward, and sit in such a manner that the tip of your nose hangs over your navel (or *saika tanden*). Accustom yourself when sitting to press the seat with your hips, as it were, and when walking to project your abdomen beyond your feet. These directions may

be difficult to fulfil literally, but the idea is to regulate your movements as if you had the above-mentioned object always in view. When facing an opponent, whether in a standing or a sitting posture, look him steadfastly in the face, but do not omit even for a moment to have your mind's eye directed to your *saika tanden—i.e.*, take care to breathe as already instructed, and in this way you will not be disturbed by foreign objects."

What is termed *munen mushin* (literally "without idea and without mind") is an essential factor in *kiai*, and can be acquired by regulating one's breathing. In this contest the celebrated Buddhist priest Takuan may be quoted. He writes in his famous work *Kitsuyoshu:* "*Munen mushin*—that is, the name of Buddha. When you open your mouth wide to expel the air you get *na*, and when you shut your mouth in expelling the air you get *mu*. When next you 'open' your mouth you get *a*, and when again you close it you get *mi*. When again you open your mouth you get *da*, and when again you shut it you get *butsu*. Thus the thrice-repeated exhalation and inhalation is equivalent to the Buddhist invocation '*Namu Amida Butsu*,' which is symbolical of the letters *a* and *um*. The sound *a* is produced by opening the mouth and the sound *um* by shutting it. It may therefore be said that in the state of total absence of mind (*munen mushin*) you are always repeating the name of Buddha, even if you do not pronounce it aloud." It will thus be seen that the secret of Buddhism is

embodied in this *a um—i.e.*, the art of regulating one's breathing.

Next to deep breathing, the most essential physical condition of the art of *kiai* is the regulation of one's posture. The first desideratum is to keep the body soft, pliant, and elastic, like rubber. To achieve this condition, again, it is necessary to concentrate one's vigour in the *saika tanden*, while keeping one's chest empty. The posture has an important bearing upon the breathing, and the two must be studied concurrently. The second point to be observed is to keep the mouth closed and the chin well drawn in towards the throat. In the system of *za-zen* the student is taught to keep his ears on a line with the shoulders, and his nose on a line with the navel. Here we have precisely the position required. If you keep your mouth shut and your chin drawn back, the principal muscles of the throat are made taut and the spinal column is straightened. The latter in turn gives proper vigour to the lower abdomen. The effect which one's posture exercises over one's body and mind is great. Physically the correct posture stimulates the circulation of the blood, and invigorates the muscles and other organs. The mental effect is no less considerable. In the training of both the *samurai* and the *Zen* priests it has been taught from the earliest times that the mouth should be closed and the air inhaled through the nostrils so as to impart strength to the lower abdomen, or *tanden*. Maintenance of the posture described refreshes the mind and imbues

the subject with a dignified air, which is also an important factor in the art of *kiai*.

There is an old saying in the *Budo*, or "Way of the Warrior," which runs, "First, eyes; second, alacrity; third, courage; and fourth, bodily force." In *kiai*, too, great prominence is assigned to the eyes for two reasons, the first being the necessity of cultivating clear and rapid vision, and the second the help these organs give in the assumption of dignity already alluded to. Accordingly the habit of looking straight into things must be assiduously practised. The celebrated Chinese philosopher Mencius says that "the eyes are the best standards by which to judge men. When one's mind is dark the eyes are dull. Hear a man speak and look at his eyes; he cannot conceal the secrets of his soul." The eyes are the mirrors of the mental state, and few men or women with guilty consciences have clear and bright eyes. The student of military arts and of *kiai* must therefore cultivate the habit of looking straight and steadfastly into the face of his *vis-à-vis*, and of regarding every other object in the same manner without blinking.

What is called *nigiri-katami* (literally "grasping tight") signifies closing the fingers firmly with the thumb beneath. It is said that this practice will instil vigour and courage into the body and enable one to preserve presence of mind in the most trying circumstances. In all the military arts the Japanese are prone to attach far more importance to the body below than above the waist line. It is advisable to

put more strength into one's feet than into one's arms and hands. When one is startled one is sometimes deprived of the use of one's lower limbs and compelled to remain stock-still. In studying the art of *kiai* the feet must be carefully trained. A good plan is to stamp hard from time to time, to leap from side to side with the hands and arms held close to the waist; while in walking care should be taken to place the weight of the body upon the toes rather than upon the heels.

A celebrated Chinese philosopher of the Ming dynasty said: "If the mind be kept one and undivided, it will accommodate itself to ten thousand varied circumstances. That is the reason why a superior man can keep his mind empty and undisturbed." These words explain the psychological aspect of the art of *kiai*. By the oneness and indivisibility of the mind is meant the unification of mental force which is an essential factor of *kiai*. The mind (*kokoro*) must always be kept in readiness to meet emergencies that may at any moment arise. Not only must you train your mind in the manner above described, but care must be taken to cultivate the habit of making good use of the mental force of your opponents. To bring your opponents under your control it is necessary to deprive them of their mind—that is to say, to distract their attention and subdue them to your own advantage. The celebrated Buddhist priest Takuan said: "Mind makes *ki* a vehicle to convey it far and wide in its active operation." Mind controls *ki*,

but the latter may sometimes influence the former. When *ki* is quiet, mind also remains quiet. Mind lies hidden in one's innermost soul ; *ki* operates externally to carry mind to the goal one has in view. In the art of *kiai* it is very important to cultivate and train the *ki*. In fencing and other military arts stress is laid on the concord of mind (*ki*) and force (*chikara*). By way of illustration let us suppose that you desire to obtain something nice. That is what in this cult is styled *kokoro*, or mind, more literally heart. In order to get that something you stretch out your hand, or your hand reaches the object in obedience to the commands of your *kokoro*. That is what the Japanese call *ki*. When your hand reaches the object and you grasp it and draw it towards you, we have a manifestation of force, or *chikara* in Japanese. Without the help of each one of these factors nothing can ever become your own. *Kokoro* (mind) dictates action to *ki*, and *chikara* (force or strength) executes the behest of mind. The art of *kiai* deals with the cultivation of this *ki*. When *ki* is dull and weak, there can be no great force to carry out the orders of mind. We Europeans say, " A strong mind in a strong body " ; *kiai* implies the making of a strong body by means of a strong mind. *Kiai* hardens the entire frame, rendering it invulnerable to attack, in theory at least.

Our Japanese author has so far explained that the art of *kiai* can be acquired through the culture of one's mind. At this point he quotes a few old sayings and cites a few practical examples to reveal the secret of the art and to demonstrate what it can accomplish.

More about *Kiai*

The following verses explain the secret of *kiai*:—

"I have no parents; I make the heavens and the earth my parents.
I have no home; I make *saika tanden* my home.
I have no divine power; I make honesty my divine power.
I have no means; I make docility my means.
I have no magic power; I make personality my magic power.
I have neither life nor death; I make *a um* my life and death.
I have no body; I make stoicism my body.
I have no eyes; I make the flash of lightning my eyes.
I have no ears; I make sensibility my ears.
I have no limbs; I make promptitude my limbs.
I have no laws; I make self-protection my laws.
I have no strategy; I make *sakkatsu jizai* [literally "free to kill and free to restore to life"] my strategy.
I have no designs; I make *kisan* [taking opportunity by the forelock] my designs.
I have no miracles; I make righteous laws my miracles.
I have no principles; I make adaptability to all circumstance [*rinkiohen*] my principles.
I have no tactics; I make *kyojitsu* [fullness and emptiness] my tactics.
I have no talent; I make *toi-sakumyo* [ready wit] my talent.
I have no friends; I make my mind my friend.
I have no enemy; I make incautiousness my enemy.
I have no armour; I make *jin-gi* [benevolence and righteousness] my armour.
I have no castle; I make *fudoshin* [immovable mind] my castle.
I have no sword; I make *mushin* [absence of mind] my sword."

The secret of winning a contest lies in this, that you do not think of winning the contest, but rather think of the way in which you may not lose the contest. You are defeated, says our author, because you attempt to win the contest. If you are not defeated, the victory must always rest on your side. I may qualify this observation by saying that in *judo*—at any rate,

so far as friendly competitions are concerned—there is the draw to be reckoned with in which neither side wins or loses, but presumably in a fight to a finish one or other of the combatants will, in nine cases out of ten, be defeated.

Senno Rikiu, who taught the tea ceremony in Hideyoshi's day, was an expert in the art of *kiai*. Hideyoshi used to remark to his retainers, "You watch Rikiu making tea, and note that his entire body is full of *kiai*, leaving no room for attack." Kato Kiyomasa, Hideyoshi's famous general who played the most important rôle in the invasion of Korea, chancing to hear the high compliment paid to Rikiu by his master, made up his mind to watch for an opportunity to humiliate the *kiai* expert. One day he accompanied his master to Rikiu's house, and detecting what he regarded as a good opening, raised his fan level with his stomach on the very point of hitting Rikiu with it. No sooner, however, had he lifted the fan than Rikiu turned to Hideyoshi and calmly remarked, "Your Excellency has a praiseworthy retainer in Kiyomasa," and then he fixed upon Kiyomasa a steady glance which deprived the renowned warrior of breath. We are told that in this case Kiyomasa actually found an opening for attack, but his mind was relaxed the instant he thought of his coming success, and thus Rikiu secured a lead and overpowered him with *kiai*.

Yagyu Matajuro was a son of the celebrated fencing master Yagyu Hida-no-kami, who was the tutor to

the Tokugawa Shoguns in feudal days. He incurred the displeasure of his father and was turned out of the house. Matajuro repented of his misconduct and made up his mind to amend. Accordingly he studied the art of fencing under a well-known master for a number of years, in rather difficult circumstances. He attained great proficiency, and returning to Yedo (the present Tokyo) called on one Okubo Hikozaemon with a plea that the latter should use his influence with Matajuro's father to remove the ban of disinheritance, so that he might in due course succeed his father as fencing master to the Shoguns. Hikozaemon was very fond of the wayward son of his old friend, and readily consented to act as intermediary in order to effect a reconcilation. At the same time he asked Matajuro to give him a demonstration of his skill in fence, for he knew that an assurance on this point would carry more weight with the father than anything else. Matajuro at once consented, and proposed that somebody should be called in to act as his opponent, but as there was nobody else in the house at the time he finally told Hikozaemon that he would give him a demonstration of *kiai* instead. So saying he looked out into the garden, where he saw a few sparrows perched on the branch of a tall pine-tree, and fixing his steadfast gaze on the birds, gave utterance to the *kiai* shout, whereupon the sparrows fell to the ground insensible. When he relaxed the *kiai* the birds regained consciousness and flew away. Hikozaemon was struck with admiration on seeing this wonderful

feat, and had no difficulty thereafter in effecting the young man's reconciliation with his father as promised. This particular feat is known in the Japanese fencing schools as *toate-no-jutsu*, or "the art of striking at a distance."

Yamamoto Kausuke, a celebrated strategist who served Takeda Shingen prior to Hideyoshi's invasion of Korea, was one day passing through a mountain forest when a pack of hungry wolves suddenly made their appearance and surrounded him. On the impulse of the moment Kausuke intended to cut the animals down singly, and to that end placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, but on second thoughts refrained, as he concluded that it would be a disgrace to the honour of a *samurai* to use such a weapon against these animals. Instead he calmly clenched his fists with the thumbs held underneath the other fingers, and coolly passed through the pack of wolves. The wolves appeared to be taken aback by the composure and dignified air of Kausuke, and took to their heels.

Many anecdotes are told of the wonderful feats performed by experts in the art of *kiai*. The grasping of red-hot irons without visible injury to the hands, and other performances of this description are ascribed to the practical application of *kiai*, which exerts itself not only between living men but equally upon inanimate objects through a delicate psychological success.

Our Japanese author makes a closing reference to the *kuji goshin-ho*, or method of protecting one's body

by means of the nine ideographs, which occupies a very important place in the teachings of the secret Shingon sect of Buddhism. This method is, in fact, none other than a part of *kiai*.

The *kuji*, or nine ideographs, comprise *rin*, *hei*, *tō*, *sha*, *kai*, *jin*, *retsu*, *zai*, and *zen*, and the method of practising the art may be explained as follows :—

Rin: Close both hands, and then release and stretch out the index fingers one against the other. Bring the connected fingers close to your breast and repeat the word *rin* three times. Then lift the closed hands above your head and there separate them.

Hei: Close the little and ring fingers and then stretch out the middle fingers one against the other. Put the index fingers underneath the middle fingers, and repeat *hei* three times, and then separate your fingers.

Tō: Bring your open hands close together, so that the tips of the fingers touch each other lightly, and repeat the word *tō* three times.

Sha: Bring your open hands together so that the finger tips touch each other closely, and repeat the word *sha* three times.

Kai: Intersect firmly the ten fingers and fold them tightly, but leaving the two index fingers stretched out erect and one against the other. Repeat *Kai* three times.

Jin: Intersect the ten fingers inwards so that they are folded well within the palms, and then repeat *jin* three times.

Retsu: Close your left hand with the palm turned to your right. Release the index finger, extend it upwards; place the thumb over the lower joint of your middle finger; bring the hand close to your breast; seize the tip of the index finger of your left hand with your right hand and repeat *retsu* three times.

Zai: Stretch out the fingers of both hands and connect the tips of the index fingers and thumbs so as to form a lozenge, and in this manner bring them close to your face and repeat *zai* three times.

Zen: Close your left hand with the palm turned upwards, bring it close to your breast, and there cover it with your right hand with the fingers extended. Repeat *zen* three times.

After going through the above forms in rapid succession, intersect the fingers of both hands, lift them above your head, and repeat *wō* three times, after which you are at liberty to unloosen your hands.

This process, it is believed, will annihilate the forces of evil and danger and thus guard one's body against all possible perils. This art was widely practised by the *samurai* in the old feudal days. We may assume that its efficacy lay less in some occult virtue inherent to the ideograph cited than in the habit of mental concentration and continuity which might be fostered by constant repetition of these formulas. I accept no responsibility, but merely reproduce them to complete what at best is but an imperfect survey of a highly interesting subject.

CHAPTER XII

THE *ZEN* CULT IN JAPAN

USE and abuse are inseparable from all physical and intellectual activities, and the Japanese cult of *Zen* is no exception to the rule. But, on the other hand, that it embodies a great deal of very practical value to the student is a statement hardly likely to be gainsaid by those who have had the opportunity of investigating its claims and of noting the many illustrious Japanese who do not hesitate to attribute their successful achievements to the moral and intellectual qualities engendered by its cultivation. The roster of *Zen* adherents is strikingly comprehensive. Whereas in the past the *Zen* propaganda may be said to have been confined to the higher classes, the nobility, the priesthood, and the *samurai*, in these more democratic days efforts are not spared to bring its alleged benefits within the reach of the commonalty, so that while on the one hand you are likely to be duly impressed by the knowledge that Togo, Oyama, the late General Kodama, and scores of other notables are or have been disciples of the *Zen* cult, you may on the other at any moment be startled to learn that your office-boy is in quest of mental concentration in the same quarter.

As a method of moral and intellectual culture *Zen*

has from time immemorial been studied in Japan, especially among the *samurai* class, to which latter circumstance, no doubt, may be ascribed the common belief that the secrets of all branches of the military arts cannot be acquired without a thorough knowledge of *Zen*. It is, however, open to question whether *Zen* has really anything to teach the *samurai* on this head. I may remind the reader that my old *judo* teacher, Mr. Kunishige, is inclined to treat with ridicule the excessive claims of the more fanatical *Zen* disciples, whose zeal disposes them to undervalue knowledge of the military arts *per se* in a world from which it is impossible wholly to eliminate the appeal to physical superiority, not to say violence. It should, of course, be added that (*vide* chapter on *kiai*) among Japanese fighting men the connection between the spiritual and the physical in development of the highest offensive and defensive efficiency is more consistently insisted on than in other parts of the world. No doubt the proneness of the Japanese masses to associate *Zen* with skill in the military arts was in no small measure due to the intellectual superiority of the Buddhist priests of old over the average *samurai*. As in the West, book-learning in the Japanese Middle Ages was virtually a monopoly of the priesthood, for the *samurai* were for the most part too constantly engaged in the internecine strife which prevailed at that epoch to find leisure for the pursuit of letters. But although their intellectual inferiority seems to have been admitted, they would not so readily yield prece-

dence to the priesthood in the matter of moral worth. As a code of ethics *Bushido* probably exercised considerable influence over the minds of the more refined types of *bushi*, and it may therefore be surmised that the practice of attending the monasteries in order to receive instruction from the monks of *Zen* was adopted by the *samurai* less as an acknowledgment of their ghostly tutors' mission to reform their conduct or of the value of *Zen* as an aid to their beloved military arts than as an admission of the intellectual predominance of the priesthood of that day. It is an undoubted fact that contemporary works on the secrets of the military arts are written in the somewhat vague and ambiguous style affected by the *Zen* priests. But this circumstance cannot rightly be held to prove that knowledge of the secrets of the military arts was due to *Zen*, but rather that the *samurai* authors, who had been taught composition by *Zen* priests, quite naturally copied their teachers' style when they sought to express themselves in literary form. In this way, then, the belief grew up that the secrets of military arts could be ascertained only by means of *Zen* learning. Still, the fact cannot be denied that *Zen* has largely influenced the Japanese masters of military arts right down to our own days. With the downfall of feudalism popular interest in *Zen* witnessed a temporary decline, which has since given way to an extraordinary revival among all classes of the people.

At the present time there are in existence over twenty associations, composed of noblemen, politicians, medical

men, scholars, bankers, business men, students—in short, all sorts and conditions of both sexes—whose special object is the study of *Zen*. Lectures on *Zen* are delivered on fixed days in many of the Buddhist monasteries, and are attended by large gatherings of enthusiasts eager to penetrate the mysteries of the cult. Japanese friends of mine who have at one time or another listened to these discourses admit that the latter, replete as they are with citations from the Buddhist sacred writings, tax the intelligence of men of ordinary literary culture, and that their profound meaning eludes the grasp of those who are not well versed in Buddhism. In the following pages I make no pretence to furnish a complete exposition of the *Zen* doctrine; all I can do is to lay before my readers a general outline of its more distinctive features.

ZEN AND ZENSHU.

Zen must not be confounded with *Zenshu*, which is simply one of the numerous sects into which Buddhism split up after the death of Siddhartha, the Buddha. As is well known, the Buddhist teaching falls into two broad divisions, which the Japanese term respectively *Daijo* (*Mahayana*, or esoteric Buddhism) and *Shojo*, or exoteric Buddhism. Denominational strife is so bitter that even the claims of *Mahayana* are denied by many, while the followers of *Mahayana* look upon *Shojo* with profound contempt. The controversy continued after the transmigration of Buddhism to Chinese soil, where schism became more

marked than ever. *Shojo* alone was composed of twenty or more sects, each of which slavishly adhered to a particular sermon out of all the sermons preached at different times and places and to different classes of people by Siddhartha during the fifty years of his life. The *Zenshu* is of comparatively later origin. The history of Buddhism tells us that when Siddhartha was preaching his gospel at Ryozen one of the devotees presented him with a bunch of flowers called *konparage*. Siddhartha simply laid the gift on his hand and pinched the blossoms without uttering a word, to the bewilderment of an assemblage which is said to have numbered eighty thousand. With a solitary exception not one of the disciples understood what their teacher meant. This exception, Makakayo, is said to have looked up into the teacher's face and to have smiled a smile full of significance. The incident is referred to in Buddhist writings in a phrase which the Japanese render "*nenge mishо*," meaning literally "pinching the blossom and smiling," and conveying the great truth that "Buddha alone can impart [knowledge] to Buddha" ("*Yui Butsu yo Butsu*"). What was unintelligible to the multitude was quite clear to Maka. To avoid misunderstanding I ought frankly to add that Siddhartha's action in pinching the blossom conveys no more to me than it did to the vulgar herd. We are further informed that Siddhartha was very pleased when he noticed the smile, and declared that he would transmit to Maka the great secret of the Buddhist doctrine. After the death of Siddhartha, Maka's influ-

ence predominated. He became Siddhartha's successor, and was regarded as the fountain-head of Buddhism. Maka was succeeded by Ananda, who in turn gave place to Stona Washu, and so on until the famous Dharma made his appearance in the twenty-eighth generation. Until then the belief had remained free from denominationalism. Dharma, in compliance with the will of his predecessor, paid a visit to the Middle Kingdom during the reign of the Emperor Wu of the Liang dynasty, and there found that Buddhism had been allowed to split up into many sects, which were incessantly engaged in controversial warfare, then at its height. With a view to restoring harmony, Dharma preached his famous "*Furyu monji*," literally, "No scribe in writing," by which he meant that the truths of Buddhism do not lie in the words of Buddhist books, nor can they be committed to writing; they must be communicated direct from heart to heart. This teaching of Dharma gave birth to yet another sect, which has since become known under the style of the *Zenshu*, or *Zen* sect. By *Zen* is connoted the great and fundamental truth of Buddhism, which is by no means a monopoly of the *Zen* sect, but actually the common property of all Buddhist believers. For this reason *Zen* should not be confounded with the *Zen* sect on account of identity of nomenclature.

What is Zen?

The next question that arises is, What exactly is *Zen?* The task of furnishing a lucid and sufficiently

comprehensive reply has baffled many an eminent teacher of Buddhism. Collating the best available authorities, I will attempt to explain the modern conception of its most vital traits. As already stated, *Zen* is supposed to denote the fundamental truth which pervades all the sects of Buddhism. The word *zen* is a contraction of the Sanscrit *zen-na*, which is rendered "silent meditation" (*jo-ryo*). It describes a state of mind free from all worldly passions and concentrated on the examination of one's inward self; thus *Zen* has for its prime object the cultivation of the ability to bring mental perturbation under immediate control. *Zen* is the pure product of India. It was widely practised by the Brahmins long before Siddhartha saw the light, and it seems that in his early days the great teacher himself practised the Brahminical form of *Zen*. This circumstance gave an impulse to the development of *Zen* to a degree undreamed of by the Brahmins. When Siddhartha founded his system he included *Zen* in the formula of religious austerities to be observed by his followers as a practical means of dispelling illusion and arriving at a clear perception of the Great Truth. *Zen* therefore claims the highest place in all the austerities prescribed by Buddhism.

ZEN AND ZA-ZEN.

The word *Za-zen* is used to denote the practical method of observing these austerities. The first word *Za* in the foregoing compound is defined in one of

the Buddhist Scriptures as "total absence of passion amid all external influences." Apart from this philosophic definition, it may be stated that the word *Za* (to sit) means the posture assumed in sitting. *Za-zen* may therefore be described as the manner of sitting when engaged in the practice of *Zen* austerities. The formula known as "*Kekka fuza*" is prescribed in the Scripture named *Fukun-za-zen-gi*, and is generally followed by those who practise *Zen*. This formula is thus rendered: "After assuming a squatting posture place your right foot on your left thigh and your left foot on your right thigh. Then place your right hand on your left foot and join the palms of both hands with the thumbs erect. Sit upright; do not lean either to the right or left or backwards or forwards. Keep your ears on an even line with your shoulders and your nose in a vertical line with your navel. Keep your mouth firmly closed, lip to lip and teeth to teeth, the tongue well drawn up towards the palate. Keep your eyes open. Sanitary rules should never be neglected when these austerities are being observed. A Buddhist work, entitled *Za-zen Yojin-ki*, conveys a warning in this regard, which reads: "See that your garments are well washed, for dirt is injurious to health and may prove a hindrance to your religious culture. Insufficient clothing, food, and sleep are also causes of failure. Do not eat raw foods, or anything that is tough or impure, since gastric troubles may arise from this source. Neither should you become addicted to high living, which is not only

injurious to health, but excites the desires unduly. Take food not because of its flavour but merely to sustain life. Do not practise *Za-zen* immediately after meals, but allow an interval to elapse before doing so." These lines, written as they were many centuries ago, convey wise counsel as true in these days of medical advancement as in the infancy of science.

The primary object of *Zen* being, as already explained, to get rid of, or subdue, one's worldly passions in order to obtain a clear perception of the Great Truth, its directions should be observed at all times and in all places. The prescribed formula of *Za-zen* should not be regarded as the only way of attaining the desired goal, while on the other hand it must not be discarded as useless. On the contrary, the teachers of *Zen* maintain that this formula is the surest and easiest means whereby ordinary mortals can acquire mental tranquillity. The disciple is warned against merely slavish adherence to the formula, which, in too many cases, is manifested by persons who take up the study of *Zen* for the sole purpose of being in the fashion.

ZEN AND ITS CULTURE.

Assuming *Zen* to be the realisation of true Buddhism, there is no royal road to its culture. *Zen* can be acquired by faith, the followers of the cult contending that only through implicit belief in Buddha is it possible to develop the mind in the right way.

In the *Zen* priesthood the novices usually begin their

studies with avowal of the Strong Determination known as the Four Great Desires (*Shi-daigan*), viz.: "Innumerable is the populace, but I declare my intention to save it in its entirety. Inexhaustible are our worldly passions, but I avow my intention to destroy them all. Countless are the Scriptures, but I avow my intention to learn them all. Insuperable is Buddhism, but I avow my intention to attain it."

The novice must first gain a clear perception of the Great Truth before venturing to teach others the road to salvation. Gratuitous loquacity is frowned upon. Says one celebrated sage: "Don't carry your learning on the tip of your nose; keep it rather buried deeply within your *saika-tanden*." Again: "Commit no evil, do only good, and preserve the purity of your heart and will." If your mind be pure and your daily conduct fair and just, then without the least overt attempt to be so you will be at one with Buddha. Buddhism demands a stoicism of its own. If, say the sages, you keep aloof from mundane fame and the lusts of the flesh, and are inspired by a firm resolve to attain the Great Truth, the gates of stoicism will be opened to you. By dint of perseverance you will be able to become a transcendental man in whom the ego emerges into stoicism. True stoicism implies the entire abandonment of the ego and the advent of the mind into the Great Truth of the universe. This, we are told, is the true doctrine of Buddhism, and *Zen* culture has for its object the elevation of the mind to this pitch of lofty transcendentalism. All of

which, in the words of the "Bab Ballads," is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

Some Celebrated Zen Priests.

Below I cite some concrete examples of celebrated priests whose names adorn the pages of religious history on account of their assiduous cultivation of their mental faculties.

Shoyo Daishi was the son of Lord Kuga Michichika Naidaijin. He was a precocious child. At the age of eight he lost his beloved mother, and it is recorded that the sight of the thin and constantly vanishing streak of smoke from the incense burned by her death-bed moved him to deep meditation on the evanescent nature of human life and inclined him towards Buddhism. A few years later he was distressed to learn that he was to succeed to the headship of the illustrious house of his father, for worldly pomp and glory held out no charm for him. At thirteen he secretly left home and entered a monastery at the foot of Mount Hiyei, in the suburbs of Kyoto. Arrived at man's estate, he proceeded to China to prosecute his studies. While staying at a famous monastery at Tondo-san he chanced one day to be out walking in the vicinity of a Buddhist temple, where he noticed an old man engaged in the work of spreading mushrooms on the ground to dry in the burning sun, the month being June and the heat excessive. Shoyo Daishi was moved to compassion at sight of the veteran's

frail form, bent and decrepit with age. Approaching the old man, he accosted him, and asked :—

"Why don't you get somebody else to do the work for you?"

"Another man is not myself," was the curt reply of the old man, who did not so much as turn his head in the direction of the first speaker.

"You had better wait until the sun goes down and it gets cooler," ventured the young priest. "You may injure your health."

The old man promptly answered, "I have no time to wait."

These words greatly impressed the young priest, as they forcibly demonstrated recognition of the mortality of mankind. All men must die one day or other. If we have something to do, we should do it now while we are alive and able to do it. We have indeed no time to wait, as the old man said. Shoyo Daishi bore this precept in mind, and, thanks to years of hard study and application, in course of time he became celebrated. It should be added that Shoyo Daishi is the posthumous name of this priest, who during his lifetime was known as Dogen. The name Shoyo Daishi was conferred upon him as recently as 1880, after the manner of Japan. He lived from 1200 to 1253. The word "Daishi" (*vide* Papinot) means literally "great master" in Sinico-Japanese, and is an honorific title added to the posthumous name of certain bonzes, considered as the holiest or most learned, the practice being imported from China. According

to the same authority, it was the Emperor Seiwa who first conferred this title in 866 on the celebrated bonze Saiche (Dengyo Daishi) and on Ennin (Jikaku Daishi).

Another celebrated priest, known posthumously as Josai Daishi, studied under Tettsu Daishi when young. One morning his teacher put to him and a fellow-student for exposition the phrase, "Ordinary mind—it is Buddhism." While his fellow-students were puzzling over this seemingly paradoxical utterance Josai alone said, "I understand." When asked how and what he understood, he made the famous reply, "A black ball ran rolling in the pitch black night." It is gratifying to be told that these words may be interpreted to signify that in the midst of profound darkness there exists never-ceasing activity. Analogously the Great Truth of Buddhism lies where the ego has emerged into stoicism. The truth can be taught in the natural walks of life, and not in the assumption of knowledge and vain conceit. Josai's teacher was evidently pleased with this answer, and pressed him to say something more about it, when Josai added without the least hesitation, "When I meet tea I take tea, and when I meet rice I take rice." This additional reply still further pleased the teacher, who there and then predicted that his young pupil was destined to spread the doctrine of his sect widely through the world. I must again remind the reader that I am not personally responsible for the cryptic character of many of these *Zen* pronouncements. I am simply acting the rôle of a medium of communica-

tion. The expression *kōan* and *sanzen* may fittingly be quoted in this context. The former means the practice of *Za-zen*, and *kōan* (literally "public exposition") is a commentary on the words and deeds of the famous Buddhist teachers. The *kōan* is couched in the briefest possible terms, so that copious annotation is needed to elucidate its meaning. The most popular compilation of the *kōan* is the *Hekiganshu* of Setchu Zenshi, with notes by Engo Zenshi. This is perhaps the oldest publication of its kind extant. The *Shoyo-roku*, compiled by Wanshi Zenshi, with notes by Mansho Zenshi, is a later production, but no less valued by *Zen* priests.

As a sample of the kind of thing *Zen* enthusiasts are supposed to be capable of digesting I will quote from the *Hekiganshu* a *kōan* with accompanying annotation thereon. The *kōan* reads, "*Dharma kwakuzen*," which, when literally interpreted, means "The clearness of Dharma." The annotator on this *kōan* writes as follows: "Emperor Wu of the Liang dynasty asked Dharma, 'What is the first principle of Buddhism?' to which Dharma replied, 'No Buddha.' The Emperor asked again, 'Who is it that sits opposite me?' Dharma said, 'Don't know.' The Emperor failed to catch the point. Dharma left the Emperor, and, crossing the river [Yangtse], went to the Shobin monastery, where he sat still facing the wall for nine years." One feels greatly tempted to add that such a proceeding was the minimum reparation he could make for his exasperating ambiguity, which, if the

truth were known, served as a convenient cloak for ignorance in those days as now. However, the fact remains that the *kōan* are looked up to by *Zen* priests as instruments by means of which the ego can be eradicated in order to gain a clear perception of the Great Truth. While, therefore, *Zen* in its highest form aims at transcendentalism, *Za-zen* may be styled the vehicle which carries the disciple to the desired goal.

The most enviable results of *Za-zen* are to be seen in a physical and mental composure apparently proof against internal and external impact. The habit of assuming the posture described earlier in this chapter and of remaining thus plunged in profound meditation for hours together, either at home or in special apartments in certain monasteries, is said to confer upon those who have cultivated it successfully the power to preserve an imperturbable coolness in the face of the most imminent peril. We are told, for example, that disciples of *Zen* and *Za-zen* among the Japanese officers who fought during the Russo-Japanese War never for a moment lost their absolute calm in the midst of an inferno of shot and shell. If these contentions can be substantiated, then, as already remarked, *Za-zen* assuredly has its bright side. The least desirable aspect of the cult, on the other hand, must be pronounced a species of intellectual priggishness nothing less than irritating to the Occidental. I have met *Zen* students in my time who quite unconsciously inspired me with a desire to kick them round the block. From this type of "intellectual" it is

impossible to obtain even a remotely intelligible idea of what *Zen* and *Za-zen* are. To all your inquiries he replies in terms of stereotyped vagueness which, as already intimated, are a convenient, if not entirely impenetrable, mask for ignorance. One young man, pallid and anæmic, whom I once questioned on the subject, smiled a superior sort of smile and said, "I will illustrate. I clap my hands. Where has the sound gone?"

I sought to furnish an explanation on the basis of Western physics, but he would have none of it. It ought to be added that while he dismissed all my suggestions with an air of lofty contempt, he made no serious attempt to give up the *Zen* interpretation of the phenomenon. Chance encounters of this kind tend to breed the suspicion that the *Zen* disciples are wasting valuable time on the pondering of wholly useless problems which can have no bearing upon real life. A good deal doubtless depends upon the individual character of the *Zen* priests in charge of the courses of meditation prescribed for secular students. If these men are of high mental and moral character, the student will probably derive practical advantage from the discipline to which he voluntarily submits. Otherwise the consequences for the immature intellect can be only confusion worse confounded.

CHAPTER XIII

THE JAPANESE EQUIVALENT OF THE YOGI

MANY writers on Japan have laid special stress upon the essential materialism of the rising generation and its devotion to Herbert Spencer. In the main this appraisement of the intellectual attitude of the student classes is not without justification. On the other hand, however, the point should not be lost sight of that Japan to-day is in a state of transition, mental, moral, political, and even physical. Intellectually the student classes, young and old, are fickle in their allegiances, and for some time to come it will be impossible to expect the genuine naturalisation of any foreign school of philosophical thought, or the absolute predominance of any one school of purely indigenous origin, if such can be said to exist in the fullest sense of the words. Nor can it be declared that this nebulous subjective attitude is without its special value. Whatever its negative disadvantages, it at least makes for the spirit of tolerance. The Japanese mind always has been and is to-day unusually susceptible to new impressions. Here, no doubt, we have another illustration of the law of compensations, in that the Japanese mind has

rarely shown itself to be creative in its manifestations, so that if, in addition to this defect, it were also loath to draw inspiration from the outside, stagnation would be its inevitable portion. The erratic contortions of the Japanese mind are in consonance with the Buddhist maxim which in Japanese reads tersely :—

"Sho gyō mu-jō
Ze shō meppō
Sho metsu metsu i
Jaku metsu i raku";

which Professor Imbrie has rendered :—

"All phenomena are impermanent :
This is the law of becoming and perishing.
Becoming and perishing shall perish completely ;
And the calm perishing [*i.e.*, Nirvana] will be bliss."

In certain fundamentals, no doubt, Japanese character is a fixed quantity, but those who have had the privilege of witnessing the whole or only a part of the country's achievements during the Meiji era would be guilty of unpardonable presumption were they to predict the phases through which it is destined to pass during the next fifty or hundred years. It is not alone in Japan that the signs of ethical and economic unrest are insistent ; almost everywhere it is the same ; and while it may be true that Young Japan is still groping for a moral sheet-anchor, I must protest very emphatically against the exasperating and intolerable spirit of theological snobbishness expressed in the pages of a recent missionary publication to the effect that

because the mass of the Japanese people is still "unevangelised," it is living "without God and hope in the world." These reflections may seem a trifle foreign to the subject which I am about to discuss, and I venture the opinion merely for what it may be worth, but that opinion is, that those who flatter themselves that the day will ever dawn when the Japanese as a people will profess Christianity imagine a vain thing, and are pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp. They will dabble in Christianity as they have dabbled and are dabbling in numerous other "anities," "isms," and "ologies"; but the sort of Christianity which will ultimately be evolved in Japan will have very little in common with its various prototypes of the Occident. The symptoms of schism are not wanting, but just now we are seeing only the beginning; the end is not yet.

My immediate purpose is to furnish a popular account of some phenomena that are not at all in keeping with the widespread idea that the Japanese are steeped in materialism, or that their only salvation from materialism lies in Christianity. Already in previous chapters I have endeavoured to illustrate the rôle which a sort of transcendentalism plays in the otherwise physical processes of fighting with lethal weapons, from which it will appear that, whatever the materialism of one class of philosophical speculation in Japan, the Japanese mind has succeeded in spiritualising military arts to an extent undreamed of by Europe and America.

Now, apart from military arts, it is curious to observe that belief in occultism among educated persons is

very real at the present day in Japan. Irrespective of the phenomena of the late Mrs. Mifune, the late Mrs. Nagao, and their numerous imitators and rivals, with which the West is familiar on its own account, closer inquiry reveals the presence in society of a type of occult operator called by the Japanese *sennin*—a word which I am inclined to render as "yogi" or "adept." While some of these yogi are known to pass their lives in the forests and mountains, cut off as far as possible from communion with their kind, there are others who, although they have attained a high degree of occult development by persistent introspection, are yet content to pass the rest of their lives in the busy haunts of men and even in pursuance of normal avocations, with the exception of periodical retirements for the recuperation of their occult faculties. It must be said, too, that while the Japanese yogi may not reach the heights which are supposed to have been successfully scaled by the Hindu mahatma, he has never sunk so low as the fakir who immerses himself in filth and practises abominations in order to cultivate the lower possibilities of *hatha-yoga*. How far removed is the Japanese *sennin* from the degradation of the fakir will appear from the following anecdotes, which I have taken direct from Japanese sources.

In Nihon-bashi, the very heart of Tokyo, which is never free from the deafening clang of the electric car, the raucous "honk, honk" of the automobile, the ringing of telephones, and the smoke of factories—emblematical of the mercantile triumphs of the cen-

tury—there lives a well-known Japanese yogi. If one crosses the tram-line at Sandai-cho, turns to the west, and proceeds a little farther up a narrow lane, one reaches a hydrant around which are usually grouped a number of servant-girls engrossed in idle chatter. Immediately opposite the hydrant stands a neat little house with a latticed front door, over which is suspended a wooden name-plate bearing the unpretentious inscription "Miyagishima Tomekichi."

The majority of Western readers are prone to associate the conception of a yogi with a habitation in the heart of some mountain range, and to picture the yogi himself as an old man clad in primitive garments, his form attenuated to an incredible degree, and his snow-white hair and beard of a length and thickness calculated to baffle the ministrations of the most efficient safety razor. It may thus seem incongruous that a yogi should be found housed in the midst of the bustle; and, too, the very name Tomekichi is more apt to suggest a carpenter, or some other kind of artisan, than a mystic possessed of abnormal powers. Nevertheless, these considerations cannot alter the fact that this particular Tomekichi, if report does not lie, has fully earned the title which he wears, as the following story proves :—

Some ten years ago this yogi heard by accident that a certain foreign missionary in Tsukiji, a district of Tokyo, was a great authority on miracles, and in order to ascertain his views on the subject the yogi paid him a visit. At the outset considerable diffi-

culty was experienced on either side owing to the yogi's ignorance of English and the missionary's ignorance of Japanese, as he was a new arrival in the country; but by dint of eloquent pantomime, so it is said, the yogi succeeded in communicating to the foreigner the object of his call. In the course of this original interview the yogi instinctively realised that the missionary differed from him in his understanding of a miracle. Eager to convince him of his error, the yogi closed his eyes for a second as though seeking for inspiration, but an instant later rose and at once proceeded to propound his views in fluent English, of which tongue a moment before he had had no knowledge whatsoever! The missionary was thunderstruck. The yogi continued to discourse for some time, now and then replying to questions put to him by the dumbfounded foreigner. At the close of his remarks the yogi sat down again and began to stare about him with an air of amazement, as though he had just awoke from a profound slumber, nor could be speak or understand a word of the language in which he had just been expounding miracles with such perfect ease. Once more his only recourse was pantomime. The surprise of the foreign missionary beggars description. The yogi himself was quite unconscious of the miracle he had himself performed, and shared the astonishment of the missionary when informed of what had taken place. Another story told of Mr. Tomekichi is that, in compliance with a similar unconscious inspiration, he once conducted an argument with a famous Buddhist priest on a subject

with which he was normally unfamiliar, and completely routed his antagonist.

Mr. Tomekichi at the time of writing is on the wrong side of fifty. He wears a beard, his hair is thickly streaked with grey, and his expression is somewhat stern. At one time he lived in seclusion, sustaining life on fruits, roots, and leaves of young plants. During this interval he allowed his hair to grow without restraint. The people thought he had gone mad, and efforts were made by his family to dissuade him from this course of action, but in vain. However, to-day he lives much the same ostensibly as the rest of his fellows, if we except these occasional manifestations of occult power.

A glance at a map of Japan will inform a conscientious investigator that the plain of Musashino gradually rises from the boundary of Chichiku and Kai until it connects itself with a mountain range which stretches across the provinces of Musashi and Kai, with an offshoot running into the province of Shinano in a northerly direction. This large expanse of country appears to be destitute of human habitation. Rising dominant above all rivals is the Kumotori-yama, its greatest altitude being seven thousand feet. Not far from Kumotori stands another mountain, called Hakuseki, which, though not so lofty as Kumotori, is considerably more precipitous ; and at the summit of Hakuseki stands a Shinto shrine, twenty-four feet square and built of plain *hinoki* wood. The galvanised iron roofing of this edifice is not artistic or in harmony with

the environment, but even this false note cannot detract from the impressiveness of the scene as a whole, for the shrine is situated in the midst of a thick and gloomy pine-grove which for centuries has never been touched by the sacrilegious axe. When the wind rises up from the valley below and soughs mournfully through the dense foliage of the ancient grove, the effect is weird in the extreme and fully calculated to attune the human mind to a pitch at which belief in the possibility of super-normal forces becomes almost instinctive.

This mountain lies within easy reach from Tokyo. Alighting at Hinadawada, the terminus of the Aone line of the Government railway, and proceeding along the hilly road for about fifteen miles on foot, the traveller comes to a country town named Hikawa. Beyond this point he must pursue a narrow and difficult track which skirts the bank of the Hihara River until he reaches the foot of Hakuseki. The ascent of the latter, which calls for two days of easy climbing, brings the traveller to the precincts of the Shinto shrine referred to. In point of antiquity the shrine has little of which to boast, its foundation dating from fifty years ago. It was built by a simple peasant named Nagasaki Hichirozaemon, who believed that he was obeying a divine injunction conveyed to him in a dream; but this peasant, in spite of his social status, is venerated as a yogi by those who know him. Furthermore, although to-day a peasant, Nagasaki can trace his lineage back to one Nagasaki Iyo-no-kami, a retainer of Imagawa Yoshimoto, who for a time in

the sixteenth century challenged the supremacy of Oda Nobunaga. One branch of the family settled down at Kitaniigata, a village in the Tsudzuki district of Kanagawa prefecture, where it prospered and was held in high esteem by the villagers. For many generations the members lived in an old house surrounded by dense woods, which lent the premises a somewhat dismal appearance. It was here that Nagasaki Hichirozaemon first saw the light. He was a child of shy and retiring habits, and did not mingle with boys and girls of his own age in rustic sports, preferring instead to spend entire days in seclusion and meditation in the darkest apartments of the house. This disposition grew more confirmed with increasing years. It is said that when asked by his father what he was doing on these occasions, he replied that he was holding converse with a Tengu, a supernatural being supposed to haunt high trees and mountains. The serious and placid tone with which he spoke left no room for doubt as to his sanity. In other respects, however, nothing remarkable happened until he reached the age of thirty, when one fine morning he startled his family and the rest of the villagers with the announcement that he had received a revelation to the effect that the country would soon be plunged into a condition of grave unrest, and that the gods had bidden him erect a shrine on the top of Hakuseki where he must worship, so that his eyes might be enabled to peer into the future. The shrine was built accordingly. That this prediction was not an idle creation of his brain appears

to be established by the fact that shortly afterwards the War of the Restoration broke out. His subsequent prophecies also proved to be remarkably correct. The Korean trouble of 1883, the attempted assassination of the then Russian Crown Prince by a mad policeman at Otsu, the Sino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese wars all occurred as foretold by the peasant prophet.

Just before the announcement of one of his predictions Nagasaki invariably retires to the seclusion of his mountain shrine. Again he will occasionally disappear, and later return after several days' absence, his body covered with scratches. He will never disclose his whereabouts, but the accepted belief among the villagers is that he has been wandering among the mountains holding communion with the spirits.

A few years ago, in the depth of winter, when the snow lay thickly upon the hills, the peasant made his appearance at Hihara, at the foot of Hakuseki, and after staying there overnight began the ascent. Whenever he retires to the shrine a devotee of Hihara is wont to supply him with food sufficient to last him for the term of his sojourn, usually about a week. This particular winter, however, he stayed away much longer than usual, until the devotee began to feel uneasy on the score of his safety, since he knew that his stock of food must have been consumed. He therefore ventured to ascend the mountain, and at the summit sure enough found the mystic safe and sound and in high spirits, betraying no signs of exhaustion, although he had gone without food for ten days.

The Japanese Equivalent of the Yogi

The next anecdote on my list is far more in sympathy with the spirit of the age, for it concerns the supernormal gifts of a thoroughly up-to-date Japanese educationist, Mr. Kaneda, Bachelor of Science, and principal of the Kitano Middle School. This gentleman, we learn, despite the respect and popularity which he enjoys among his students, cannot escape the lot of his colleagues in being saddled with a nickname. From a habit he had developed of thrusting out his chin when engaged in class he is often dubbed by the scholars *ago-no-kocho,* or "chin master." This weakness is said to be especially in evidence when he is demonstrating algebra. He is also known as *zōri-no-kochō,* or "straw sandal teacher," because he insists that the scholars shall wear this footgear in the classrooms in order to keep the floor clean. Finally, he is frequently styled "the Tengu teacher," and from this nickname a clue can be gained to the peculiar powers which have suggested its application.

During the early part of February, 1910, Mr. Kaneda attended a scientific meeting held at the College of Science of the Tokyo Imperial University, when he demonstrated his wonderful mental power to the bewilderment of all the savants who were present. Briefly the incident occurred in the following manner: After the regular proceedings were over Professor Dr. Jinbo, Mr. Kaneda's old principal, and a few other professors sat round a table indulging in small talk, when a letter from a certain German scientist was brought in and handed to Dr. Jinbo. The latter broke

the seal and found that the contents were written in Esperanto. After perusal Dr. Jinbo showed the letter to his former pupil and asked, "Have you studied Esperanto? I'm afraid you haven't, seeing that you have been in the country all the time."

"I haven't studied it," replied Mr. Kaneda, "but I can understand it if I see it."

The cool and confident air with which Mr. Kaneda uttered these words excited the curiosity of Dr. Jinbo and the other members of the party.

"What!" exclaimed Dr. Jinbo, "you can read it though you haven't studied it? What do you mean?"

Mr. Kaneda answered: "I am endowed with *jintsu-ryoku* (superhuman divine power), and by its aid can easily tell the meaning of a letter written, not only in Esperanto but in any other foreign language which I have never studied."

"Superhuman power!" ejaculated Dr. Jinbo. "Humbug! Don't talk nonsense, my dear boy!"

"Give me a trial," rejoined Mr. Kaneda simply, "and I will tell you what the letter is about."

"Highly interesting," said Dr. Jinbo. "Tell me, then, what the letter contains."

After glancing through the letter Mr. Kaneda explained its meaning without the slightest mistake. He further told the professor that in order to communicate his—the professor's—thoughts to him, he—the professor—need only enclose a sheet of blank paper, because he—Mr. Kaneda—could read even unwritten lines! Leaving all present in a state of stupefaction, the pro-

fessor and Mr. Kaneda went out and walked some little distance down one of the Hongo streets, when suddenly the professor bethought him that he ought to call upon a foreign lady friend and introduce his former pupil, Mr. Kaneda, as he had long before promised to do. Mr. Kaneda, however, assured the professor that it would be useless for him to pay a visit that day because the lady was not at home. Dr. Jinbo, still sceptical, insisted; but sure enough on their arrival at the house they were informed by a servant that the hostess had gone out for the day, as anticipated by Mr. Kaneda.

A few days after this Mr. Kaneda called on Count Okuma at Waseda, but found that a large number of previous visitors were being turned away disappointed, the Count being indisposed and unable to receive. The trouble was a terrible headache. Mr. Kaneda handed his card to the footman, who at once began to inform him that his master was too ill to see anybody, when Mr. Kaneda calmly interrupted him and said that he had called for the express purpose of curing the Sage of Waseda. The footman gazed at Mr. Kaneda in surprise, unable to understand on what grounds a schoolmaster could assume the duties of a physician, but in the long run ushered the caller into the presence of Count Okuma. The ensuing dialogue is thus reported :—

Mr. Kaneda : "I hear you are ill. What is the matter with you?"

Count Okuma : "Nothing serious, thank you. I have only a bad headache."

Mr. Kaneda : " Then let me cure you."

So saying the visitor began to stare steadfastly into the face of the Count for a couple of minutes, and then said, " How do you feel now? The headache is gone ! "

The veteran statesman, who at the outset was inclined to treat the experiment as a huge joke, suddenly realised that the pain had indeed entirely disappeared, and his astonishment was proportionately great.

" How on earth," he asked, " did you manage to effect so sudden a cure? "

" By my *jintsu-ryoku,*" was the reply.

" Hum ! " said the Count. " Whatever it is it is wonderful."

Mr. Kaneda went on to say that he had the potential capacity for curing all diseases. Smallpox was prevalent at the time, and he had the temerity to declare that he could cure any case if he came into contact with the patient, but it is not recorded that he actually gave a demonstration of the truth of this part of his claim. Giving rein to his humour, the visitor further assured the Count that if he cared to make use of his superhuman power he could resist the pressure of old age and live for five hundred years ! He made this remark apropos of Count Okuma's notorious contention that he will live to be a hundred and twenty-five.

Mr. Kaneda first demonstrated his *jintsu-ryoku* when he received an appointment as principal of the Miye Middle School. His predecessor had been compelled

to resign owing to strikes among the students, and when Mr. Kaneda entered upon his new duties he found himself in a somewhat difficult position. Over half the old staff of teachers had followed the example of the former principal, and the students were behaving in a very unruly manner. After conferring with the school faculty Mr. Kaneda sent for the roll-call, on glancing at which he took note of some thirty names and ordered that the students answering thereto should be sent for. The order was promptly obeyed, and when the students appeared he reprimanded them for the part they had played in the strikes. The students were no less surprised than the teachers on seeing their misbehaviour pointed out with absolute accuracy by a man who had only just entered the school and had never met them before. Hence his nickname of Tengu.

Mr. Kaneda has repeatedly foretold the winners of baseball matches and of other athletic sports among the pupils. In giving out marks it is not necessary for him to go laboriously through the examination papers; all he has to do is to look at the students' faces in order to ascertain the nature of their performance, and subsequent scrutiny of the papers by the other teachers has always shown his decisions to be correct.

In a very interesting book entitled *Senjitsu Shugyo Kidan*, or *The Story of the Study of the Arts of the Sennin*, the author, Mr. Kawamura Hokumei, tells the experiences of a friend of his who devoted three years of solitude and austerity to the attainment of the powers of a *sennin* or yogi, and on the very eve

of success was seduced by a trifling circumstance and returned to the bosom of our more prosaic civilisation. The hero of the true story is one Ubanai Masataro, the son of a Shinto priest of the town of Nanbu. Ubunai was born in the first year of Ansei (1854). He was known as a precocious boy, endowed with remarkable wit and resource which not infrequently won him the admiration of older playmates. It is told of him that one day, when he was barely six years old, he was playing with a number of comrades in a farmyard in which stood a peach-tree whose branches were heavily laden with ripe and tempting fruit. The boys naturally tried to gain possession of the fruit, and had recourse to various expedients to effect their object, but with little or no success. Finally Ubunai announced that he would get the fruit for them. He ran back to the house and there obtained a length of strong kite twine, to one end of which he tied a stone. Then swinging the weighted line, he easily made it fast to one of the branches, which he pulled down until the fruit was within reach and his comrades had filled their sleeves. After that it was a simple matter to release the stone and allow the branch to fly back into position. The author furnishes the reader with numerous other trivial details of his hero's youth—of how he was an earnest student with a strong penchant for penmanship which he would practise until the small hours of the morning, brush in hand; how he had a phenomenal appetite which on one notable occasion led him to devour at

a single sitting twenty-four bowlfuls of macaroni with twenty-four eggs. On the other hand, he neither smoked nor drank. He was fond of the military arts, and gained considerable skill with the spear. When the War of the Restoration broke out, Ubunai, who was then about sixteen or seventeen years old, fought on the side of the Shogun and emerged unscathed. After the Restoration he obtained an appointment as teacher at a village school in his native province, where he soon won the esteem of his pupils, their parents, and guardians. It was at this stage of his career that Ubunai began to entertain the idea of becoming a *sennin*. His mind once made up, he set about the necessary preparations for a prolonged sojourn in a neighbouring mountain forest. His outfit included a pair of scissors, a penknife, some sheets of writing-paper, a pen and ink, a notebook, a collection of poems, a dictionary, matches, a binocular, a blanket, a suit of clothes, a compass, a watch, an oil-paper mosquito net, and some medicine. He decided to lay in a stock of rice and cooking utensils on the way. His preparations being complete, he paid a farewell visit to his father on a Saturday evening. The farewell was unspoken on Ubunai's side, and his father knew nothing of his resolve. Ubunai returned to the school late that night, but tired though he was with the long walk, he could not fall asleep, his mind being a prey to strange reflections and emotions. Early on the following morning he set out on his journey to the mountains without taking a soul into his con-

fidence, and the villagers never suspected his purpose. *En route* he reached the town of Morioka, where he paid a visit to his former teacher, Mr. Ida Keisho, under whom the author of this account was himself studying at the time. The same evening Ubunai invited the author and a few friends to dinner at a neighbouring restaurant, and afterwards spent the night in the school dormitory. Early next morning he again set out with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, simply announcing that he was bound for a place about five miles away. The author did not see Ubunai again until three years had elapsed, when the would-be *sennin* reappeared at Morioka after abandoning his attempt. His experiences in the mountains he personally narrated to the author, who shares them with the reader as reproduced below. Ubunai journeyed to the town of Hashiba after leaving Morioka, and thence to a mountain forest on the borders of Akita prefecture. Selecting a suitable spot, he pitched his tent and addressed himself to the adventure.

It did not take him long to exhaust his slender store of rice, which circumstance drove him to gather young roots and to catch fish in the mountain streams for food. His tent offered inadequate resistance to the elements, and in due course he built a log cabin in its stead. He had many dangerous encounters with bears, snakes, and wolves, and more than once saved monkeys from the attacks of these enemies. Personally he counted among his friends a bear whose life he

had saved, and which later on during the first winter showed its gratitude by helping him to repulse the savage onslaught of a pack of hungry wolves which sought to rob him of his food supplies. While engaged in profound and prolonged meditation in his hermitage at this season he incidentally satisfied himself that the choice of diet constituted an all-important factor in the attainment of the powers of a *sennin*, and he therefore determined to change his mode of living in order to facilitate the desired transformation. He further tells us that at this stage of his experiences he became conscious of vast improvement in his health ; the fears to which he had been hitherto a prey fell away from him, and time sped on golden wings. Spring came round again, and then the anniversary of the memorable day in May when he quitted the paternal roof and the haunts of men to seek his mountain solitude. He was assailed by a thousand recollections of the past—though Ubunai was still little more than twenty-two—and found it hard to contend with his emotions. Nevertheless he never faltered in his resolve to pursue the course he had mapped out. He felt convinced that so long as he continued to eat fish and meat daily he could not hope to reach the desired goal, since these foods corrupted the blood and led to mental distraction which necessarily interfered with that deep introspection essential to perception of the Great Truth of the universe. He thereupon gave up fish and meat altogether, and thereafter subsisted entirely upon chestnuts and other fruits and herbs. Two months

later, he tells us, he became conscious of a stupendous change at work in his physical condition. His skin grew appreciably whiter and his muscles gradually hardened. He lost all sense of fatigue, no matter how hard he worked; his bodily movements became so agile that he was able to scale the most precipitous cliffs without difficulty and without any feeling of danger, and could wade through icy streams without incurring numbness of the feet. Moreover his hearing and vision grew abnormally keen. Thus he could hear an ant creeping on the ground or human beings talking six miles away. More than once he was startled by the sound of persons approaching, and would advance in the direction of the voices, thinking to meet the speakers any moment, only to realise that they were many miles off. Similarly he could readily and correctly name the shades of colour of the feathers of a small bird perched on a tree fully two hundred yards away from him, and he could discern fishes swimming at a great depth. He continued to practise his austerities for several months longer, and by that time had brought his senses to a still higher stage of development. He could then identify odours for miles around. Last of all he became impervious to the extremes of heat or cold. In the summer, without any kind of artificial protection, he could endure the blistering rays of a sun which is almost tropical in Japan at that season; and in midwinter, without the smallest inconvenience, he could stand out of doors stark naked exposed to a blizzard. Thus he had spent three

years and had almost reached the longed-for goal when something happened to divert him from the path he had chosen and to relegate him once again to the status of an ordinary mortal. Ubunai narrates that one day when gathering chestnuts he chanced to meet two peasants who, the instant they caught sight of him, manifested signs of the liveliest terror. They trembled all over, and, falling on their knees, implored him to spare their lives. Apparently they took him for what is known as a *yama-otoko*, or mountain man. In accents of profound humility and awe they promised to bring him the customary offerings if he would be merciful. Ubunai paid no attention to these overtures, but instead disappeared into the forest. When the next day he returned to the scene of this adventure, he saw that the ignorant peasants had been true to their word and had left a tray bearing a big bowl of boiled rice and some other edibles dear to the average Japanese palate. It has already been stated that Ubunai in his youth was famous for his prowess as a trencher-man, and when thus suddenly his nostrils were assailed by the delicious fumes of these long-forgotten delicacies his mouth began to water freely, and he could not resist the temptation to eat. The consequences may be guessed. If such a confusion of "epitaphs" be permissible, the bowl of rice proved to be Adam's apple in this case, and Ubunai fell as irrevocably as our alleged first parents. He began to dwell on the folly of his present life of privation and to dally with the idea of abandoning his *sennin*

ambitions in favour of the avocations of his ordinary fellow-creatures. The rest was easy. He forthwith bade adieu to his hermitage and made the best of his way back to the old homestead, where he was welcomed with the fatted calf, metaphorically speaking. His parents were overjoyed to see him, and soon afterwards he again received a position as teacher in the village school, where he is still leading the humdrum existence common to that calling.

That levitation is among the more highly prized attributes of the adept or yogi in Japan could be shown by numerous stories. Perhaps the following narrative concerning the prowess of the Buddhist priest Yosho, said to be still living, will suffice.

Yosho is a native of the province of Noto, a peninsula of Central Japan, the coast of which is washed by the waters of the Japan Sea. A precocious boy, Yosho at the age of eleven was sent by his father to the Shorengein monastery on the summit of Mount Hiei, not far from Kyoto, where he studied Buddhism under the supervision of the famous abbot Kunishi Risshi of the Tendai sect. The youthful Yosho early distinguished himself among his fellow-novices by his perseverance, deep devotion, and scrupulous observance of ritualistic details. After a sojourn of several years in the seclusion of the Hieizan monastery he departed, imbued with the determination to win for himself a place in the ranks of the *sennin*. As a preliminary step he ascended Mount Konpo, where he spent several months in a hermitage and immersed

himself in profound meditation. He next entered the Muda temple, and there with redoubled ardour pursued his studies for the attainment of the desired end. As a Buddhist priest Yosho abstained from meat or fish as a matter of course; but he carried asceticism even farther, and eliminated from his daily menu even cereals, vegetables, and fruits. While practising prolonged fasts he subjected himself to various kinds of self-torture, and as the result of these persistent austerities, eventually, it is said, attained a degree of occult development which raised him far above ordinary mortals. Then, realising that the moment had come for entry upon a path destined to lead to yet higher stages in the development of a *sennin*, Yosho divested himself of his *kesa koromo*, or symbolic garb of a Buddhist priest, and hung the same upon the branch of a pine-tree with a slip of paper containing a message bequeathing the garment to his disciple Enmei Zenshi, of the Hiogen temple, as a keepsake. This done, he left the temple for an unknown destination.

Great indeed were the surprise and sorrow of Enmei Zenshi when he received this parting message. Wishing to see his teacher once again, he set out upon the quest with nothing to guide him save his individual caprice. After wandering for several years among the plains and mountains, he was almost on the point of discontinuing the effort in despair, when he accidentally encountered a priest named Onshin whose retreat is on Mount Yoshino, and from this recluse obtained the

amazing intelligence that he had but recently seen Yosho, now a fully-fledged *sennin* in more senses than one, engaged in the congenial occupation of soaring above Kitanomime! The priest Onshin furthermore communicated to Enmei an experience of his own which helped to demonstrate the heights of adeptship that had been successfully scaled by Yosho. Some months before Onshin's meeting with Enmei he had been mortifying the flesh in a certain remote quarter to such purpose that he seemed in imminent peril of collapsing entirely, when suddenly a handsome youth approached him, and producing a whitish-looking substance, bade him eat it. The exhausted priest did so, and in an instant felt marvellously refreshed and invigorated. On inquiring the name of his benefactor he was told that he—the youth—was a disciple of Yosho, and that the food just administered was a gift from his master. With these words the lad rose in the air and flew away like a bird! In the light of this information Enmei apparently came to the conclusion that if a mere disciple of Yosho could thus defy the normal laws of gravitation, he—Enmei—would be rather badly handicapped in chasing the master, and there and then abandoned further search. All this time, we are told, Yosho was in his mountain abode. One day he met a priest of the Tadaiji temple, to whom he stated that he had passed fifty years in the mountains, and with the help of the Buddhist sacred writings had acquired the power of flight through the air.

The Japanese Equivalent of the Yogi

About this time the old father of Yosho was taken ill, and as is natural in such circumstances, felt an overmastering desire to see his son once more before he died, their last meeting having taken place on the day when Yosho, then a boy, left for the Hieizan monastery. Whether by means of telepathy or some other mysterious faculty with which the *sennin* are endowed, Yosho learnt of his father's condition, and—so the story goes—came hurtling through the air one evening, and, perching upon the highest point of the roof like some gigantic bird, began to recite a Buddhist prayer! The voice was speedily recognised by Yosho's father and brother, who both rushed out of the house, but although they looked fixedly in the direction of the voice, they failed to see their kinsman. The father begged him to come into the house and grant his parent a glimpse of him in person. Yosho refused, but promised to come on the 18th of every month if his father would burn incense on that day. With proper observance of this condition by the father, Yosho made regular visits, and from his position on the roof chanted sutras to his heart's content.

We are further told that at this period the Senkoin temple of Hieizan was in charge of the venerable abbot Jokan, who was in the habit of chanting the *Sonjodarami* (part of the Buddhist scripture) with such intense pathos that all who heard him were moved to tears. One clear moonlight night Yosho made an aerial trip to the temple, and, picking out a convenient beam in the ceiling, squatted thereon and

listened with pleasure to the abbot's sing-song. Conscious of a witness, the abbot inquired the name of the intruder, whereupon Yosho condescended to float down from the beam and allow himself to be ushered into the abbot's sanctum, where the two holy men passed the rest of the night in profitable converse. When the bell for matins began to toll Yosho announced that he must go, but added that he felt rather stiff in the joints owing to the fact that he had not for many years communed so long with a mere mortal. To overcome the difficulty he asked the abbot to move the incense burner nearer to him, and the request being complied with, the *sennin* bird-man ascended on the smoke and was soon out of sight. Ever since the abbot has kept the incense burning in honour of his former disciple. From a purely practical standpoint, it seems a pity that the Japanese Government should not hitherto have been able to enlist the services of the *sennin* to organise in the most literal sense a flying column for the army, instead of being compelled, at considerable expense, to import Farman, Wright, and Blériot aeroplanes, and to dispatch officers abroad to study aviation, when all the time, according to the authorities I have quoted, there are living in Japan individuals who have solved the problem of aerial navigation in its most essential form, and are never in any danger of losing either their mental or their physical balance in the most trying circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME SUPERSTITIONS AND OCCULT PRACTICES

PUTTING aside religious superstition, which requires a category all to itself, and concentrating attention upon that which is, so to speak, secular in its character, I am sure that the Japanese cannot with propriety cast a stone at Europe or America. A Japanese proverb says, "*Todai moto kurashi,*" which means, "It is darkest beneath the candlestick"—*i.e.*, we are not the best judges of ourselves. There is nothing nearer to a human being than his eyes, but he cannot see them, save in a glass; one's elbow can be brought close to the mouth, but one cannot bite it. It may therefore be that Japanese readers, if they honour these remarks with perusal, will join issue with what I am about to say, for *vis-à-vis* the Occident your Japanese loves the enlightened pose and takes anything but kindly to the soft impeachment of credulity. "Young Japan" of the commercial school and university may affect to sneer at stories of the badger, fox, cat, rat, and otter, but the fact remains that some men of birth and education, men who have travelled in Europe and are keen and practical in all ordinary affairs of life,

are firm in their belief in the abnormal powers of these animals. It is impossible to restrict superstition to a single class. In Japan it is a great social leveller. Personally I make use of the word "superstition" as the most convenient nomenclature, but hasten to add that I myself am by no means satisfied that all the tales one hears of weird experiences that have befallen belated wayfarers in the vicinity of mildewed shrines and lowering pine-groves should be airily dismissed as mere figments of disordered imaginations. I have met coolies who will profess to pooh-pooh these beliefs; and, again, I have met university men who frankly avowed their doubts. Others I have known who recounted how they themselves have been sceptical, but had had terrible proof of the truth of supernaturalism. The following case, which came to my notice in the course of my professional duties on a Yokohama daily, will serve as an introduction to this peculiar subject. A badger, which is alleged to have lived for over a hundred years in the district between Otamachi Itchome and Aioicho Itchome, quite close to the settlement of Yokohama and in one of the busiest spots of the city, met its death during the spring of 1901 in somewhat unusual circumstances. The animal, after the manner of its kind, slept or burrowed during the day and sallied forth at nightfall in search of food and adventure. Eventually this badger was disturbed and ejected from its old home by the erection of a large European-style office on the site. It then took up its abode in an empty house next door to a lady

called Sakaishiu, near by, and at night it would knock with its tail at her door and shutter, which appeal never failed to elicit a present of rice or of some other edible beloved of the badger tribe. Later the lady sailed for America, and her house was then taken by a tenant less charitably disposed. During the absence of the new occupant the badger one night gained access to the house and ate up all the rice. Unfortunately, it could not get out again, and so was forced to wait until daylight. It was then discovered and attacked by dogs while effecting its escape. The brave animal triumphed after a fearful conflict, but, exhausted and breathless, was promptly and easily dispatched by a servant of a neighbouring beef-shop, who was summoned by a Miss Takahashi, the daughter of a barber residing and practising in the same street.

It appears that those directly or indirectly responsible for the tragedy realised that they had incurred no small risk by thus doing to death an animal known to possess occult powers of no mean order, and so to placate its spirit a solemn service was held; the body was then eaten, the skin prepared and stuffed and exhibited at the shaving saloon of the barber above referred to. But in spite of these precautions the spirit of the badger was not appeased, and forthwith entered into the body of the unconscious disturber of its original habitat, manifesting itself in the horrible shape of cancer. Again a religious service was conducted to propitiate the animal, and there was even some talk at the time of building a shrine in the

vicinity of the badger's earthly tribulations. All the foregoing evidence was given in good faith by parties whom I interviewed, and there can be no doubt that the witnesses firmly believed their statements to be correct. The wife of the head coolie of a well-known coolie-house called the Miyagawa testified to a mischievous propensity the badger had of assuming the form of a priest. Furthermore the badger was in the habit of deceiving the inmates of her house by imitating the sound of falling rain, and thus inducing them to open the shutters and look out. I interviewed the barber already mentioned, saw the stuffed badger—a splendid specimen—and was greatly interested. The barber explained that although such things did not occur in Europe and America they did occur in Japan, and that the fact could not be profitably blinked.

A few days later I told the story to a Japanese friend, a well-to-do gentleman of middle age, and a member of the *shizoku*, or *samurai* class. He had no doubt about its truth, and virtually echoed the words of the barber to the effect that it was not safe to judge Japanese phenomena by foreign standards. He told me how he himself had been tricked and fooled during his younger days by the otter (*kawaoso*). Otters, it appears, are very fond of grease, and those in his neighbourhood would frequently waylay him in the wood at night during the winter and snatch the lantern from his hand in order to steal the tallow candle it contained. To prevent this he would attach the lantern to his wrist with a piece of string, when the

otters, not to be outdone, would hang on to his umbrella until, thinking that the increased weight was due to accumulated snow, he would involuntarily place his lantern on the ground to shake the snow off, whereupon the wily animals would decamp with it! He likewise assured me that more than once the same otters had adopted the forms of young children, knocked at his garden gate, gained admittance, and passed through to the river, thus availing themselves of a short cut to their objective! It seems, indeed, that whereas the fox greatly favours the guise of a beautiful young woman with a view to bewitching young men, the otter usually prefers that of a child. It is owing to the well-known penchant of the fox that geisha and women of pleasure are sometimes colloquially spoken of as *kitsune*, although the geisha is also referred to in derision as *neko*, or a cat, from the fact that her musical instrument, the *samisen*, is made with cat's-skin. The badger, on the contrary, appears indifferently, as circumstances may dictate, either as a man or a woman. Innumerable are the stories which have grown up around this belief or superstition, call it what you will; and a volume of substantial size would not hold them all.

A weird phenomenon for which foxes are responsible is the *kitsune-pi*, or fox-light, which illuminates the forest in parts frequented by Reynard. A former translator and teacher of mine, at that time only twenty-four, well educated and extremely prosaic and mundane in other respects, grew positively angry on one occasion when I ventured to laugh at such stories.

"It's no use," he said, "trying to persuade me that they are nonsense. I tell you I've seen the fox-lights myself and therefore know what I'm talking about."

I reached home one evening to find my household in a state of commotion.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"A fox-light among the trees some distance up the avenue," I was told.

I looked in the direction indicated and recognised the house-lamp of a neighbour! But the old woman who had made the startling discovery insisted that I was mistaken; could I not see that the light kept changing its colour from white to red, from red to green, and back again? I couldn't see anything of the kind, and finally resolved all doubts by tracking the light and convicting my neighbour's lamp of responsibility for my household panic. The old woman, however, was not much embarrassed. In this case, she admitted, I had scored, but she told me that only a few nights before a badger in the form of a lovely maiden had appeared to a young man near the railway crossing and had vanished up the line. Its object must have been to lure the young man on to the line in the path of an approaching train, and thus effect his destruction. A burly young fisherman of my acquaintance, who plied his calling at Hayama, used constantly to be tricked by a badger. The animal would take the shape of a friend, call at his house, and invite him to go down to the beach and have a bout of *sumo* (wrestling), with fish as forfeit. The

fisherman would consent, because his real friend was no match for him, but the badger invariably threw him and took the fish, which were what it actually wanted.

The fox, in addition to its power of metamorphosis, is able to take possession of human beings (*kitsune-tsuki*), and the peculiar nervous disorder so designated is unquestionably common among certain classes. A very exhaustive account of the symptoms of the disease, contributed by Dr. Baelz, late of the Tokyo Imperial University, appears in Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain's *Things Japanese*. The writer states that the fox is supposed to enter a human being through the space between the finger-nails and the flesh, or occasionally through the breast. Once safely installed, it lives a life of its own "apart from the proper self of the person who is harbouring it. There thus results a sort of double entity or double consciousness. The person possessed hears and understands everything that the fox inside says or thinks; and the two often engage in a loud and violent dispute, the fox speaking in a voice altogether different from that which is natural to the individual."

Belief in ghosts is common. The same old servant who first directed my attention to the fox-light could no longer remain in my service owing to an uncanny visitation. She slept in a Japanese room in the detached servants' quarters, and complained that nightly towards twelve o'clock she became a prey to the most distressing sensations, was tormented by horrible dreams, and usually awoke with a startled cry. She

could never see anything, but was sensible of a ghostly presence, and heard a sound as of ghostly fingers tapping on the *shoji* (paper slides) outside. She said she had experienced these unpleasant feelings from the first, and had ascertained that the room had once been used by the Japanese wife of a former foreign tenant who had died in it and whose body had been washed upon the mats. This settled it. The room was closed, and during the balance of my tenancy no servant could be persuaded to sleep in it.

Ghosts—*o bake-mono* or *yurei*, as the Japanese call them—figure in Japanese popular literature almost with greater frequency than in our own. One of the best known stories of the kind is Encho's *Botan Doro*, or "*The Peony Lantern.*" In this the heroine, O Tsuyu, the only daughter of Iijima Heizaemon, falls in love with a handsome young man named Hagiwara Shinzaburo unknown to her father. Her maid, O Yone, encourages her mistress in this attachment, but both are suddenly cut off by the same disease, and when the lover hears of his misfortune he is disconsolate. One night, however, he is surprised by a visit from mistress and maid, who assure him that the report of their death is unfounded. He believes the welcome news, and the two women enter the house, where the two lovers renew their vows. Hagiwara's retainer, Tomozo, hearing female voices, looks through a window, and is horrified to find his master in the clasp of a creature of skin and bone, with its hair straggling wildly over its shoulders! Hagiwara is undeceived and

warned by a famous fortune-teller that the ghost will compass his death. He is given a charm to wear upon his person, and another is placed above a window belonging to his private apartment. But the two unearthly visitants are not so easily foiled. They approach Tomozo, and induce him for a bribe to steal the charm while its owner—his master—is in the bath, and also to remove the charm from above the window. They thereupon gain admission. In the morning Hagiwara is found dead in the embrace of a skeleton. It transpires, nevertheless, that he has been killed during the night by Tomozo himself, who procures the skeleton from a neighbouring graveyard and arranges it thus artistically to divert suspicion. Tomozo's motives are outside the scope of this brief synopsis; but, at any rate, his crime is revealed in supernatural fashion. He afterwards murders his wife, whose spirit enters a maid-servant and, speaking through her lips, denounces him. The tale is called *The Peony Lantern* because the lanterns carried by the ghostly couple are painted with representations of that flower.

The Japanese invest apparitions with the power to wreak physical evil upon the objects of their spleen. A wicked beauty, desiring the husband of another woman equally beautiful, administers a potion which disfigures her lawful rival. The wife bears a child, but becomes mad and kills it by biting its throat, after which she herself perishes. Her husband joins his paramour, but the guilty pair are haunted by the ghost of the dead wife, which eventually destroys the

girl by biting her throat in the same way that the wronged wife slew her own child. As in the West, but with far greater elaboration, innumerable ghosts, ghouls, gnomes, and goblins have been invented to frighten children. The *Tengu* is a demon which is sometimes beneficent, and does not molest good folk. He attaches himself to mountains and to certain sacred places. The famous Yoritomo's early education is said to have been conducted by a *Tengu*, and the belief is woven into one of the *No*, or lyrical drama of Japan. The *Tengu* is depicted with a ruddy countenance, a huge hooked nose, and wings. Perhaps the dimensions of the nasal organ are responsible for the idiom which applies the word *tengu* to one who is conceited or proud, as "*Are wa, sukoshi tengu ni natta*" ("He has become a little proud"). It also occurs in the words "*tengu wo iu*," to boast. In passing it may be remarked that, as with us, the elevation of the nose implies pride; thus, *hana takashi*, literally, "to have a high nose," &c. But to revert to the *Tengu* as a superhuman entity. Belief in him still survives in the country districts. I heard of a case some years ago in which a country boy claimed to have been carried during a single night upon a *Tengu's* back on a visit to Europe. It was added that he described the places he had seen so vividly that one who had himself travelled abroad easily recognised them. Foreigners blessed, or cursed, with big noses sometimes hear themselves called "*Tengu Sama*" by village children; I have had that experience more than once.

Some Superstitions and Occult Practices

The fortune-teller and diviner ply a thriving trade in Japan. The commonest form of the art practised is called *O uranai-sangi*, the implements used consisting of six pieces of wood inscribed in a special manner and fifty-one pieces of bamboo resembling knitting-needles. The *modus operandi* is very complicated and need not be described. In streets devoted to pleasure the gentry professing knowledge of this brand of humbug may be encountered any evening, and appear to be well patronised. I once called upon one of the aristocrats of the profession, who received me in a well-built house, which showed that its occupant had found the business lucrative. In this case, however, no sticks were used. Instead I was asked to draw a line upon a sheet of paper with a Japanese brush, and the mark thus made the inquirer into the future carefully scrutinised through a powerful magnifying-glass. He told me many things which, seeing that they were all pleasant, I can only regret have not yet been verified in so much as a solitary particular, including a very handsome legacy, the reversion of which has been most unaccountably delayed. Patience is a virtue.

One of the most famous diviners in Japan is a Mr. Takashima Kaemon, whose tenant I once was for more than a year. He is distinguished as a scholar as well as an unusually rich man, and is on terms of intimacy with the highest in the land. His pet hobby is called *eki*, the word being written with the ideograph meaning the mutations or alterations in nature, the theory of permu-

tations and combinations shown by the sixty-four diagrams of the Yih (see Gubbins's *Dictionary of Chinese-Japanese Words*). It is, in short, the art of divination which Mr. Takashima professes to have learned from Chinese authorities while undergoing a term of imprisonment in Japan for some political offence during the early days of Meiji. At the outbreak of the South African War he foretold the duration of the struggle and the method of its termination.[1] This prophecy I caused to be translated and published in the *Japan Daily Herald*, whence it was reproduced by some of the London papers. If I remember rightly, he was fairly correct on the first-named point, and as to the other, he declared that there would be a compromise. I suppose this is a matter of opinion. Mr. Takashima states that he owes his fortune to his power to read the future. Unlike some of our ultra-refined Occidental mysteries, his art may be freely applied to mundane purposes. He is frequently consulted by business men, and predicts the rise and fall of stocks. Apropos the story is told that in the case of a certain railway he foresaw a big appreciation. In relating the fulfilment of this prediction to a friend of mine he naïvely added that he was aware at the time that the Government contemplated investing another half-million yen in the enterprise! It was my privilege some years ago to test Mr. Takashima's powers on my own account. Genuine or not, at least the veteran cannot justly be reproached with accepting payment for his services, although, in my opinion,

he would be fully warranted in so doing ; as a matter of fact he makes the visitor a present of his knowledge, such as it is. As regards the methods of this savant, I am not so clear in my mind as I could wish. The crux of the operation appears to lie in the division of the sticks, thirteen in number, which are held in a certain way. The division, again, is made in obedience to what may perhaps be termed subconscious dictation, the action being performed during a brief convulsion, which appears to shake the entire frame. Each division of the sticks furnishes the operator with a reference to the special volume whose contents are part and parcel of the system, and it is the quotation thus determined which in turn supplies the diviner with a clue to what the inquirer, either himself or a second party, wishes to know. No doubt these references are not infrequently sufficiently ambiguous, but it is part of the business of the diviner to hit upon the correct interpretation. My recollection is that I consulted Mr. Takashima for the purpose of learning whether or not I was destined to leave Japan. The division was made three times, and the final reference was to a quotation which spoke of the stranger as being in the act of fastening on his *waraji* (straw sandals) ; in other words, the inference to be drawn was clearly to the effect that I was on the point of leaving the country. As a matter of fact I did not do so until long after the inquiry, so I will leave it to the reader to decide how successful Mr. Takashima was in his appeal to the forces of *eki*.

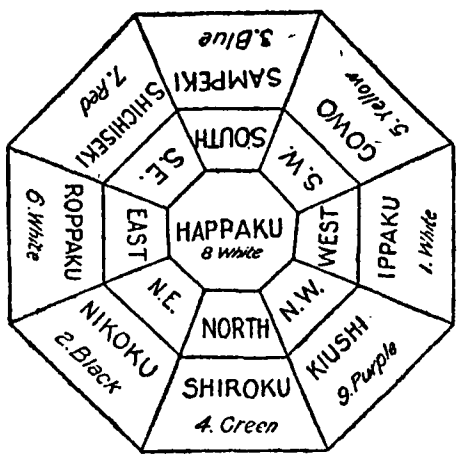
Physiognomy (*ninso-mi*) and palmistry (*te-no-suji-mi*) are also fairly popular. Spirit-rapping and table-turning in both Japanese and foreign styles find followers. Mesmerism has become almost a menace to the health and sanity of the younger generation in certain circles. In too many cases the Japanese girl, more especially the *nesan,* or maidservant and waitress type, is essentially a passive subject, predisposed to yield to the lordly male, and when the latter takes the form of some conceited medical student obsessed with the conviction that he represents the latest word in hypnotism and that Charcot and his disciples were but babes and sucklings in comparison, the danger is accentuated. A Japanese male belonging to this category is not commonly deterred by the finer scruples of his sex, and if he is an habitué for any length of time of one of the numerous *geshukuya* of Kanda or Hongo, the great student quarters of the metropolis, he is bound sooner or later to find a willing victim in some unsophisticated domestic fresh from the country. As well expect self-restraint from a cat in the presence of dried bonito as from a latter-day Japanese Bob Sawyer in that of a demure, confiding, submissive O Yu Cha San, only too ready to place herself under his magnetic influence without thought of the consequences. But hypnotism has sponsors in higher quarters than these. It is an open secret, for instance, that constant experiments are being conducted by the naval and military authorities with a view to determining the practical value of the art in relation

to their special purposes. It is a fact that during the siege of Port Arthur a naval subject was thrown into the hypnotic trance and ordered to visit the fortress—in spirit—and report what he saw there. The hypnotist, who was one of the officers of the ship, was satisfied that the subject actually succeeded in reaching the desired objective, but unfortunately, owing to his ignorance of the Russian language and of the higher branches of his profession, he was unable to give an intelligible description of what he saw. On another occasion, however, a Japanese warship found herself held up in a dense fog somewhere off the Korean coast, whereupon a bluejacket was hypnotised and commanded to leave the body and discover a certain lighthouse known to be somewhere in that vicinity. This mission the subject carried out successfully, and, thanks to his directions, the lighthouse was speedily located and the vessel placed upon the correct course. The Japanese word for hypnotism is *saiminjutsu*, made up of three Chinese characters, which mean respectively "to make, to urge," "to sleep, to be drowsy," and "an art"—*i.e.*, the art of inducing sleep. Japan likewise possesses more than one faith-healer of the Christian science type, the majority of whose cures of nervous affections are doubtless due to a species of hypnotism. I have heard of one famous practitioner who was able to extract teeth without direct contact or the use of any instrument, merely by imitating the gesture of tooth-pulling, whereupon the troublesome molar would fly out of its own accord!

The custom of carrying charms has fallen off somewhat during recent years owing to the inrush of new ideas from the West, but it still prevails in certain quarters, and more especially among women. Mr. Pfoundes mentions the *Kanson*, to give ability and good fortune through life; the *Gozo*, to bestow the gift of children and enable mothers to rear them; the *Suii Tengu*, to save them from drowning and other harm, and, if choking, to swallow the paper of which is a certain cure; the figure of Nichiren and of Kobodaishi, to carry them to Paradise; *Sei-sho-ko*, for good luck; *Benten*, for the gift of beauty, accomplishments, and attractiveness to their lovers; *No-se-no-kuro-fuda*, to save them from the wiles of the fox; *Chiriu Gongen* of San-shiu, to protect them from snakes, the greatest aversion of the Japanese woman; *Aizen*, to cause the wearer's children to be lovable, &c.

Of all Japanese contemporaneous superstitions the belief in the possibility of divination by the stars—a form of astrology—has, perhaps, the strongest hold upon the minds of the middle and lower classes. Although the *eki*, already described, commands a market not to be despised, astrology is still the more popular, for obvious reasons. *Eki* is more usually invoked in individual cases, whereas the *kiusei* (literally, "nine stars") dispenses prognostications in general. Japanese astrology, like our own, teaches that every human being has a fixed star, according to the year in which he or she was born. The "nine stars", are represented by diacritical marks, viz., *ippaku* (1,

white), *nikoku* (2, black), *sanpeki* (3, blue), *shiroku* (4, green), *gowo* (5, yellow), *roppaku* (6, white), *shichiseki* (7, red), *happaku* (8, white), and *kiushi* (9, purple). Each year and each day of the month has a fixed star which is known as *honmei-boshi*, and every one of these stars comes up in rotation in numerical order. The diagram of the nine stars is drawn up every year by astrologers, in relation to the four cardinal directions, as shown below.



In the above diagram, *happaku* (8, white), located in the centre, is *honmei* for the year. By means of the *kiusei* the astrologers fix the position or direction of what is termed the *ankensetsu*, or "dark sword," in accordance with the year and the day of the month, when the individual is warned not to venture out in that direction if he would avert misfortune. The above

formula is styled *tenban,* or "heavenly disc," and it is the duty of the astrologers to predict fortune or misfortune in accordance with the divine rules embodied in the disc, the idea being that fortune will attend those who act in conformity with, and ill-luck those who act contrary to, these heavenly mandates. Thus, while the *eki* individualises the *kiusei* generalises. The prognostications of the stars are generally published daily in a stereotyped form. This is a very convenient arrangement, for it enables one to tell at a glance what the portents for that particular day may be and in what manner they are likely to affect one personally. The publication of these prognostications by astrologers in Tokyo newspapers, such as the *Kokumin, Mainichi Dempo, Yamato,* and some others, affords evidence of the high degree of popularity which the *kiusei* system enjoys among the public. By way of further illustration I cannot do better than quote a specimen prognostication from the columns of the *Kokumin* :—

KIUSEI FOR FEBRUARY 22, 1911.
Houmei-Sanpeki (3, *blue*).

Sanpeki: Better abstain from undertaking new business. *Ankensetsu* ("dark sword") lies in an easterly direction.

Shiroku: Lucky day for removals, entering schools, seeking loans, employment, for shipbuilding, contracting marriages, and forming fishing guilds.

Gowo: The day of even fate. Unlucky during the

forenoon, but lucky during the afternoon. Advisable to refrain from all new enterprises. Good for established businesses and for starting forestry business.

Roppaku: A day on which the exercise of the utmost discretion is called for. Refrain from all new enterprises, but the day is auspicious for old ones. Beware of sexual troubles and of losing things.

Shichiseki: A day on which complications are apt to arise. Good for old businesses, but refrain from undertaking new ones. Do not stand surety for others, nor affix your seals to bonds on behalf of others.

Happaku: A day on which one is apt to work hard to no purpose. You had better refrain from undertaking new business, but there is no harm in continuing old business and in building houses.

Kiushi: The day of great prosperity. Good for removals, entering schools, raising loans, seeking employment, beginning the construction of houses, contracting marriages, starting export business.

Ippaku: The day of good hope. Good for removals, entering schools, raising loans, completing buildings, seeking employment, celebrating marriages, and obtaining funds for the brewing business!

Nikoku: The day on which one is apt to lose one's temper. Beware of disputes and refrain from undertaking new enterprises. Good for old businesses and for farming.

As a peroration to this inadequate exposition of the "nine stars" I will quote some remarks by Mr. Kishira,

M.A., to a recent gathering of students of mental science, to show that men of culture and intelligence in Japan are very far from pooh-poohing, in our superior Occidental fashion, everything which they cannot absolutely measure with their own little foot-rule.

"The reading of the heavenly disc," said Mr. Kishira, "is largely a matter of form. Anybody can learn the art after brief study, but whether or not his prognostications will turn out correct must depend upon the mental concentration exercised by him. It is very difficult to prognosticate with certainty unless you can concentrate your mental forces upon the matter under consideration. It is said that a skilful astrologer will take a bath and prostrate himself before the household altar, to purify body and soul, before attempting to interpret the heavenly disc, and will not undertake divination until he feels conscious of Divine inspiration. The concentration of mind in itself is not sufficient to ensure the success of his prognostications; he must also be able to read signs with a view to their practical application. Astrologers and fortune-tellers generally base their judgments upon intuition rather than upon logical reasoning. They can give a correct divination as to things that exist at the present moment, but not as to those which existed in the past or which will exist in the future. [Hardly so lucid as it might be, but Japanese writing and speech are not infrequently characterised by a looseness and ambiguity which would not be tolerated in the West.] One may

feel that one's past and future have been correctly divined by the astrologer, but such is an illusion. What one takes for the past or future is an extension of the present. The lucky or unlucky days and directions concerning which astrologers prognosticate are not absolute, but are ever changing. The true lucky or unlucky days flee past us, and it is very difficult for us to catch them at the right moment. It is well to exercise discretion and to be on one's guard against emergencies on those days which astrologers declare to be unlucky, but one cannot be held free from superstition if one allows oneself to be constantly under the influence of these prognostications."

True or untrue, it is quite easy to see how seriously predictions and portents of this nature must interfere with the ordinary affairs of life in Japan among many thousands of the population. Business which ought properly to be transacted with as little delay as possible has to wait upon the bidding of the heavenly disc; a multiplicity of activities can be carried out only in strict conformity with a careful interpretation of the daily diagram; and the perpetual retardation that ensues is temperamentally hostile to the "hustle" of the Great Republic, and to a certain degree inevitably puts the brake upon the wheels of economic progress.

Myself a believer in the possibilities of occultism, I have always insisted upon the necessity of subjecting all unusual claims to the test of the most cold-blooded investigation. For this reason I should not deem this chapter complete did I omit to say a few words about

the so-called "fire-walking" ceremony, concerning which, as it is performed twice annually at one of the temples of the capital, a good deal has been written from time to time by enthusiastic foreigners. Of course, one can speak only for oneself, and my experience may not be that of others, but it is the experience of at least two of my male friends, who agree with me in pronouncing the thing we saw a puerile farce, though, strange to say, certain of our common acquaintances who witnessed the "ceremony" at the same time carried away with them the impression of having seen something incapable of a normal explanation. Speaking for myself and friends, what we saw was not the spectacle of human beings walking over fire, but over a spot where fire had formerly been. The preliminaries were all very impressive and equally wearisome. The bed of pine-logs and charcoal glowed luridly in the centre of the small courtyard of the temple as attendants fanned it vigorously and white-clad priests chanted their incantations. As I eyed the tongues of flame and felt the heat oppressive even where I sat, I thought to myself, "Well, if anybody walks through this fiery furnace without injury I shall consider the case for occultism established beyond the shadow of a doubt." But what really happened? The attendants gradually relaxed their efforts to stimulate the fire, and began instead to beat out the embers in the centre of the pile until, as time went on, a path had been formed absolutely as black as the ace of spades, though banked on either side by dull-red masses of wood and charcoal.

Only then did the priests, after a little more numbo-jumbo, venture to skip daintily over the path thus formed, after having carefully rubbed the soles of their bare feet in a mass of salt at one end of the almost extinct bonfire. Men, women, and children followed the example of the priests, after the latter had dusted them down in turn with the sacred *gohei* to lend verisimilitude, &c. I myself lost no time in removing my boots and socks and essaying the passage after a similar *gohei* rub-down and a double-shuffle in the salt-heap. Even while stepping briskly along the narrow path I could not help thinking what a gigantic piece of humbug the entire "ceremony" was, nor did it surprise me one whit to find that the pathway was just about as hot as any pathway of the same material treated in the same manner ought to be, and that my feet were sore and blistered at the close of the "ordeal." Perhaps I did not carry away enough salt on the soles before I stepped on to the charcoal bed, but, in any case, my experience was calculated to convince me that whatever else the "ceremony" might be it assuredly was not occult. Another circumstance lending colour to this conclusion is the fact that it is performed for money, every foreigner who attends being charged a minimum rate of one yen, or two shillings. To prevent misunderstanding I hasten to add that, in my opinion, the ceremony has been genuinely performed in the past, and may even have been performed in our own day at other times and places; but as far as the priests of this particular temple are concerned,

it is plain to me that they have no power to duplicate the feats of their predecessors. Whether this loss of power is due to the decline and corruption of Japanese religious belief I cannot say, but the fact seems to be clear enough. My previous chapters on the virtues of *aiki*, as exemplified by Mr. Kunishige, will furnish the reader with the grounds on which I base my belief in the possibility of a real fire-walking ceremony; and I can only regret that it has not been given to me to see it. Similarly, I hold that the ordeal by boiling water, which is also conducted at the same temple and at others throughout the country, may or may not be genuine. Not having seen it myself, I prefer not to pronounce an opinion, though for the reason that some other foreigners present at the above-mentioned fire-walking ceremony saw a miracle where I saw merely mercenary imposture, I am inclined to think that already published accounts of the boiling-water ordeal are equally misleading. It is impossible to be dogmatic on such a point, but I am personally justified in arriving at that conclusion, subject to further testimony on the other side. It is important to note that both my friends and I *wanted* to be convinced of the occult nature of the fire-walking ceremony, so that our joint evidence to the contrary cannot be lightly dismissed as the natural outcome of bias.

The very latest occult fad is unquestionably clairvoyance, and in more than one case the claims of the operators have been substantiated by professors of the Tokyo and Kyoto Imperial Universities, who have sub-

jected them to the severest tests. The commonest phase of the art takes the form of identifying diagrams and Chinese ideographs written on cards concealed within boxes ; while in one notable instance the clairvoyante appears to have possessed the power to impress an image upon a sensitised photographic plate concealed in the pocket of the investigator at a distance of some yards from the clairvoyante. So lively is the public interest in these and similar experiments that nearly every daily newspaper in Tokyo devotes a special section to reporting the latest news on the fascinating subject of *senrigan* (thousand *ri* sight), to use the native terminology. The phenomenon is of sociological value, as indicative of a tendency to abandon the attitude of intense intellectual materialism which has hitherto been characteristic of the New Japan. Even if it be only a fad and nothing more, it is more interesting than rabbits and the Japanese garden party, and somewhat more refined than company promoting, all of which have had their day in Dai Nippon.

Few superstitions are so prevalent among the masses of the people throughout the country as is belief in *Kimon,* or the Demon's Gate.

The Demon's Gate corresponds to the north-eastern corner of a building ; the opposite corner is known as the *Ura Kimon,* or Back Demon's Gate, sometimes *Shimon,* or Death Gate ; while the north-western corner is styled *Inu-i.* All these corners, from time immemorial, have been associated with something evil, and when building operations are in progress scrupu-

lous care is invariably taken that no gate or door belonging to the new premises shall face the ill-omened point. Deference to this popular superstition is so widespread that one rarely finds a gate or door open in the tabooed directions.

The author is indebted to Dr. Tatsuno, a well-known architect, for the following interesting account of this belief :—

"Those who build foreign-style houses are comparatively indifferent," says Dr. Tatsuno, "but the case is otherwise with those who build Japanese houses ; such persons are very particular indeed in regard to the *Kimon*. When I undertook the erection of Baron Shibusawa's new offices at Hakigara-cho, a certain gentleman remarked that ill-luck would surely overtake the occupants of the place if the main entrance were allowed to be in line with the centre of the porch, and I was obliged to make a slight alteration in my plans in order to conform to the popular belief, though I myself do not share it. The superstition is more common among men than among women. It takes firm hold of nervous subjects, who, for that matter, are readily susceptible to a multiplicity of fancies. I recall the case of a certain lady whose husband had removed a house-gate in spite of strong remonstrances from his wife. As luck would have it, a few days later their daughter was taken ill. I am convinced that there could have been no connection between the illness of the girl and the removal of the gate, but the wife was equally convinced to the contrary, and she refused to

be pacified until the gate had been restored to its original position.

"There are various other superstitions associated with my profession, and some of them are not wholly groundless. The belief obtains in certain quarters that sickness is sure to break out in a house built over the site of an old well; but when we come to analyse the facts, it will be seen that there are good reasons why this should be so. It is the practice to fill up an old well with all sorts of rubbish when a site is being prepared for new premises; this accumulated filth, of course, putrefies in course of time and generates poisonous gases which naturally injuriously affect the health of the inmates of the premises. In the old days the people used to take a bamboo pole with the knots cut off and insert it in the middle of the well before filling in the matter, so that an outlet should be provided for the poisonous exhalations. Analogously, there is a prejudice against building the privy beneath the roof of the main structure, and so long as the conception of ill-luck is confined to the form of sickness this prejudice cannot properly be classed among *bonâ fide* superstitions.

"It is a common practice among superstitious persons to consult the fortune-teller on the plan of a new house before they apply to the architect. The gentry who thrive on these popular weaknesses are not only ready to give their advice regarding the *kaso*, or physiognomy of a house, but will even undertake to draw plans in conformity with these ideas. I have

seen specimens of these plans. In every instance the direction of the *Kimon* is marked out with scrupulous exactitude, and care is taken to keep the south side open to the sun, this also being a hygienic heritage from scientific architects.

"A few years ago I undertook the construction of the Kyoto branch of the First Bank, and I had to provide an entrance in the direction of *Inu-i* to suit technical exigencies. When the building was half-finished the manager of the branch office came along one day to inspect the work, and I soon noticed that he was looking somewhat perplexed. I asked him what the trouble was, and he assured me in all seriousness that misfortune would overtake the bank if the entrance were allowed to remain in that particular direction. In the end I had to remove the entrance and build a storehouse on the *Inu-i* site.

"Before the foundation of a new building is laid it is customary to hold a religious ceremony, called the *Jichinsai*, for the pacification of the soul of the earth; and another ceremony, known as the *Goto-shiki*, more commonly the *Mune-age*, is performed when the roof-ridge is placed in position. These ceremonies are held on supposed lucky days, marked in the old calendar as *Taian*, or days of great peace."

The *Kimon* theory commonly accepted by fortune-tellers may be briefly described as follows: The four points of the compass are divided into *Tenmon*, or Heaven's Gate, situated at the north-western corner; *Chimon*, or Earth's Gate, at the south-eastern corner;

Jinmon, or Man's Gate, at the south-western corner; and the *Kimon*, or Demon's Gate, at the north-eastern corner. The last-named corner should be avoided, they tell you, inasmuch as a dangerous atmosphere pervades it. In the *Kimon* direction from the Imperial Palace at Kyoto stands Mount Hiei, where a Buddhist temple has been built in imitation of the Reishuzan in India and the Tendaisan in China, to protect the old capital and preserve peace throughout the empire. The people do well, it is argued, to follow this good example and to keep the *Kimon* of their homes undefiled by privies and other unclean objects, since otherwise the sinister corner might get out of hand and overpower the ameliorative influence of the other corners.

The origin of the term *Kimon* may be traced to the *San-kai-kyo*, or Bible of Mountain and Sea, which is supposed to have been written by the Emperor Wu, third Emperor of China, and in which the following legend is told: On Mount Takushi, in the Eastern Sea, there stands a huge peach-tree, whose branches spread three thousand miles in all directions. The lower branches droop towards the north-east and form an entrance for demons. Two gods, Shinto and Utsurui, who were posted as guards at that corner, were offended by the impudence of the demons, and so caught and gave them to tigers to feed on. The Yellow Emperor, having heard of this, issued a mandate to the people to place in front of their houses a piece of wood from a peach-tree, with the effigies of these two gods painted.

thereon, to protect them against the demons. Hence the term *Kimon*.

In later ages Chinese philosophers propounded the theory of the *Jukkan* [1] and *Junishi*,[2] or sexagenary cycle and zodiacal signs, various animals and elements being ascribed to the various months and points of the compass. The point which marks the division between December and January is regarded as the end of a calendar year, and therefore the zenith of the *In* (shade), in which all creation perishes, according to the doctrine of the *In-yo* (Light and Shade) school of Chinese philosophy. It is thus argued that human life must also cease to be when that point is reached. By an easy combination of this philosophic doctrine and the mythological legend of the gods Shinto and Utsurui, it is reasoned that the north-eastern corner is the breeding-ground of all sorts of calamities.

This belief has given rise to a widely practised ceremony known as *Tsuinan*, more colloquially *Oni-yarai*,

[1] The *Jukkan*, otherwise *Eto*, or sexagenary cycle, comprises *Hi-no-e*, *Hi-no-to* (fire), *midzu-no-e*, *midzu-no-to* (water), *Ki-no-e*, *Ki-no-to* (wood) *Tsuchi-no-e*, *Tsuchi-no-to* (earth), *Ka-no-e*, *Ka-no-to* (mineral).

[2] The *Jūnishi*, or zodiacal signs, comprise *ne* (rat), *ushi* (cow), *tora* (tiger), *u* (hare), *tatsu* (dragon), *mi* (snake), *uma* (horse), *hitsuji* (sheep), *saru* (monkey), *tori* (bird), *inu* (dog), *i* (boar).

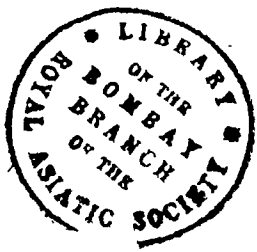
These symbolic signs are often used in combination and allotted to each day, month, and year, as well as to the points of the compass. Thus the Japanese speak of the "year of the tiger," if the sign of the particular year chances to be *tora*, and analogously with regard to all the other symbols. They speak also of *inü-i no kata*, or the direction between *inu* (dog) and *i* (boar), viz., the north-western point, because those two zodiacal signs are so distributed on the compass.

which literally means "driving out the demons." This ceremony is conducted on the last day of December by the male head of the family, who goes round the rooms sprinkling peas from a tray which he holds in his left hand, shouting at the top of his voice, "*Oni wa soto, fuku wa uchi!*" ("Demons out, happiness in!")

A celebrated Chinese artist named Godogen, who flourished under the Tung dynasty, first committed to canvas a description of hell, in which the devils were depicted with the horns of a cow and the skin of a tiger, the combination proving decidedly effective in its own line. Succeeding generations of artists evidently thought so too, for they invariably used Godogen's masterpiece as a model. This conception of a devil came to be regarded with horror by the superstitious, and in the same context the north-eastern corner, or *Kimon*, won unenviable distinction as a point to be avoided if life were valued.

This superstition found its way into Japan, where it gradually took firm root and blended with the religion of the country. The celebrated founder of the Tendai sect of Buddhism, Dengyo Daishi, was educated in China, and he it was who erected a temple on Mount Hiei, north-east of Kyoto, the then capital of Japan, the object of the priest being ostensibly to guard the *Kimon*. His successor, Jigan Daishi, also built a temple, at Ueno, situated in the north-east of Tokyo, and named it Kwaneiji of Toeizan, or the Eastern Hiei. Another famous priest, Nichiren Shonin, founder of the Nichiren sect, built a temple at Minobu, but it was

at Ikegami, a suburb of Tokyo, that he breathed his last. Ikegami lies to the north-east of Mount Minobu, which fact the followers of the sect point to as a strange coincidence, in that the Buddha himself died in the house of his disciple Junsha, situated to the north-east of Reishuzan, in India. Thus the conviction that the north-eastern direction is responsible for all sorts of calamities was strengthened. Religion may therefore be said to have encouraged the spread of a superstition which holds its own among the Japanese even in the present age of enlightenment.



SEKI'S RESIDENCE IN SHIBA, TOKYO.

To face p. 247.

CHAPTER XV

THE ART OF *NINSO* OR PHYSIOGNOMY

IT is certainly a trifle disconcerting, to say the least, when a friend to whom you have never at any time given an inkling of your intentions glances at you casually one fine day and then remarks, "Well, I see you are engaged to be married."

The foregoing is the epitome of a personal experience of comparatively recent date—one, too, which I would not venture to inflict upon the reader were it not that it furnishes a convenient text for what is to follow.

In the absence of any previous intimation that my friend had taken up the Sherlock Holmes business in deadly earnest, I felt positively bewildered, the more so seeing that the soft impeachment was well deserved—I *was* engaged to be married, albeit the last man in the universe, one might say, of whom any such step had been expected by his friends. Always ready to give credit where credit is due, I admitted the truth of the diagnosis, and added, "How on earth did you know? I haven't told a soul so far."

"I found out just this moment by means of *ninso*."

"What the deuce is *ninso?*"

"The Japanese term for their art of physiognomy."

"You don't mean to say that you can detect the fact of a man's engagement simply by looking at his face?" I asked incredulously.

"Exactly what I do mean to say," replied my friend, frankly enjoying my bewilderment. "What's more," he went on, "I see that you recently received news touching a financial deal of some kind, and that the news was of a favourable character."

I began to feel light-headed—a state of being not difficult to encounter in Dai Nippon owing to climatic aberrations. "You're right again," I muttered feebly. Then, reassembling my scattered faculties, I said, "Look here, M——, I must know something more about this. Seems to me there is excellent copy in this *ninso*. Who's your teacher? Can't you introduce me and induce him to furnish me with a general outline of how these results are obtained?"

"Why, yes, I think that can be managed," was the reply.

My friend then told me that the expert from whom he had been taking lessons was a young man named Seki, whose family had been in the *ninso* business for at least two hundred years. He lived in the Shiba ward of the capital, and had a large clientele.

A few days later, having previously secured Seki's consent, we proceeded together to the Shiba residence, and were at once ushered into the presence of the master. The house was a two-storied structure in Japanese style, well and strongly built, the substitution of a kind of porous cloth for the more usual and

fragile paper to fill in the *shoji* indicating clearly that the owner had ideas of his own and was not content to follow slavishly in the footsteps of convention. Such indications are distinctly refreshing in Japan, a land where century-old etiquette reigns supreme in many spheres despite the reputation the Japanese enjoy for progress. The reception-room on the ground floor looked out into a pretty Japanese garden. A gigantic Fowler phrenological chart in one of the alcoves, or *tokonoma*, suggested that the owner was of eclectic bent and had not limited his field of inquiry to Japanese authorities alone. Seki himself sat behind the regulation Japanese brazier, with his back to the open *shoji* and garden, in such wise that while his own face remained more or less in the shadow all the available light impinged upon that of the client, male or female, who chanced to be squatting before him at the time, at the other side of the brazier. I learned later that it was no unusual occurrence for Seki to anticipate the exact object of the inquirer's visit the moment he or she entered the room, often to his or her amazement and embarrassment, notwithstanding previous belief in the efficacy of his art. Another circumstance that could not fail to impress the foreigner was that no effort whatsoever was made by Seki to provide, or by his clients to demand, privacy. Thus nobody seemed to find anything objectionable in the disclosure and discussion of the most intimate details of his or her past, present, and future, in the presence and hearing of strangers. It is dangerous to set an absolute

standard of propriety, and personally I am not disposed to think any the worse of the Japanese on the score of their proneness to call a spade a spade. Neither my friend nor I was a tyro in the sphere of Japanese manners and customs, but still we were obviously and unmistakably foreigners, so that the willingness of a small army of Japanese men and women representing numerous walks in life, to submit to open scrutiny before us surely argues that anti-foreign prejudice is not quite so deeply rooted and widespread as many would fain have us suppose.

Seki proved to be a young man not much over thirty, of highly prepossessing appearance, of average height for a Japanese, clean-shaven, with closely cropped hair. His eyes, exceptionally large, bright, and penetrating, were his most striking feature, and furnished an index to his profession. He received us with customary Japanese politeness, ordered cushions for us to sit on, tea to drink, and invited us to look on while he proceeded with his examination. He explained that this being the summer season, he was less busy than usual, but still hoped that the list of callers might provide us with some interesting data.

One of his first visitors after our arrival was a youth of nineteen or thereabouts, who entered the room with a sheepish air. He had hardly had time to take his seat in front of Seki, than the latter greeted him with the stern query, 'What do you mean by running away from home without informing your mother? You must write to her at once and relieve her anxiety."

SEKI EXAMINING A CLIENT.

[To face p. 250.

The wretched youth stared at his mentor with bulging eyes and hanging jaw, and could find no word of denial, for the piercing vision of the expert had accurately detected that which to the uninitiated must have remained hidden, in the absence of a voluntary confession from the subject.

The next seeker after advice was a young married woman accompanied by a female friend. Seki looked at her for a moment steadily and then began: "I see you are having trouble with your husband, who has brought another woman into the house. You have been in an interesting condition for three months. Well, you are mostly to blame for your husband's conduct. You are too fond of nagging and give him no peace. I advise you to change your tactics and to submit, even if you have to live in the same house with the concubine. You must try to win back your husband's affections by kindness; prove to him that you are a better woman than the other, and in that way you can win him back."

Not the kind of advice an Occidental fortune-teller would be likely to give his client, but the Japanese standpoint on such questions of domestic polity is not ours, and the Japanese social watchword is hardly *Place aux dames!* Seki is one of the most sympathetic Japanese of my acquaintance, but he does not pretend to rise superior to the practice of his ancestors in this regard, though I have had ample proof that if he thought the husband were wholly to blame for what had happened he would not hesitate

to say so. In fact, the complete indifference with which he told his clients, both the bad and the good, in regard to their characters and prospects, making not the smallest attempt to flatter, satisfied me of his absolute sincerity and *bona fides*. Furthermore as the result of my own investigations I was speedily convinced of the genuineness of his art. The sceptical may wish to know why a line, a spot, or a shade of colour in the face of a human being should furnish an infallible clue to disposition, to past, present, or future happenings in the life of the individual. I do not pretend to explain why this should be so, but at least when I am given conclusive proof of the expert's ability to discover these personal details, both known and unknown to the subject, I see no reason why I should not accept the expert's own voluntary explanation of the method by which he arrives at these staggering results. It is for the sceptic to offer a more plausible theory to account for the phenomenon.

The next client was a woman of twenty. She was visibly embarrassed beneath the physiognomist's steady scrutiny. "You are engaged," said Seki. "You will be married within the year. You will be well advised to try to remedy some defects in your character. You are too much of a gossip and scandal-monger, and unless you are careful the tie between yourself and your husband will be very thin. Your physique is not good. You are too fat. Your shoulders are too broad and your hips too narrow. I am sorry to say that your prospects are not likely to be very bright, but

things may improve after your twenty-seventh year." It was patent from the girl's confusion that Seki had correctly gauged her weaknesses, while she admitted the fact of her engagement. After she had withdrawn Seki turned to us and stated that in all probability her husband would die a year after their marriage.

A middle-aged woman came next. Seki glibly mentioned that she was married to her second husband, and had a female child; that her husband was abroad, but that she would probably hear from him by the spring. He assured her that she would live to a good old age, and had no cause for anxiety as to the future.

Nearly all these readings are coupled with useful advice on diet and hygiene. Seki, in addition to being a professional physiognomist, is a duly certificated doctor of medicine, but on his own admission can invariably arrive at a more reliable diagnosis of an individual's physical condition by the study of the countenance than by recourse to the ordinary tools of a physician.

A young student wearing glasses was told that he would achieve worldly success throughout his career, but that he could not hope to enjoy good physical health.

A hard-looking man in his thirties had barely time to squat before Seki remarked: "Yes, I see you have been speculating and have come a cropper. You ought to know better. You are too fickle, and never stick to any one thing for any length of time. You are also involved in domestic trouble."

All this was true. In every case, of course, the expert outlined the future and gave good advice, but he did not, as a rule, tell all he saw. He would not, for example, without very satisfactory reason, inform a client of an early death or grave disaster, unless he knew of means whereby either could be averted.

A young photographer whom we had brought with us to take pictures was given a free reading, and for the first time in his life. It is no exaggeration to say that he was one of the most dumbfounded men in Tokyo before Seki was "through" with him. The fact that he was engaged in marriage preliminaries was speedily detected. "But," continued Seki with a smile, "what are you going to live on if you do marry? You haven't a cent., and are not likely to earn much for many years to come. You generally spend far more than you are able to earn."

The young man, with many blushes and chuckles, confessed that he was aspiring to the status of a Benedict without any visible means of support. Seki branched out into several other lines of inquiry which cannot be described in these pages, but as he proved invariably correct with respect to the past and present, we ourselves were confident that his predictions in their turn would be justified by the event.

In another case a mother submitted her five-year-old boy for inspection. Seki said, by way of preliminary: "I take it that the boy's father is a naval or military man. Isn't that so?" The

astonished mother admitted that it was. Further Seki, making no bones about it, described this sweet child as at once avaricious, destructive, and cowardly, with a future in which coin of the realm would undoubtedly bulk very largely, as also the eternal feminine.

Several visitors submitted to the expert photographs of prospective brides or bridegrooms for readings of character. Admitting the reality of the art, it is obvious that in this branch of activity there lies wide scope for usefulness, since the expert claims to be in a position to determine whether or not the contracting parties are of compatible temperament, and whether, therefore, the proposed marriage will or will not prove a failure.

One male applicant was a naval officer in the Reserve, a man with a decidedly unpleasant face and manner. Seki examined the photograph of the girl this man was thinking of marrying, and gave a highly favourable report. No sooner had the officer retired than Seki turned to me and observed: "That girl is far too good for a fellow like that. He will be sure to make her unhappy."

Sometimes a couple before marriage will apply to Seki for advice, and by means of his art he can often furnish useful indications of character which subsequently enable the parties to avoid petty squabbles which in the majority of instances are due to ignorance and misunderstanding of individual weaknesses. When man and wife are forewarned of their respective

shortcomings it is far easier for them to steer clear of these pitfalls.

One of the most unsavoury cases on the list was that of a tough-looking man from whom the confession was extorted that he intended to sell a fifteen-year-old daughter into a life of shame. Seki "roasted" the blackguard unreservedly and warned him that nothing good would come of such a step, but it may well be doubted whether his words carried the desired weight.

As an elderly woman entered the room Seki looked at her and promptly said, "You want to ask my advice about adopting a thirteen-year-old girl; it it not so?" The woman, in amazement, stammered assent. Seki then told her that she had married half a dozen husbands, but that not one of them had been of any use to her in her business, and that she was now in financial difficulties in consequence. All these details were correct.

Another case which illustrates Seki's honest determination to disclose what he deems to be the truth, however unpleasant, was as follows. Three Kagoshima men called on him not long ago, and one of the trio submitted his face for inspection. It was noticeable that as Seki looked him full in the eyes the subject blinked continually. Seki made several preliminary statements which showed that by means of his art he had correctly ascertained the client's antecedents. Incidentally he reproached him for having neglected to pay proper respect to the memory of

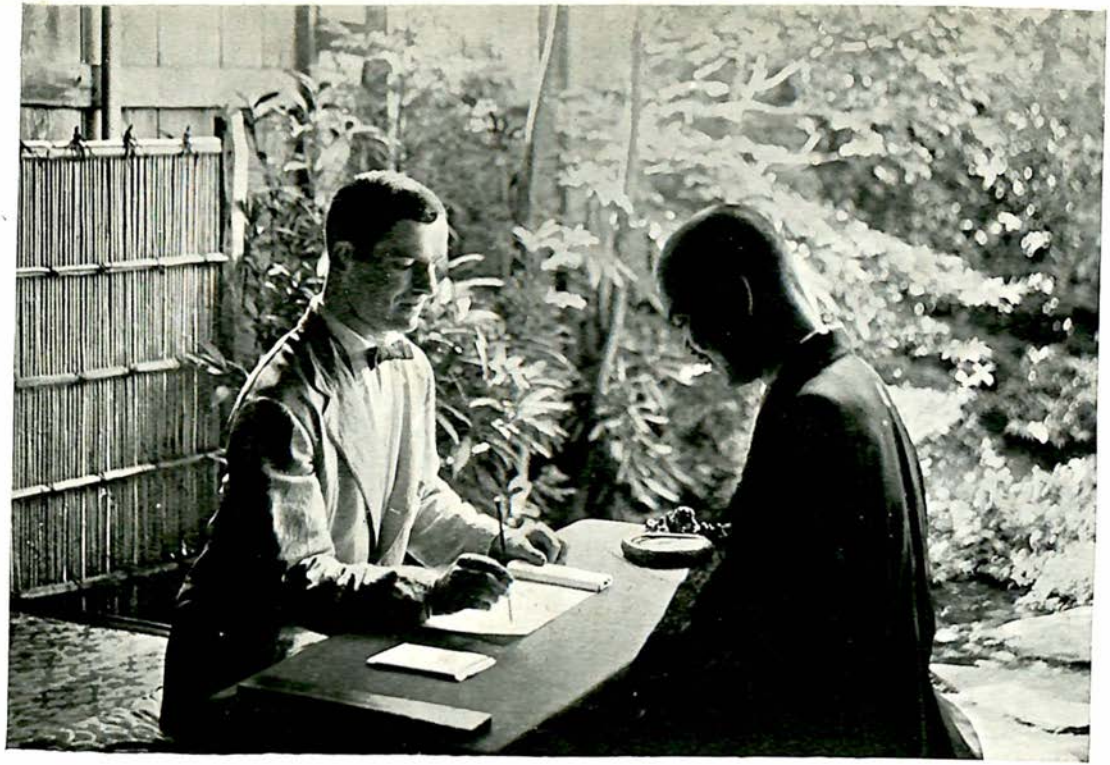
his late father. Then came the dramatic *dénouement*. "I see you are the defendant in a law case," said Seki. "It's a criminal action, and I am sorry to have to tell you that no matter what steps you take you cannot get off with less than two years' imprisonment." The unfortunate client gasped with astonishment and consternation. He admitted that the first statement was quite true, and explained the facts. It seems he was a lawyer who had drafted certain articles of association for a company in Kagoshima which had subsequently failed in suspicious circumstances. The directors had been arrested, and their depositions had involved the lawyer in responsibility for his share in preparing the aforesaid articles. The object of the visit of the lawyer and his two friends was to solicit Seki's advice. If, in his opinion, the case was worth fighting, they had money and were ready to go on with it ; but if he assured them that nothing could be done to avert an unfavourable outcome, they would let events take their course. Seki reluctantly confirmed his former diagnosis that no action on their part would be of any use, and that the minimum penalty the lawyer could expect would be two years.

From what has been said it will be seen that Seki's modest reception-room is frequently the scene of tragedy as well as comedy, and that those who venture to appeal to the oracle of *ninso* must be prepared to take the consequences. True, Seki does not always reveal everything he sees in the facial record ; he exercises a wise discretion, but when, as in this case, he thinks

that no good purpose is to be served by reticence, he can be painfully frank.

Individual instances might be indefinitely multiplied, but they would add little to our knowledge of how these results are achieved. On this point Seki was unexpectedly frank. Although naturally unwilling to disclose the details of his method, he very kindly furnished me with a lucid general outline of the *ninso* system, together with a sketch of his own family and personal history.

The practice of physiognomy in the Seki family dates back nearly two hundred years, while the majority of the male members of the family have also studied medicine, the subject of this sketch being a fully qualified practitioner and a student of the well-known Tokyo physician, Dr. Takagi. Nevertheless, in the Seki family medicine has only been, so to speak, a side line, and it has been an imperative tradition generation after generation that the male head of the family should devote himself mainly to the investigation and practice of *ninso*. If we are prepared to admit that *ninso* is an art and not a superstition, it is evident that every succeeding representative of the family must benefit appreciably by the mass of accumulated knowledge and experience transmitted from his forefathers; in other words, it is not difficult to believe that even in the absence of a scientific theory these keen-witted and observant Japanese, with their love of detail and through purely empirical methods, have enjoyed unique opportunities for the cultivation of abnormal skill in the reading of character and forecasting of the future.



THE AUTHOR WRITING THE FIGURE "ONE" IN JAPANESE FOR SEKI'S EXAMINATION.

[To face p. 259.

The Art of *Ninso* or Physiognomy

Young Seki graduated as a doctor in 1901, and between 1904 and 1905 served with the Japanese field hospital staff in Manchuria during the war with Russia. In 1906 he settled down at his present residence in succession to his father as an exponent of the *ninso* art. He assured me that at the outset he found the work terribly tedious and repugnant to him, and he would have preferred to continue his medical practice had the decision rested with him. In Japan, however, parental authority is virtually all-powerful, and the idea of running counter to his father's wishes never even entered young Seki's head. Gradually, too, he grew to like his work, and to-day he is perfectly satisfied with his lot in life.

In Japanese the term *ninso* has a considerably broader significance than the English word "physiognomy," in that it embraces, not only the purely facial characteristics of the subject but also the shape of his body, his manner of walking, sitting posture, manner of sitting down, the clothes he wears, and numerous other details. Moreover, when at the commencement of each séance the subject is required to write the Japanese figure 1—a horizontal stroke—with a Japanese brush, Seki derives more than one hint as to personal character by the style in which the brush is held and applied to the paper, as well as from the stroke itself, which is very closely scrutinised on occasion. The study of calligraphy is also a branch of the *ninso* art, and Seki claims to be able to learn a great deal from the handwriting of a client in conjunction with the quality of the paper used for the purpose.

Turning to the physical features of the client, it is explained that importance is attached to the contour of the face, the shape of the nose, eyes, eyebrows, cheek-bones, chin, mouth, teeth, ears, forehead, &c. The lines of the forehead, nose, and mouth furnish many clues to character and fortune. The lines on either side of the mouth, Seki stated, are studied in relation to length of life, success or failure in business. Astonishingly elaborate is the *ninso* classification of facial colours, the terminology of which is so complicated that in several instances I have failed altogether to find satisfactory English equivalents for subtle shades, though doubtless they are included in the spectrum analysis. The chief basic colours mentioned by Seki are red, dark red, yellow, green, black, white, and three shades known as *anshoku*, *moshoku*, and *junshoku*. In deciding the meaning of every one of these colours, Seki explained that a great deal depends upon the exact spot in which they appear in the face of the subject, the age of the latter, and the season of the year. Very naturally Seki preferred not to reveal the esoteric portions of the system, and therefore did not explain the precise manner in which the foregoing modifications are estimated. Thus the assignment of meanings to the respective colours, as expounded below, must be accepted only in a general sense and not as an infallible guide.

As a rule red is not a colour of good omen; it commonly implies trouble or dispute of some kind, the failure of the business or enterprise in which the sub-

ject happens to be engaged. If white is shown in conjunction with red in a certain section of the face, the sign indicates severe or fatal illness of some relative of the subject.

Dark red, on the contrary, is a felicitous colour, and wherever it appears it indicates good fortune and the fulfilment generally of the hopes of the subject.

Yellow is also a happy colour, implying that the future will turn out in accordance with the subject's wishes.

Green in conjunction with light red is not a fortunate colour; it usually means that things are going wrong for the subject. Governed by location, green sometimes indicates that the subject is going to move or to travel. If green and light red show up together in relation to moving or travelling, then the subject will move or travel in a very short time.

White has reference to death or the occurrence of misfortune; it is emphatically a bad colour. Should it appear in a certain place and when the subject has reached a certain age, it shows infallibly that the victim's hours are numbered. He is not long for this world.

Anshoku may perhaps be defined as a dark grey shade, and is not at all desirable, for it means that the object or wish of the subject will not be realised, whereas if it gradually disappears improvement will as surely set in.

Black has much the same signification, but is even more emphatic. When black and green appear in

conjunction with the lines of the eye, the front part of the ear, and about the mouth and nostrils, they point to death by drowning or on the water. When the darker shades are noted around the eyes of the subject, the latter may safely be set down as a thief and a liar. Care, however, must be taken to discriminate between discoloration due to ill-health and a *bona fide ninso* symptom.

Moshoku, a cloudy shade, is an unfortunate colour. Subject to location, the person in whose face it appears cannot hope to succeed in what he has in hand.

Junshoku, also a dull, cloudy shade, though different from the above, is a happy colour, and no matter what other colour it may cover, the subject is sure of good fortune in relation both to his own personal affairs and those of others in whom he may be interested. Thus if some friend or relative is ill he or she will recover. In a word, *junshoku* is a shade of happy augury.

Lines, wrinkles, moles, pimples, &c., have all to be carefully studied by the *ninso* expert. As a rule no one indication can be wholly isolated from the rest; colours, lines, and contours have to be scrutinised in combination, and it is in his ability to do this that the skill of the *ninso* expert lies.

Another very essential factor is the division of the face into right and left. Speaking generally, indications noted on the subject's right side affect himself, whereas those noted on the left side apply to another person whose fate is associated in some way

with his own. For example, when a certain kind of pimple breaks out on the right temple of the subject it means that he is worrying over some love affair; while when the same kind of pimple appears on the left temple it means that some girl or woman is in love with the subject and worrying on his account. I have had ocular demonstration that these signs will make their appearance simultaneously on the face of a man and woman, but on the right and left temple respectively, in strict accordance with the rule above cited. What is more, just as they may appear suddenly overnight they are known to disappear with equal suddenness when the exciting cause is removed.

"It must be noted," said Seki, "that when in an anatomical sense the eyes, eyebrows, ears, mouth, nose, and so forth are well shaped, everything goes much better. Nevertheless, even if the shape is good but the colour emphatically bad, the result is unfavourable; while when the shape is bad but the colour decidedly good the total indication must be pronounced favourable. The hair of the head, beard, in the nose, the eyebrows, eyelashes, &c., exercises modifying tendencies. Often from the manner in which the beard or moustache grows, or from the line of demarcation between the hair and the forehead, I can foretell good or bad fortune, long or short life for the subject—whether a woman will change her husband or how many husbands she will have, whether she will enjoy prosperity or the reverse. The colours help to decide questions concerning sickness,

death, pregnancy, genius, natural ability, &c. When a client is writing and suddenly looks up, I instinctively gain an insight into his character. I cannot explain precisely how I do this—it is the outcome of long practice and experience."

Although such a contention may provoke a smile of derision from the sceptical, Seki and others who pursue the same calling have proved their ability to reveal the past of a client even to the extent of describing the locality in which he lived in early youth, the kind of house he lived in, the number of rooms, and various topographical features connected with the neighbourhood.

It goes without saying that in Seki's business the identity of the client is a matter of secondary consideration. Seki never inquires the name of his visitor, and no cards are submitted. Nevertheless it is an open secret that men occupying very high positions in business, the professions, and the Government service constantly avail themselves of Seki's art with a view to determining their course of action. His advice is sought, not only in person but by correspondence and photograph. He is in receipt of letters from all parts of the country in such volume that he can with difficulty keep pace with them, and it frequently happens that distant clients who have enclosed the required fee grow impatient over the delay in reply and address subsequent inquiries to the local police authorities. The latter, however, are all on the most friendly terms with Seki, and after

SEKI EXAMINING THE AUTHOR.

[To face p. 264.

seeing the mountain of mail matter awaiting treatment, can always reassure impatient and suspicious clients on this point. It may be added that the police themselves often submit to Seki photographs of criminals or suspected criminals in the hope of gaining information on which to base their investigations.

In conclusion, I think it is conservative to say that an art which has stood the test of centuries, which is practised, not by vulgar charlatans but by men of education and refinement, scholars and qualified physicians, and which enjoys the patronage of Japanese of all classes, ought not to be lightly dismissed by the superior person as a ridiculous superstition. It is quite on the cards that my friend Seki will visit Europe and America some years hence, when the Occidental will enjoy an opportunity of verifying, on his own account, all that has been claimed for *ninso*.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CULT OF COLD STEEL

IN some respects Young Japan moves slowly in spite of her thirst for modern progress. Her courts and her codes have been modernised; murder is classified as a capital crime; but these facts and definitions are alike powerless to change the popular point of view in every instance. Modern Japan hanged the Korean assassin of Prince Ito, but the people of Japan still persist in revering and keeping green the memory of more than one political murderer of the none too distant past.

On April 12, 1910, for example, the good folk of the metropolis turned out in their thousands, arrayed in their spring best, to do honour to the names of the eighteen strenuous *samurai* of the Mito clan who, on March 24, 1860, fell upon the famous Regent Ii Kamon-no-kami, or Lord Ii, as he was on his way to the palace of the Shogun and had just reached the Sakurada Gate in the very heart of Tokyo, the ancient Yedo. The Regent was being carried in a *norimon*, surrounded by his retainers. On the bridge crossing the moat was the *cortège* of the Prince of Kyushu;

SAMURAI IN ARMOUR.

[To face p. 266.

and coming along the road towards the same point was the retinue of the Prince of Owari. Sir Rutherford Alcock describes what followed in the following words :—

"The *Gotairo* (Regent) was thus between them at the foot of the bridge, in the open formed by the meeting of a broad street which debouches on the bridge. A few straggling groups, enveloped in their oil-paper cloaks, alone were near, when suddenly one of these seeming idlers flung himself across the line of march immediately in front of the Regent's *norimon*. The officers of the household, whose place is on each side of him, rushed forward at this unprecedented interruption—a fatal move, which had evidently been anticipated, for their place was instantly filled with armed men in coats of mail who seemed to have sprung from the earth—a compact band of some eighteen or twenty men. . . . The unhappy officers and attendants, thus taken by surprise, were hampered with their rain gear, and many fell before they could draw a sword either to defend themselves or their lord. A few seconds must have done the work . . . when one of the band was seen to run along the causeway with a gory trophy in his hand. Many had fallen in the mêlée on both sides. Two of the assailants who were badly wounded, finding escape impossible, stopped in their flight and deliberately performed the *harakiri*, to the edification of their pursuers—for it seems to be the law (so sacred is the rite or right, whichever may be the proper reading) that no one may be interrupted even for the

ends of justice. . . . Eight of the assailants were unaccounted for when it was all over; and many of the retinue were stretched on the ground, wounded and dying by the side of those who made the murderous onslaught. The remnant of the Regent's people, released from their deadly struggle, turned to the *norimon* to see how it fared with their master in the brief interval—to find it only a headless trunk! The bleeding trophy carried away was supposed to have been the head of Gotairo himself, hacked off on the spot. But strangest of all these startling incidents, it is further related that two heads were found missing, and that which was seen in the fugitive's hand was only a lure to the pursuing party, while the true trophy had been secreted on the person of another, and was thus carried off, though the decoy paid the penalty of his life."

That Japanese of the Meiji Era, or Era of Enlightenment, should under the highest auspices perpetuate the memory, not of the illustrious victim but of his murderers, may seem more than a trifle anomalous and incompatible with the Japanese status in the comity of nations. It was this very Ii Kamon-no-kami who played a leading rôle in that remarkable movement against great odds which culminated in the opening of Japan to foreign intercourse. Lord Ii became Prime Minister of the Shogun Iyesada in 1858, and later of the twelve-year-old Iyemochi. On July 29, 1858, he signed the first treaty with the United States, and soon afterwards signed treaties with England and

France. These treaties excited strong opposition among the Conservative elements throughout the country, and the Court party at Kyoto demanded the expulsion of the barbarians. Lord Ii dealt resolutely with the malcontents, and thus added fuel to the flames. The opening of Kanagawa, the dispatch of an embassy to the United States, and the treaty with Portugal all served further to exasperate the anti-foreign party, and the assassination of the great statesman ensued, as described above. The same spirit which prompted the paying of homage to his murderers undoubtedly operated to forbid the erection of a statue to his honour in the capital, or the presence of the representatives of the Government on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue eventually erected at Yokohama to commemorate in a fitting manner the jubilee of the opening of the port to foreign trade.

The precincts of the famous Yasukuni Shrine, also known as the Shokonsha, or "Spirit Invoking Shrine," at Kudan, a picturesque part of Tokyo, was the scene of the celebration in honour of the Mito assassins of the Regent, for it is here that by imperial favour their names have been preserved in the form of *ihai*, or ancestral tablets. The celebration was organised by the well-known Tokyo newspaper *Yamato Shimbun*, and invitations were issued in the names of Count Hisamoto, Lieut.-General Baron Miyoshi, and Mr. J. Haseba, President of the House of Representatives. In the morning a solemn service was held, in the presence of thousands of people, in strict accordance

with the Shinto rites. The shrine where the spirits of Japanese heroes are deified was suitably decorated, and in the compound of the shrine were several tents for the accommodation of the surviving relatives of the eighteen assassins, including such notables as Marquis Yamanouchi, Viscount Matsudaira, Viscount Kaida, and some others. The shrine was visited by Prince Kitashirakawa, Prince Kuni, Prince Asaka, Prince Takeda, and many other dignitaries of the empire.

Later in the day the more popular portion of the programme was performed with unusual zest, the proceedings including a procession of mounted *samurai*, fencing and wrestling matches, stately and wearisome *No* dances, geisha processions and dances, fireworks, and dramatic performances. The procession of *samurai* was of considerable historic interest as a faithful reproduction of the manners, customs, and costumes of a bygone age. The participants early assembled at Uyeno Park, and, forming a long line, marched to Kudan Hill. They were armed with old-fashioned muskets, bows, swords, lances, and other warlike paraphernalia of the Tokugawa era. After nightfall numerous electric cars were brilliantly illuminated, and unofficial homage to the opponents of the "open door and equal opportunity," as far as Japan was concerned in those rough old days, continued to be paid until a late hour of the evening.

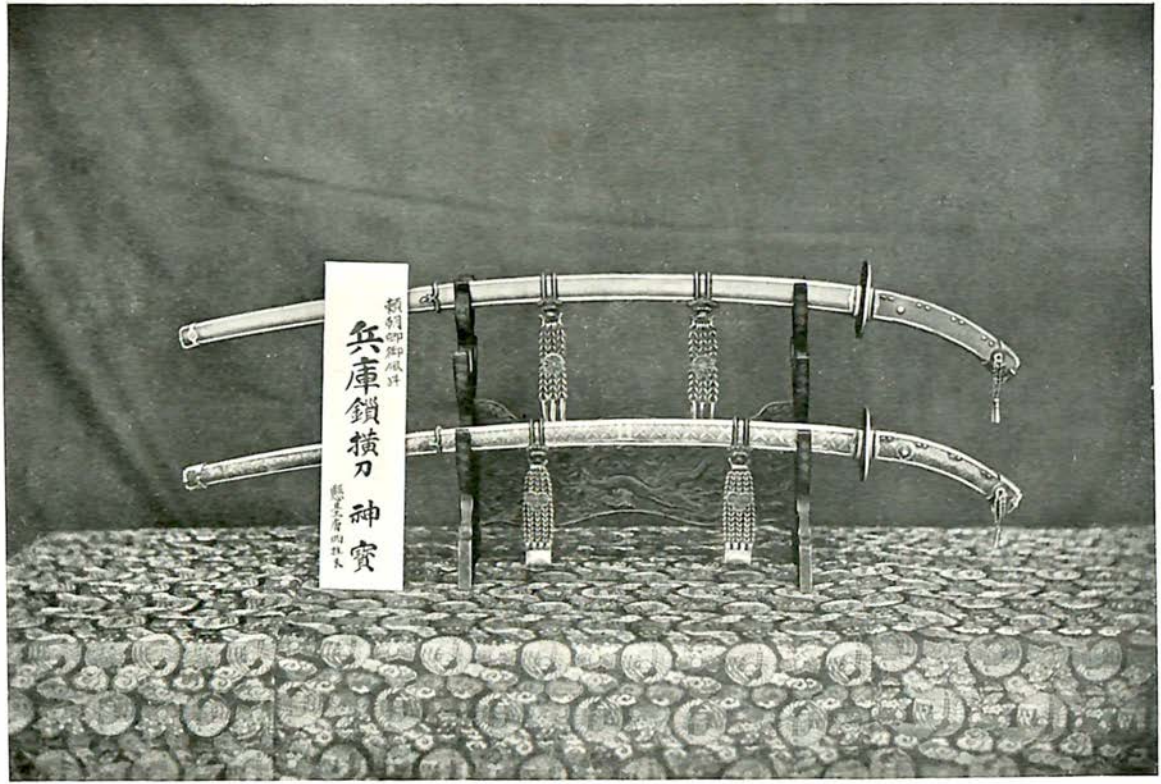
The Shokonsha, where the ceremony took place, was

erected in 1869 for the worship of the spirits of those who had fallen fighting for the Mikado's cause in the revolutionary war of the previous year. Services are also held in honour of those who fell in the Saga troubles of 1873, the Satsuma rebellion of 1877, the China War of 1894-5, and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, in which latter context it is curious to note that two or three foreigners, especially the commanders of the two transports which were sunk by the Russian Vladivostock squadron off Tsushima, are among the number of those thus apotheosised. The shrine is built in conformity with the severest canons of pure Shinto architecture, and is completely empty, save for a mirror, a European drugget, and a dozen cheap wooden chairs for the use of the officials who come to assist at the memorial services which are held here from time to time. As on the occasion mentioned above, these services are enlivened by horse-races, wrestling, and other popular amusements. The enormous bronze *torii*, or Shinto gateway, which marks the approach to the shrine, was manufactured in the Osaka Arsenal, and set up in December, 1887.

This popular demonstration on behalf of bloodthirsty reactionaries may well prompt additional reflections on what in Japan may truly be styled the cult of cold steel and of political assassination. Old residents can readily recall the days when he who ventured beyond the confines of the foreign concessions and sought the purer atmosphere of the surrounding country virtually took his life in his hands. The land then swarmed

with *ronin* (literally "wave-men"), or unattached *samurai*, who had foresworn allegiance to their lords in order to have a free hand in hunting down and slaying the hated alien. Even when these two-sworded gentry might no longer thus amuse themselves in their leisure moments, which were plenty, they never met a foreigner on the highway without treating him to a melodramatic scowl that would have put to shame an Adelphi stage villain.

Much space has been devoted to descriptions of the *katana*, or native sword, with which nearly all these crimes of violence were committed. The blade of this type of weapon is usually 2 ft. $\frac{89}{100}$ in. in length, made of soft, elastic, magnetic iron combined with hard steel. The *katana* was not usually worn alone, but together with the *wakizashi*, or dirk, of about $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, with which the owner would, when necessary, commit *harakiri*. The custom of wearing two swords is traced back as far as the beginning of the fourteenth century, and was abolished by an edict, issued on March 28, 1876, which went into effect from January 1, 1877. And yet in 1871 or a little earlier Mr. Mitford, now Lord Redesdale, wrote in the Introduction to one of his charming *Tales of Old Japan:* "The statesman who shall enact a law forbidding the carrying of this deadly weapon will indeed have deserved well of his country; but it will be a difficult task to undertake and a dangerous one. I would not give much for that man's life. The hand of every swashbuckler in the empire would be against



SWORDS FORMERLY BELONGING TO YORITOMO.

[To face p. 272.

him." The truth is that—I quote Mr. Chamberlain's *Things Japanese*—"the edict was obeyed by *this strangely docile people* without a blow being struck, and the curio-shops displayed heaps of swords which a few months before the owners would less willingly have parted with than with life itself." So hard is it to predict with anything like accuracy the mental and moral processes of the Japanese!

The Japanese sword has been called "the living soul of the *samurai*," and the etiquette connected with its handling was of the most minute description. A very trustworthy outline of the more important rules occurs in *Fu-so Mimi Bukuro: A Budget of Japanese Notes*, by the late Mr. C. Pfoundes, a Japanese scholar and investigator, whose work is too little known, on the principle, no doubt, that a prophet is without honour in his own country. The volume mentioned comprises a series of articles contributed to the *Japan Mail* of Yokohama, and republished in book form in 1875. From a copy in my possession I extract the following:—

"To touch another's weapon, or to come into collision with the sheath, was a dire offence, and to enter a friend's house without leaving the sword outside a breach of friendship. Those whose position justified the accompaniment of an attendant invariably left the sword in his charge at the entrance, or, if alone, it was usually laid down at the entrance. If removed inside, it was invariably done by the host's servants, and then not touched with the bare hand, but with a silk napkin kept for the purpose, and the

sword was placed upon a sword-rack in the place of honour near the guest, and treated with all the politeness due to an honoured visitor who would resent a discourtesy. The long sword (if two were worn) was withdrawn, sheathed, from the girdle with the right hand, and placed on the right side—an indication of friendship, as it could not be drawn and used thus—never by the left hand, or placed on the left side, except when in immediate danger of attack. To exhibit a naked weapon was a gross insult, unless when a gentleman wished to show his friends his collection. To express a wish to see a sword was not usual, unless when a blade of great value was in question, when a request to be shown it would be a compliment the happy possessor appreciated. The sword would then be handled with the back towards the guest, the edge turned towards the owner and the hilt to the left, the guest wrapping the hilt either in the little silk napkin always carried by gentlemen in their pocket-books or in a sheet of clean paper. The weapon was drawn from the scabbard and admired inch by inch, but not to the full length, unless the owner pressed his guest to do so, when, with much apology, the sword was entirely drawn and held away from the other persons present. After being admired it would, if apparently necessary, be carefully wiped with a special cloth, sheathed, and returned to the owner as before."

One blow dealt by an expert swordsman, if the enemy failed to ward it off, was usually sufficient to dispose of the business in hand. More than one foreigner

has fallen a victim to the terrific "upper-cut" of the Japanese assassin. The Anglo-Saxon's understanding of the technical term "upper-cut," as applied to the "noble art," is a blow the starting-point of which is the striker's hip and the objective of which is generally the point of his opponent's jaw. Should he succeed in the laudable ambition of getting it in, his adversary, nine times out of ten, is so struck by the force of the argument that he quietly subsides. The Japanese upper-cut was based upon similar dynamic principles, and was even more effective in its results. The sword was drawn from the scabbard with a long, sweeping motion, but instead of losing time by raising the weapon above the head for a downward stroke—a *nashi-ware*, or "pear-splitter"—the assailant continued the movement from left to right in an upward diagonal direction, his object being to slash his victim open from the right hip to the left shoulder. Of course the force of the blow might be insufficient to carry out this playful little attention, but unless parried early in the day it generally deprived the victim of all interest in the subsequent proceedings. Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird, both of H.M. 20th Regiment, were thus slain near Kamakura on November 21, 1864, by two Japanese *samurai;* in the former case the blow was delivered with such tremendous force as to sever the spinal cord. These murderous attacks upon the intruding alien were dictated by what is known in Japanese as *jo-i* ("the barbarian-expelling spirit"), and it is many years since

the last crime of this nature was perpetrated. But although the sword is no longer worn save by military, naval, and police officials, it would be incorrect to say that the taste for cold steel has entirely disappeared. Even to-day, when deeds of violence are committed, the murderer usually employs a sword or dagger where an American or European would in all probability prefer a firearm. Nor is the more disinterested and fanatical recourse to bloodshed a thing only of the past. There have been so far during the Meiji era, which commenced in 1868, no fewer than six political assassinations by Japanese. The first to fall was a noted scholar named Yokoi Shonan, who was slain on January 5, 1868; the second was Omura Masujiro, Vice-Minister of War, who perished in September of the same year; the third was Hirosawa Saneomi, a Privy Councillor, who met his fate on January 9, 1871; the fourth was the celebrated Okubo Toshimitsu, Prime Minister, who was attacked in his palanquin and foreshortened, so to speak, on May 14, 1878; the fifth was Mori Arinori, struck down in his own residence on February 11, 1889; and the sixth was Hoshi Toru, whose sensational taking-off on June 21, 1901, profoundly shocked the capital at the time. The details of this comparatively recent tragedy are so remarkable and characteristic as to justify their reconstruction from the local newspaper files of the day.

Hoshi Toru, one of the most powerful and corrupt politicians of Japan, was sitting in a room of the Tokyo City Hall on Friday afternoon, June 21, 1901,

after having attended a meeting of the council of which he was a member, when the door suddenly opened, and a man, entering quickly, approached him and said, as afterwards appeared, "Do you repent?"

To this Hoshi replied briefly, "Stand back!" when with a movement so rapid and unexpected that none of the other persons present could possibly intervene the new-comer drew a short sword from under his Japanese garments and stabbed Hoshi no fewer than six times in almost as many seconds. The *Japan Mail* of that day records that the first thrust pierced the victim's right side and reached the lung; the second entered the left side; the third was on the back of the head and laid bare the brain; the fourth was through the back of the lungs; and the fifth in the stomach. After delivering the first blow the assassin held Hoshi up in order to inflict the remaining wounds, the sixth of which was a less serious cut in the shoulder. Immediately on being released the unfortunate Hoshi sank to the floor and expired within five minutes. The assassin offered no serious resistance, and was quickly seized by the horrified witnesses of this desperate deed. He proved to be one Iba Sotaro, a man of about fifty, who had until then borne an unblemished character. His family had for generations acted as fencing masters to the Tokugawa Court, and his father, Iba Gumbei, was looked upon as one of the best swordsmen of his day. The assassin himself had been noted as a fencer, but with the dawn of the new era he had turned his attention to more profitable pursuits,

and had studied English and various branches of science to such good purpose that he was appointed tutor to Viscount Ogasawara. He later founded a school, and threw himself enthusiastically into the work of teaching. Agriculture and finance were also among the subjects of which he made a speciality. He was honoured with several important offices in business and educational circles. It was, in fact, his connection with the latter which led to the growth of the strange conviction that upon him devolved the sacred duty of removing one whose influence he regarded as highly pernicious to political and public morality. This resolution was strengthened by the knowledge that his skill in fence was such as to ensure the successful accomplishment of his plan; and, indeed, none but a perfect master of his weapon could have inflicted upon Hoshi in the same brief space of time six wounds of the terrible nature already described.

On searching him the police found a *zankan-jo*, or document, setting forth the motives of his crime. In this the writer explained that the elevation of a man so depraved as Hoshi to a position of such responsibility as President of the Tokyo Educational Society could not be contemplated with equanimity, and he—Iba Sotaro—had therefore determined to effect his removal.

"Nothing," he declared, "could be more serious than the fact that this felon should be in a position to demoralise and corrupt the administration of Tokyo and destroy the morality of the citizens . . . that he should bring misfortune and shame to all, from

sovereign to subject, and that, while his accomplices in bribery and corruption were exposed and punished, he alone should show a brazen face and should continue with increased vigour his course of insatiate plunder, spreading the poison of evil to all classes and destroying the morals of youth. For many generations my family has acted as instructors of swordsmanship in Tokyo. I myself, indifferent as my accomplishments are, have devoted myself to the cause of education and have sought to promote the spirit of learning and of military science. I have also felt it a duty to spare no effort for the improvement of agriculture and of the manufacturing industry, though I am well aware that my abilities are an indifferent qualification for such a task." The writer added evidence to prove that he had had no personal dealings with his victim, and bore him no personal grudge whatever. He concluded: "If I now brave the pain of parting from my wife and children —pain as cruel as that of being torn asunder—if I face the voice of public opinion, if I ruin myself for the sake of killing this finished villain, it is because I cannot endure to see such an arch rascal as Hoshi Toru pursuing with fresh vigour his evil courses, as President of the Tokyo Educational Society teaching the youth to be corrupt and crooked, introducing demoralisation and disorder into the administration of Tokyo, and bringing misfortune upon all from the Emperor downwards. Thinking men, I ask you to appreciate and sympathise with the sincerity of my sentiments."

A copy of the foregoing had been posted to the *Nippon*—a leading native organ—before Iba proceeded to the fatal rendezvous, and he had also taken the additional precaution of divorcing his wife. The short sword with which the deed was committed had long been a precious heirloom in the assassin's family, and so great was the strength employed in driving it home that the point was actually broken. I make no apology for quoting at some length a document of such extraordinary psychological and racial interest. Iba Sotaro was clearly a man of otherwise irreproachable moral character, the superior of his victim, and in full possession of his senses. The crime was inspired by purely disinterested motives and carried out with a perfect appreciation of its consequences. But let us try to imagine an analogous incident in London or New York. If, say, a man of the standing of Sir John Gorst were to drop into the London County Council and cut down the President with a cavalry sabre in broad daylight, subsequently explaining that he had felt compelled to act in order to make a terrible example of a man whose personal reputation left a good deal to be desired, we should be furnished with a case not by any means unlike that which I have attempted to describe. When I add that public sympathy was freely extended to the assassin and that he was sentenced to penal servitude for life it will be seen that there is still some little difference between the ethical standards of Occident and Orient.

No account of this sanguinary incident would be

complete without a few words devoted to the character and career of the victim. Hoshi Toru was born in 1850, and was therefore fifty-one years of age at the time of his death. He early applied himself to literary pursuits, and in 1872 was appointed superintendent of customs at Kanagawa. He earned an unenviable notoriety among foreigners by his action in issuing orders to the police to prevent them from making use of private landing-places. The affair was ventilated in the courts and the superintendent exposed to even more unfriendly criticism because in one of his dispatches he spoke of the late Queen Victoria as *Nyo-ō* instead of *Nyo-tei*. The former simply means queen, whereas the latter term is the proper designation of an empress. Sir Harry Parkes, the "little tiger" of British Far Eastern diplomacy, exalted this discourtesy into a diplomatic question, and the offender was forced to seek fresh occupation. In 1874 he went to London, where he studied three years, and obtained his diploma as a barrister of the Middle Temple. On returning to Japan in 1877 he went in for politics, and in 1879 helped to establish the Liberal party. He also made one or two excursions into journalism of a somewhat advanced type until the Government discouraged further efforts by suspending his publications. Then a speech of his landed him in gaol for a season, on the quaint charge—very common in Japan—of bringing officials into contempt, although it often appears to an impartial onlooker that a good many officials need no extraneous aid in arriving at that delectable condition. After

his release he still persisted in his career of agitation, and in 1887 was expelled from Tokyo under the provisions of the Peace Preservation Law. Two years later he benefited by the declaration of amnesty which accompanied the promulgation of the Constitution, and so returned and was elected as Member of the House of Representatives for Tokyo prefecture and chosen President of the House, an office which he filled in the most able manner. His next appointment was that of Minister to Washington, and it was while thus engaged, if tradition does not lie, that he made a special study of the American political "boss" with a view to introducing his methods as a private monopoly into Japan. He returned in 1898 and amassed wealth with such unprecedented rapidity as to encourage the belief that "boodle" was in no small measure responsible. He helped Marquis Ito to organise the Seiyu-kai, and it was at a garden-party given at the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, during 1900, to celebrate the occasion, that I first made the personal acquaintance of this extraordinary man. He was of large physique for a Japanese, and credited with the possession of herculean strength, but his face was not by any manner of means prepossessing. Many of his more candid countrymen, indeed, were in the habit of instituting comparisons between Hoshi and the common toad, not at all complimentary to Hoshi. He seemed destined to arouse in the breasts of his contemporaries the extremes of two emotions—hatred and admiration—the former being exemplified by the *Mainichi* newspaper in a campaign

of scurrilous abuse to which even the "yellowest" of "yellow" journals in America rarely descends in the heat of a party campaign. He was freely accused of every kind of bribery and corruption as a member of the municipal administration of the capital, but the courts exonerated him, and he continued to wield despotic authority over the then Marquis Ito, as the *de facto* leader of the latter's new party, until the sword of Iba Sotaro cut him off in the heydey of his triumph. By a grim coincidence the two most striking figures on this memorable occasion fell at the hands of assassins, but as statesmen and patriots it would be an insult to the glorious memory of Prince Ito to search for points of resemblance. Prince Ito had his enemies, and many of them, but while those enemies during his lifetime never scrupled to calumniate him whenever opportunity offered, it is a noteworthy fact that never once was he seriously accused of pecuniary improbity. In a position to have piled up millions had he wished, it is notorious that he died a comparatively poor man, and that more than once during his life his friend and master the Emperor paid his debts. It was at this same garden-party that I was introduced to Marquis Ito and Marquis Yamagata, but, strangely enough, both these famous *Genro* showed themselves absurdly reticent and neglected to make me the recipient of any State secrets. Some newspapermen who subsequently met the former, then a prince, appear to have been more fortunate. In one case at least it is recorded that the late Prince, at some public

function, drew the favoured foreign scribe into a convenient alcove, and there, in obedience to that instinct which at times irresistibly compels confession, imparted to his flattered *vis-à-vis* his hopes and fears and ambitions for the future. His confidant showed the right spirit by declining to be equally communicative for the benefit of the general public, for he felt that he had been made the repository of weighty confidences the premature disclosure of which might shake the empire to its foundations. Thus we shall never know why a statesman, notoriously prone to keep his own counsel, should suddenly have taken it into his head to unburden his soul in a *tête-à-tête* with a foreigner. Perhaps if I were a trifle more imaginative I could recall one or two momentous utterances for my special benefit on the occasion of my meeting with the Marquis, but somehow they seem to have slipped my memory.

Reverting to Hoshi Toru. At the time of his assassination a correspondent writing to the *Japan Mail* described him as "a type of Tammany Hall with a cynicism which even the New York bosses would not dare to show publicly. And yet there was another side to his singularly complex character. He had many intellectual tastes. His private library contained no fewer than one hundred thousand volumes, and he read, not only English, but Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, and had begun to study German shortly before his death."

An anecdote which well illustrates his unscrupulous-

ness in an amusing and less vicious light than usual was once told me by the late editor and proprietor of the *Japan Herald* of Yokohama, Mr. H. Brooke, who died a good many years ago. Mr. Brooke, before he came to Japan, had had considerable political experience in the colony of Victoria, where he held for some time the portfolio of Lands and Works, and, having made the acquaintance of Hoshi in the early days of the Japanese Liberal party, was invited by that gentleman to attend a convivial gathering of that body and to honour the assemblage with a speech. Mr. Brooke, nothing loath, consented, and after the *sake* had been permitted to circulate freely, rose to his feet amid acclamation. As he could not speak Japanese he had brought an interpreter with him, but Mr. Hoshi undertook to act in his stead, and since Mr. Brooke was well aware that Mr. Hoshi spoke English fluently, he unsuspectingly acquiesced in this arrangement. The *modus operandi* was for Mr. Brooke to reel off a few hundred words or so in a batch and then to pause while Mr. Hoshi turned them into the vernacular. Mr. Brooke knew full well that these newly fledged Liberals were not in good odour with the Government, and that there were police spies in the vicinity eagerly awaiting a pretext for interference, and he therefore purposely refrained from giving utterance to any save the most conventional sentiments. Imagine, then, his surprise when, as Mr. Hoshi proceeded with his interpretation, the audience burst forth into thunders of applause. He remarked to Mr. Hoshi at the close of his oration

that the enthusiasm displayed seemed out of all proportion to the merits of the speech, but Mr. Hoshi smiled deprecatingly and assured Mr. Brooke that they esteemed it an honour and a privilege to listen to the views of so experienced a politician. They parted, and Mr. Brooke returned to the hotel with his interpreter, who, on their arrival, addressed him as follows:—

"I beg your pardon, sair, but Mr. Hoshi made a false interpretation of your speech. He did not say what you said!"

"What on earth for?" inquired Mr. Brooke, who had had his suspicions.

"He probably feared," rejoined the Japanese, "that if he made a radical anti-Government speech himself, he would be arrested, but as the police spies do not understand English they thought he was translating what you had said, and so they would not interfere. Mr. Hoshi is a very cunning man!"

Mr. Brooke was of a choleric temperament, and when he realised how he had been used to serve Mr. Hoshi's turn he referred to the founder of the political party in periods not strictly Pickwickian. But his troubles were not yet over. His supposed speech, reproduced by the newspaper reporters from Mr. Hoshi's Japanese version, appeared the next morning in cold, ideographic type, and evoked from the editor of another foreign journal of strong Japanese official sympathies a scathing criticism, in which Mr. Brooke was roundly condemned for having thus taken advantage of his immunity from

the laws applicable to these cases in order to deliver a political harangue of an inflammatory character ! Mr. Brooke's only witness being his interpreter, he chose to grin and bear the soft impeachment rather than make a fuss and confess how neatly he had been exploited by the ingenious Hoshi. Nor, so far as I can recollect, did he wear crape when he heard of Mr. Hoshi's tragic finale.

In closing this incomplete chapter on political assassination I should say that in addition to the crimes actually consummated there have been numerous unsuccessful attempts within recent years, notably the attack on Count Okuma in 1888, when in consequence of popular excitement evoked by his treaty revision proposals a fanatic hurled a bomb at his coach and inflicted injuries upon his leg that necessitated its amputation, and the attempted murder of the present Tsar, then Crown Prince of Russia, by a mad policeman at Otsu.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SOCK AND BUSKIN

THE colloquial Japanese for theatre is *shibai,* and means "grassplot." The derivation of the word is uncertain, but there is reason to believe that in early days representations took place in the open air, and the literary equivalent *ri-yen,* signifying "peach-orchard," would point to a similar origin. Without attempting to trace in Japanese fashion the pedigree of the theatre as far back as the mythological age, I will merely sketch as briefly as may be the known facts on the subject.

A young woman named Okuni, attached to a temple as a sacred dancer (*miko*), during the sixteenth century undertook a tour through the empire with the object of raising subscriptions for the repair of the famous Izumi Shinto temple. At Kyoto she performed a sort of mythological play symbolising the dance of the gods before the cave in which the Sun Goddess had hidden herself. Unfortunately for Okuni's reputation, scandal soon began to attach to her name, for it is recorded that she was something of a beauty, and so in the course of a few years we find her launched as a full-blown professional actress in Kyoto. It is surmised

"NO" DANCE, STYLED "MORI HISA."

[To face p. 28

that the plays then produced were recitations in character of primitive poems and folklore. Okuni used to perform these plays or dances on the dry bed of Tje River, to which fact may be ascribed the subsequent fashion of speaking of actors as *kawara-no-mono*, or "performers on a dry river-bed." The *No* dances antedate the modern drama, which Professor Chamberlain thinks is a development of the short *kyogen*, or farces with which the *No* were and are interspersed. The *No* have survived until the present day, and although somewhat tiresome in themselves to the uninitiated, possess a distinct antiquarian interest. The *No* are, in fact, a highly aristocratic distraction, entirely unintelligible to those who have not made them a special study, since the language of the chorus is the classical one of a bygone age. Besides the chorus there is an orchestra which evokes strains that to the barbarous Occidental are extremely weird; there is no scenery, but the actors are magnificently clad, and wear masks of the most hideous description, some of them of great age. Mr. Mitford defines the *No* as a kind of classical opera, performed on stages especially built for the purpose in the palaces of the principal nobles, and, he might have added, in connection with certain Shinto temples. In fact, it was on the occasion of the visit of one of the famous *No* companies to Yokohama —for even the *No* have become to a certain extent democratised during the Meiji era—that I sat out a performance for at least nine hours, at the well-known Noge temple. The choruses are intoned in a strange

recitative which sometimes rises to a squeal, not unlike the sounds which emanate from a tom-cat on the tiles, and again descends to the notes of the lower register, and appears to proceed from the singer's stomach. One's natural inclination to laugh is at once repressed on looking at the solemn faces of the members of the audience, to whom the *No* is no idle jest to while away an hour or so, but a cult to be cultivated and nurtured with the devotion of a lifetime. Every motion, every gesture of the actors is cut and dried, and one can readily believe that to memorise a series of such dances must entail an enormous amount of both physical and mental labour. I have even been told by a Japanese friend, now unfortunately no more, that in some of these dances the performer is supposed to keep himself continually covered with his fan in such a manner that a skilful fencer would not be able to detect an opening for attack. Apropos of this theory, he narrated the story of how a certain famous *No* dancer was once performing in the presence of the Shogun, and how in the midst of the dance he was seen suddenly to make a slip in an unaccountable fashion, while at the same moment a voice from the ranks of the spectators was heard to exclaim gleefully, "I've got him!" The speaker was an equally famous master of fence, who had been watching the performance from the beginning with lynx-like eyes in the faint hope of discovering a weak spot in the dancer's hypothetical defence. And then the unexpected happened, and, carried away by his pro-

fessional feelings, the fencer, mentally delivering the fatal thrust or cut, gave vent to the ejaculation above recorded. The poor *No* dancer, at the close of the performance, approached the Shogunal box, prostrated himself in the accepted style, and craved permission to explain how it was that he had been guilty of what must appear to the Shogun an unpardonable piece of maladroitness. He went on to say that while in the act of bringing off a more than usually difficult *pas* he had been disconcerted to notice that part of the stage had not been properly cleaned, and it was owing to the shock caused by this discovery that he had lost his head and blundered! In any event, he hastened to assure the Shogun of his willingness to atone for his offence by there and then committing *harakiri*, if the Shogun so desired. It is pleasant to be able to add that this final proof of professional enthusiasm was not exacted of him by his august master.

The subjects of the *No* are taken from the old folklore and national legends, and their literary form is said to be of the highest excellence. Among the more notable of the pieces inflicted upon me on the occasion referred to was the famous *Sumidagawa*, which tells how the child of a noble family in Kyoto was kidnapped by slave-dealers and carried off to Tokyo, but died and was buried on the banks of the Sumida River. The distracted mother sets off in search of her son, and on reaching the river overhears the passengers on the ferry speaking of the death of a kidnapped child some time before, and finally comes to a willow-tree where

the villagers are weeping over a grave. She questions them, and learns that the dead is none other than her son. She is distraught, and during the night the ghost of the child appears and holds converse with her; but when she seeks to embrace it, it vanishes into air, and she hears but the sighing of the breeze. No doubt the recital is pathetic in the original, but for me the ghastly white and inane mask of the actor who impersonated the mother spoilt all the poetry. When in the performance the mother would fain embrace her son, the youngster who played that rôle simply slipped under her outstretched arms and ran behind the stage property which represented the grave. The story, nevertheless, is supposed to be authentic and to belong to the tenth century, and to-day on the banks of the Sumida at Mukojima may be seen a small shrine erected in commemoration of the tragedy, and here a special service is held every 15th of March.

I attended the above-mentioned performance in the company of my Japanese teacher, himself an amateur *No* singer of some pretension. After a solid nine hours at the *No* theatre he must needs drag me off to his home and there condemn me to endure for another hour his own particular version of some of the unearthly strains to which I had been listening for so long. His younger brother squatted at the other side of the little Japanese table, and ably seconded the vocal efforts of his senior, the while I tried to look as intelligent and appreciative as the circumstances and my powers of dissimulation would permit. I have reason to believe that I succeeded.

A GIRL "NO" DANCER.

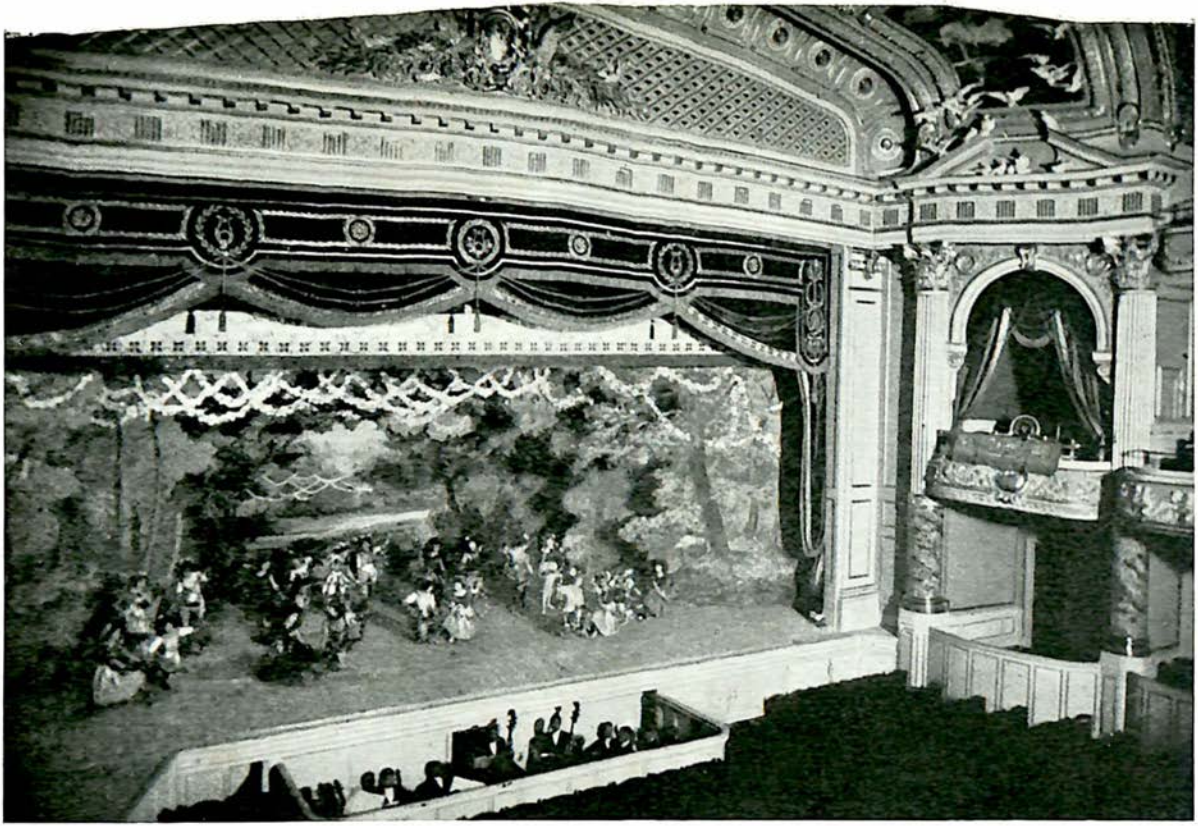
[To face p. 292.

The Sock and Buskin

The *No* "music" is reminiscent of not a little of the ultra-classical compositions of our own Occidental world in that it is deadly dull to the average person. Personally, having thus satisfied a curiosity which has more than once involved me in difficulties, I have never since invited a second ordeal of that description.

Although the Japanese theatre may be said to have been founded by a woman, it has since become virtually a monopoly of the male sex. It is true that nowadays there are few companies composed entirely of women, in deference to the former law which would not permit the sexes to perform together, but they enjoy no great reputation, and, save in the so-called *sēshi-shibai*, more correctly the *shin-engeki*, of which more anon, men and women are never seen in company on the stage. It is curious to observe that whereas the *No* actors have always enjoyed the highest reputation, it is only within comparatively recent years that the players in the popular theatres (*Shibai* or *Kabuki*) have begun to be recognised as human beings, inasmuch as in the old days they were denoted in all official documents by the auxiliary numerals used in counting animals. The insult inflicted by such a practice will scarcely be appreciated by readers unacquainted with the Japanese language. The actor was also forbidden to appear abroad without wearing a *mebakari-zukin*, or hood, which covered the head and face. Things are rather better nowadays, and the great actors of Japan are among the wealthiest and most popular subjects of the

Emperor. But although the theatre is generously patronised by the lower and middle classes, the more old-fashioned and refined scions of the *shizoku*, as the former *samurai* caste is now designated, are still loath to extend encouragement to a form of distraction which they regard as frivolous and even immoral. I myself have a Japanese friend who, despite the fact that he has travelled in Europe and America, speaks perfect English, and wears foreign clothes every day, will not enter a theatre himself nor permit his children to do so. His determination to adhere to this principle was strengthened many years ago, when as the representative of a leading metropolitan daily he was once induced to attend a gala performance at the Kabuki-za, where the late Danjuro, Japan's most famous modern actor, was cast for the leading rôle—the impersonation of a former Shogun. My friend, whom I will call Mr. S., arrived in good time, and occupied his box. The curtain was drawn aside and the play began. All went well until the entrance of the star, and then, carried away by the intense realism of the production, and more especially by the majesty of Danjuro's appearance and address as he stalked towards the footlights, poor Mr. S. forgot that it was all make-believe, and made a profound obeisance in his box and in the direction of the great actor! His feelings, when he realised what he had done, may be readily imagined. That he, a *samurai*, should have thus demeaned himself in honour of a plebeian, and a member of the despised class of Thespians at that, was none too pleasant a



THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Proscenium front.

reflection, and the "noisy laugh and ill-bred chaff" of his many male friends did not help to mend matters. He had his revenge by never again extending to the playhouse the smallest moral or material support, albeit forced to acknowledge the consummate art of the great Danjuro. Kikugoro, Sadanji, and Fukusuke are also well-known names on the Japanese boards. Kikugoro died in 1903, almost at the same time as the late Prince Komatsu.

The leading Japanese theatre in Tokyo has so far been the Kabuki-za, where the "legitimate" has its habitat. True the recently completed Imperial Theatre (Teikoku-za), referred to elsewhere in greater detail, may hereafter challenge it for first place, but still the Kabuki-za enjoys traditions which are in themselves an asset. The usual performance at this and other houses of the same school starts at 10 or 11 a.m. and lasts eight or nine hours, for some Japanese plays contain as many as sixteen acts. In fact, in this, as in other diversions, the Japanese like to make a day of it, and so they have their meals brought to them in the theatre. One reason assigned for the comparatively early closing of the Japanese theatre is that it tends to check immorality, since it is notorious that professional women in Japan, as well as others inclined to be "fast," frequently lose their heads over professional actors, and pursue them openly in the most unblushing manner. The actors, on their side, confine their love of romance to the stage, and off the boards are apt to set a very practical price upon their favours, for

which, sad to relate, too many infatuated women are prepared to pay.

In Europe and America one may drop in to a theatre casually, if one is not too late, and pass the evening there. Not so in Japan. The mania for surrounding the simplest acts of life with useless formalities is once again exemplified, and he who does not want to be looked down upon as a mere vulgarian will find it necessary to apply beforehand to the *chaya*, or tea-house, which is connected with every theatre—a sort of parasite which absorbs a big share of the profits for discharging functions which would seem properly to belong to the theatre itself. But in Japan etiquette is a remorseless tyrant, and apparently a theatrical manager would far rather "go bust," according to Hoyle, than refuse to let himself be robbed by these chartered bandits. So instead of going direct to the theatre and reserving a box, you must go to the tea-house a few steps away and there make all arrangements three or four days ahead, if the representation is at all popular. On the day appointed you are conducted to your box by the tea-house attendant, who waits upon you between the acts, and expects to be liberally tipped for his services. It is usual to supply a Japanese patron with a programme, a cushion, a tobacco fire-box, a pot of tea, cakes, lunch, fruit, and *sushi*—the latter a sort of sandwich made of rice and fish. At the Kabuki-za and some of the other larger houses foreigners are provided with chairs. The different sets of seats in a Japanese theatre are thus

named : There are the *sajiki*, or gallery boxes ; *udzura* or ground tier ; *takadoma*, or raised pit ; *hiradoma*, or level pit ; and the *oikomi*, or topmost gallery, where the *hoi polloi* most do congregate. *Oikomi* means "driven in" place, and well deserves its name, its patrons being commonly packed therein as tightly as sardines in a tin. They stand behind a grated pen, whence the stage is barely visible. The price of a gallery box (*sajiki*) averages about 5 yen 50 sen, say a little more than ten shillings, of a raised pit box 4.50 yen, and of the boxes on the ground floor (*hiradoma*) 3.70 yen.

The two most distinctive features of the inside of the Japanese theatre are the *hana-michi* ("flower-path") and the *mawari-butai* (revolving stage). The former is a raised wooden platform branching off on either side of the auditorium and serving as an alternative means of exit and entrance for the actors, in addition to the wings. The latter is what its name implies—*i.e.*, a sort of turn-table comprising a big section of the stage floor, on which two different scenes can be built up, the second being exhibited with scarcely a moment's delay by simply causing the stage to revolve and carry off the actors and properties of the first scene. The curtain (*maku*) in first-class theatres is drawn sideways, but in second and third-rate houses is rolled up much the same as in Europe. It is the fashion for the admirers of a celebrated actor to present him with a curtain beautifully decorated, and such gifts frequently cost hundreds of yen. The adoption

of electricity and other foreign appliances has led to remarkable improvements in stage scenery, which to-day can challenge comparison with that of the West in not a few departments. Anything more horribly realistic than a Japanese stage killing it would be difficult to imagine. Japanese spectators demand plenty of gore for their money, and they get it.

Mr. Suteta Takashima, an authority on Japanese theatricals, states that actors are classified on the basis of the parts they act, chief among which are *Aragotoshi* (rough characters), *Jitsugotoshi* (historical characters representing loyalty or chivalry), and *Jitsuakashi* (wicked characters). "Female parts," says he, "are acted by men. It was in the beginning of the seventeenth century that women were prohibited from appearing on the stage along with men. The above remark does not mean that there are no actresses in Japan; as a matter of fact there are, but the two sexes could not in olden days, and do not at present, perform together on the same stage. The training and discipline undergone by actors who play the rôle of women are beyond adequate description. It is not enough that they are made the very image of women, by means of facial make-up, dress, and toilet, but, more still, their manners and action must reflect those of the fair sex. It is natural that from childhood they should be placed as much as possible in female society, and while at home they put on female dress and are disciplined until the last trace of masculine proclivities is obliterated. The *Onnagata*, or impersonators of female characters, wield

MR. HOSHO SHIN.
Impersonating "Benkei."

To face p. 298.

no mean influence in the guild of actors, this fact being shown by the principal positions their names occupy in programmes. No green-room but theirs is locked from the inside, and no other actors can enter without first asking the permission of the occupant. Dancing is considered the first and last qualification of an actor, and it is to this end alone that his early training is directed. Of course a novice must perform a humble part in a play; he usually makes his debut as *Uma-no-ashi,* or 'horse's leg'! On the stage in Japan, the employment of a real horse being out of the question, a framework is used representing the head and body of the animal with the poor actors serving as its legs! Those born in theatrical families are spared such an ordeal, but to others who have no pedigree to save them the apprenticeship to the stage is not very smooth sailing."

This humble rôle has passed into a proverb, to wit, *Bakyaku wo arawasu* ("to disclose a horse's legs")—*i.e.*, one's natural form is bound sooner or later to reveal itself, however much one may try to conceal it.

An actor of the calibre of Danjuro earns an enormous income for Japan. His regular fee for an engagement of three or four weeks will sometimes be 5,000 yen, or £500. Reckoning four runs a year, it will be seen that he can easily make 20,000 yen, or £2,000. On the other hand, an actor's expenses are correspondingly great, and most members of the profession are said to be in debt.

The popular taste lends itself to a heavy tragedy,

the historical play based upon some authentic case of loyalty or revenge being highly esteemed. Chikamatsu's version of the story of the forty-seven *ronin* (*Chiushingura*) who in Yedo at the end of the seventeenth century avenged their lord's judicial suicide is a universal favourite. There is usually an orchestra, and a soloist as chorus (*joruri*), which reminds one of descriptions of the Greek drama as well as of the *No* already described. The strange falsetto which is the Japanese substitute for singing is always painful to foreign ears, though it has power to move the female portion of the audience to tears. One of the special functions of this chorus is to narrate in convulsive recitative the mental processes of the actors, thus sparing them the necessity of thinking aloud as is the case with us. The *pièce de résistance* is often preceded by a kind of curtain-raiser, or *maye-kyogen*, commonly broad farce.

The language of the classical drama is an archaic form of Japanese, unintelligible even to foreigners who are thoroughly conversant with the colloquial. To understand a Japanese play one must be familiar with the incidents, manners, and customs with which it deals, in addition to the mere grammatical form and vocabulary of the piece. Without denying the great histrionic talent of actors like the late Danjuro and Sandanji, I must confess that, as in the *No*, the manufactured stage voice and stilted gestures, whether a faithful reflection of the old-fashioned Japan or not, are to me a source of irritation. The costumes are superb, and

SCENE FROM "SAKURA-SHIGURE."

[To face p. 100.

the value of the Japanese drama as a mirror of the ancient régime can scarcely be overrated.

In the next chapter I devote some attention to the rise of the new-style drama in Japan, but I may say here that many of the best Japanese judges are themselves alive to the shortcomings of the old classical school, which is but ill adapted to the intellectual and moral needs of the rising generation. One Koda Rohan, an eminent novelist, as interpreted by the famous Japanologue Mr. Walter Dening, in the *Japan Chronicle*, says in this context: "Judged by high standards, Japanese acting to-day is very poor. But this is to be attributed to the fact that stage-acting, like so many other things in this country, is now in a state of transition. Progress is slow because the majority of the people who habitually frequent theatres are essentially conservative, and prefer to see their old historical plays acted according to traditional rules. To obtain new dramas and new actors is no easy thing. It must be borne in mind, too, that to numerous actors Western methods of acting do not commend themselves at all. Now, to get rid of all these actors at a stroke is impossible, as the men to replace them are not to be had. To convince them that their acting is out of date and that they must alter it is very difficult. Hence the slow progress made. But there are some changes demanded by the present age which, though not impracticable by any means, are not effected by the managers of theatres. Why, for instance, are the performances stretched out over so many hours in these

busy times? This practice keeps many people away from the theatre. Then, since acting is an appeal to the eye, an appeal to the ear, and an appeal to the heart, it is important that those who cater for the public in this fortieth year of Meiji should realise that Japanese eyes, Japanese ears, and the Japanese mind are not what they were half a century ago, and that hence what amused theatre-goers in Tokugawa times is to-day deemed wearisome. The want of new plays being keenly felt, the fashion occasionally followed in the West of making ordinary works of fiction serve the purpose of dramas has been adopted here; but the result in most cases has been far from satisfactory. Only a few of the many novels that have been published in recent times lend themselves to treatment of this kind. In stage-acting the appeal to the heart is often made very powerful by stage scenery, music, gestures, and the like. It is not the spoken word only, but the sights and sounds that precede, follow, or accompany them that produce a strong impression on the minds of the audience. Now, in many of the attempts to adapt fiction to reproduction on the stage, this has been entirely overlooked—with disastrous results. Some modern actors are neither well versed in old ways of acting nor in the new style which is gradually being introduced. In theatres like the Hongo-za where there is a strong prejudice against the Tokugawa style of acting, the extemporised substitute for it ignores most of the canons of histrionic art. But I am convinced of one thing, and that is, that stage-acting is pro-

SCENE FROM "TOYOTOMO TEN-SHU-NI."

[To face p. 302.

gressing, though the progress be slow. The old-style actors are gradually disappearing. As time goes on, new dramas, representing modern Japan and its new views of life, will take the place of the historical plays, which have lost much of their significance and interest to the men and women of to-day."

Analogously, Dr. Inouye compares the Japanese and Western stages to the disadvantage of the former. In regard to operas, operettas, and ballets, he rightly asserts that Japan has nothing worthy of comparison with the productions of Wagner and other composers. "Our *kappore*, though possessing a few points of resemblance to Western ballets, is lacking in dignity and refinement. The *miyako-odori* and the *sansha-shigure* approach nearer the foreign ballet, but they are wanting in spirit and 'go.' Japanese dancing consists too exclusively of mere posturing, bending to the right and to the left, extending the limbs in this fashion or that, the hands playing the principal part and the feet being used only to keep time, which is done in a grotesquely noisy fashion. In foreign ballet-dancing the adroit use of the feet is the main feature, and it is far more exciting to watch than our attitude-striking stage performances. We have only one ballet-dance that may be said to be permeated with energy, and that is the *sambaso*, but this is quite an exceptional performance." This testimony from a qualified Japanese is very interesting as an offset to certain attempts on the part of former foreign writers to prove how infinitely superior to our own dancing is the

Japanese in all that pertains to true refinement, imagination, and poetry of motion.

The same expert protests against the way in which tragedy is overdone on the Japanese stage. "Our actors are not content with mere killing; they must add every horror attached to a slow and painful death that ingenuity can invent. After being covered with blood from the wounds received, a man deliberately begins to disembowel himself, and does not die until he has made the audience quite sick with the sights witnessed. The everlasting appeal to our pensive feelings on the Japanese stage is unwholesome and wearisome, and as for the tragical scenes that appear on our boards, their tendency is to encourage cruelty by familiarising audiences with revolting sights. In regard to those plays whose chief design is to give pleasure to the audience, it seems to be thought in this country that it is impossible to attain the object in view otherwise than by the introduction of scenes between men and women that are quite indecent. This is an entire mistake. . . . There are many serious objections to our practice of assigning women's parts to men. There is little doubt that it has a demoralising effect upon the audience. The class of women that are cleverly imitated by our actors are mostly persons of loose morals, and the effect of such acting is to elicit the admiration of young girls for heroines whose characters are unworthy of imitation. I should like to see the practice of men taking women's parts entirely abolished."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE JAPANESE THESPIAN UP TO DATE

As intimated in the foregoing chapter, a rival to the classical school of acting has sprung up of recent years in the so-called *sōshi-shibai* which seeks to depict life as it really is, in contradistinction to the rigid conventionalism which reigns supreme in the old-style historical drama, and, as it were, dictates every movement of the limbs and features, and every vocal modulation, not in accordance with Nature as Nature is known to be, but in deference to canons of art which imply that the ancient Japanese was an unqualified abnormality. Thus in the latter-style drama the hero who makes his exit along the "flower-path" does not walk like any human being in twentieth-century life, but with a preposterous stride in which the feet are extended and raised to the greatest possible altitude and held there almost to the limit of human endurance, while between every stride the entire frame is shaken as though in the throes of an exaggerated ague. It is true that the old-time *samurai* did affect a special kind of gait on state occasions, but the classical actor's reproduction of the same has been

carried to the last degree. Now, in the case of the *sōshi-shibai*, or better, the *shin-engeki*, to give it its more refined and literary title, these stereotyped tricks have been abandoned, together with the special language in which this classical drama is couched, the "vulgar" speech of every-day existence having been adopted instead. There is, in short, apparent a very real effort to hold the mirror up to Nature. The acknowledged leaders of the new school are Mr. Kawakami Otojiro and his wife, now universally known as Madame Sado Yacco, who evoked such a furore in the West some years ago. But although the modern school has recognised the principle of actresses for female rôles, the dearth as yet of actresses operates as a grave drawback which time alone can remove. Thus the new school is still compelled to avail itself in no small degree of the services of men for female parts as in the classical school. It is only fair to add that the wonderful fidelity with which a Japanese impersonator of female rôles can imitate the original almost, though not quite, reconciles one to the practice. The head-dress, of course, is a comparatively simple matter. Japanese actors are likewise adepts at reproducing the swan-like curve of a generously powdered neck emerging from a loosely fitting garment—this particular fashion of adjusting a woman's *haori*, often affected by geisha and prostitutes, being technically known as *nuki-emon*. The mincing gait of a Japanese girl, in which the legs must not be allowed to protrude beyond the edge of the kimono, is also mimicked

with amusing realism, and, what is most remarkable, even the female voice is so faithfully imitated that a foreigner, going to a Japanese theatre for the first time, finds it hard to believe that he is not gazing upon the genuine article.

I undertook, not long ago, to take a friend to see a sample of the new school drama. The scene was Kyoto, and as we were both strangers in the city we had with us an officious jinrikisha-man, whom I will name Gombei, to act as guide.

At the door the sum of fifty sen each was demanded for admission to the gallery after eight p.m.—a palpable squeeze, unless the retention of our boots may be said to have constituted sufficient justification for the fee, which would have secured us a capital seat in an English provincial theatre. We were provided with a couple of rickety chairs, placed immediately behind a middle-aged woman, who had deposited her baby on the mats in front of us in such a position that we narrowly escaped unintentional infanticide as without more ado we took our seats. We were, however, prevented from giving our undivided attention to the proceedings on the stage by constant fear lest the native playgoers, not infrequently the worse for *sake*, should in seeking ingress and egress reduce that unoffending infant to a pulp before our eyes. The mother herself appeared less deeply moved by this probable contingency. As soon as we had had time to compose our ruffled feelings we began to look towards the stage. The scene was evidently intended

to represent a private room in a restaurant. Several men and women were seated on mats at the back of the apartment, while in the foreground was a short and thick-set male figure clad in *hakama* and obviously in the throes of a *kembu*, or sword-dance.

"I suppose," said my companion, "he's the funny man of the piece, and that what he's doing now is a sort of comic breakdown?"

A convulsive spasm seized me. "Good heavens! No!" was my shocked reply. "He's in deadly earnest. Look at the spectators."

Sure enough, not a ghost of a smile was visible in any part of the house. Everybody save ourselves was apparently deeply impressed by the gravity of the situation.

Certainly the dancer displayed considerable agility and dexterity in the reckless manner in which he handled his dangerous weapon. As he darted from one side of the stage to the other and performed various other complicated evolutions, a second party squatting not far away seemed in imminent peril of an apoplectic seizure as he chanted a ditty replete with bloodthirsty sentiments.

Owing to our late arrival we experienced some difficulty in gathering up the broken threads of the plot, but by dint of questioning a communicative and an obliging "god" behind me, I was able to make sense out of what followed. No lover of Adelphi melodrama could have asked for anything more typical of that school. Many terrible things had happened before

our arrival. The bee-yu-ti-ful daughter of a Tokyo nobleman had been chloroformed and outraged in the waiting-room of a railway-station, at a late hour, and robbed of a ring—the gift of her husband—by the villainous head of a gang of robbers. Questioned by her father and husband to explain the disappearance of the ring, she had resorted to all sorts of subterfuges to avoid a full confession, and had meanwhile commissioned certain faithful retainers, among others a maid-servant, to seek out the villain and induce him, if possible, to return the ring. The villain had been found, but, true to his villainous nature, had firmly refused to surrender the prize for any smaller consideration than 10,000 yen. The persecuted beauty had managed to raise the greater part of this amount, but the villain remained deaf to all entreaties and held out for his complete pound of flesh. He was the real thing, in spite of his Japanese dress. One scene was the billiard-room of a "swagger" restaurant. The table and accessories reminded one of those so faithfully described in the famous Gilbertian lines :—

"The billiard sharp whom any one catches
His doom's extremely hard—
He's made to dwell
In a dungeon cell
On a spot that's always barred;
And there he plays extravagant matches,
In fitless finger stalls,
On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue
And elliptical billiard balls."

The female emissary of the nobleman's daughter was here trying to appeal to the villain's better nature, but as she fell at his feet bathed in tears, he calmly rolled a cigarette and puffed rings into the surrounding atmosphere. The faithful servitor left the room in despair, and a few minutes later the husband of the persecuted beauty, accompanied by some friends, entered and prepared to indulge in a quiet game. The villain seemingly enjoyed the acquaintance of one of the friends, and was invited to participate. He consented, and was chalking his cue when the husband caught sight of his wife's ring on the villain's finger. "Stop!" he cried. "Where did you get that ring?"

No modern stage villain could have behaved better under such trying conditions. Our particular villain replied in smooth, deliberate accents: "If there were no objection to giving you the information you seek, I would gladly comply with your request, but as objections do exist, I must ask you to excuse me."

After this the party broke up in confusion, though the audience were clearly disappointed at the absence of a "rough and tumble" there and then.

There were plenty of minor incidents in the piece, including a casual murder by a famous lady of easy virtue. She, it seems, was by way of variety a pickpocket as well as a *fille de joie*, and often contrived to relieve her patrons of any loose cash or other valuables they might chance to have in their possession. The actor who played this part was excellent, and

my companion could with difficulty be persuaded that he was really a man in woman's clothing. The coquettish air with which "she" sought to wheedle one old dotard, who had clearly looked too long upon the *sake*-cup, into placing his spare coin in her safe-keeping, with a shrill "*Oashi wo adzukete o oki nasai yo!*" ("Leave your money with me!"), was perfectly convincing. But beneath this silken exterior lurked the ferocity of the tigress, as was shown when a male go-between, having witnessed one of her many thefts, demanded a fair share of the spoils. She refused, and as the angry man sprang forward to seize her, drew a dagger from her breast and resisted the attack. Then began a splendid stage struggle. At one moment it would appear as if nothing could save the go-between from a mortal wound, but at the critical moment he would elude the blow and seize the woman's wrist. She in turn would squirm out of his grasp like a snake, dart away, and as suddenly return to the attack. Then the go-between captured the dagger, but she at once produced another, and the struggle was renewed. A second later one of the woman's accomplices—a brawny virago—rushed from the wings and seized the go-between from behind, and the blood-thirsty *oiran* promptly smote him between the ribs. At this dreadful juncture the thick-set sword-dancer already referred to appeared on the scene armed with a cudgel, and "went for" both women. The second fight was even more exciting than the first, as the new-comer was an exponent of *jujutsu*, and illustrated

some astonishing methods of attack and defence, at one time turning a species of somersault clean over the head of one of his opponents. As he was hard pressed a friend came to his assistance, and as the curtain was drawn the spectators caught a glimpse of the two vixens struggling vainly to escape from involved strangle-holds.

In the final scene we saw the law of retribution exemplified on much the same lines as in any Western tragi-comedy appealing to the moral instincts of the gallery. The counter-plot against the villain had palpably thickened, and another faithful servitor of the nobleman's daughter sought another interview with him in some public place not easily identifiable, but where, nevertheless, they argued the point at the top of their voices, free from interruption. The faithful servitor endeavoured once more to touch the villain's better nature. He reminded him of his comparatively innocent youth, and pictured in eloquent language the sorrow and anxiety to which he had exposed his loving parents by his evil courses. The faithful servitor's voice fairly quivered with emotion, but the villain, after cynically repelling all overtures, suddenly rose to his feet and presented a revolver at the head of his mentor. The latter as quickly reciprocated, shots were exchanged, and a moment later the two men were locked in a deadly embrace... The spectators were treated to some more *jujutsu*, until the faithful servitor secured a firm seat astride his adversary's abdomen and a comfortable "choke-lock" on the collar of his *haori*.

" Confess," he thundered, " where you have hidden that ring, or I will strangle you outright ! "

That virtue on the Japanese stage is every whit as popular as in Europe was proved by the volley of adjurations from all parts of the house to " scrag " the villain out of hand and have done with him. But the villain was not even yet destitute of resource, for, catching his confident antagonist unawares, he adroitly threw one leg across his neck and hurled him from his point of vantage. But just as he was preparing to render the faithful servitor's insurance policy negotiable the ubiquitous sword-dancer dashed forward from the wings and put a bullet through him. As so often happens on the stage, though less frequently in real life, unfortunately, approaching dissolution wrought an instantaneous reformation of character, and the villain with his dying breath revealed where he had put the ring.

Far more ambitious than the crudities of the foregoing have been Mr. Kawakami's Shakespearean productions, sometimes in Japanese garb and at others as faithful to the original as circumstances have permitted. To the former category belonged his " Othello," which was staged at Meiji Theatre, Tokyo, early in 1903. A literal representation of the tragedy would have been a remarkable undertaking, but foreign expectations in this regard were doomed to disappointment ; for it was announced that the acting version prepared by a well-known literary man named Emi Suiin had completely denationalised and modernised the original, transferring the scene from Cyprus to

Formosa, transforming the characters from Italians into Japanese, and lastly, making Othello, not a noble Moor but a Japanese general.

Nevertheless a playbill of huge dimensions proclaimed the following in English "as she is Japped" :—

"'Othello' to be produced here by our mr Kawakami and Madam Sada Yacco, is the adaptation from Shakespeare's play whivh they have seen the performance in Europe where they have engaged with their troupe previous year, and learned about the art of the acting much differing from our conventional. No foreigner ever had such a good opportunity as this time to see Shakespeare's drama in its almost original form in Japan, because it is the first experience to us to play the Poet's work. In the play, Kawakami appears as the Moor and Madam Sada Yacco as Desdemona. If any foreign audience should like to see the costumes and the dressing-rooms in the theatre, pleasse communicate to Mr. Kawakami or Madam Sada Yacco, they will be kind enough to Show them and give explanation about them."

A little more realism in this part of the enterprise would not have been unwelcome. The independent spirit of the Japanese is displayed in such details. Recovering from the initial shock, my companion and I turned our attention to the play and speedily realised that the bard had been treated with scant ceremony. Florence was Tokyo, Cyprus Formosa, as already stated ; the noble Moor a Japanese general appointed Governor of the island ; the fair Desdemona was, of

course, a Japanese, and her name Tonome ; her father, Brabantio, appeared as Count Fura ; Cassio was Major Katsu Yoshio ; Iago, Lieutenant Iya Gozo ; Emilia, Omiya ; Bianca, a *geisha* called Biaka, &c., the resemblance in nomenclature being ingeniously contrived. Ignorance of Occidental history and geography, and the unpronounceable character of foreign names for the average Japanese served as Mr. Kawakami's justification for this disguised "Othello." The weakest feature in the adaptation was probably the commonplace colloquial which retained not a trace of Shakespearean majesty ; but another was the familiarity—so foreign to every native convention—that existed between the heroine Tonome and Major Katsu Yoshio, and which must have been presupposed to exist in order to furnish Lieutenant Iya Gozo with the weapon needed to destroy his rival. Again, would a Satsuma man, and a soldier at that, indulge in public exhibitions of jealousy, or permit that passion to move him to the most undignified physical demonstrations? General Muro finally slays Tonome with a sword instead of strangling her, and is allowed to commit *seppuku* instead of simply stabbing himself as Othello does. For the rest, however, the acting was excellent, and the production achieved a popular success, the theatre being packed nightly for a protracted run.

During recent years theatres in foreign style have begun to make their appearance, although their number is as yet limited. Mr. Kawakami has his own house at Osaka, and in Tokyo there are two establishments

of the kind, one, known as the Yuraku-za, being planned upon a somewhat modest scale, whereas the latest effort, named the Teikoku-za, or Imperial Theatre, is a structure which would not disgrace any capital of the West. It is situated in one of the most attractive districts of the city, fronting the moat which encircles the Imperial Palace grounds, and can claim some architectural distinction, although it must be added that the interior, illustrated in this book, is infinitely more impressive. The total cost of the theatre was only 600,000 yen (£60,000), but it is safe to assert that a similar structure in Europe or America would involve almost double the expense. The architect was a Mr. Yokokawa, of Tokyo, who completed a seven-months tour of Western countries in order to make a special study of foreign theatrical designs before undertaking the task. As a result, this playhouse leaves little to be desired on the score of comfort and the adoption of the most up-to-date mechanical contrivances which contribute to those optical illusions for which the public is always prepared to pay handsomely. The seating capacity of the auditorium itself is only 1,600, so that the Imperial cannot be said to rank among the biggest playhouses of the world; but on the other hand, a large portion of space has been devoted to first and second class buffets on the second and third floors, to special waiting-rooms for Imperial and other distinguished visitors, a sumptuous dining-room, foyer, cloak-rooms, and so forth. A Japanese flavour has been retained by the choice of national

themes for the mural paintings and the decoration of the drop curtain; while another clever contrivance is the "flower-path" which can be installed or removed at short notice, according to whether the production is to be Japanese or foreign. The "turn-table" device has also been preserved on the stage, which is somewhat wider than the ordinary Western model, being sixty feet across and fifty-five feet deep. Yet another concession to native custom takes the form of a chair in the better parts of the house, which can be adjusted in a moment for the Japanese or foreign method of sitting down; while in the topmost gallery cushioned benches and mats only are provided.

This enterprise is in the hands of a joint-stock company headed by Baron Shibusawa, and does not stop here. Fully alive to the futility of providing a theatre without actors and actresses to perform in it, and also with a view to furthering the movement in favour of substituting women for men in female rôles, the promoters have established a special school for actresses in connection with the new theatre. What is more important and significant, the students of this school are not being recruited from the waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of society, but from among the élite—the daughters of prominent Japanese families who, after graduation, will be allowed to play only at the Imperial Theatre. The majority of these young ladies began their training under Madame Sada Yacco, who also conducts a private school for actresses, and are now being taught by the celebrated actor

Biiko. A foretaste of their quality was enjoyed, perhaps for the first time, by Mr. Robert Porter, of the London *Times*, when that gentleman was last in Japan, a company of young actresses from the new school performing for his benefit in the theatre attached to the Kojunsha Club a piece entitled *Adzuma Kagami Benifuda Zoshi*, written by a Mr. Torakiko Migita specially for the new Imperial Theatre. The leading rôle on this occasion was taken by a Miss Mori, daughter of a well-known barrister and Member of Parliament. The closing item of the programme was a dance in which fourteen comely maidens participated —an effort superb in its costuming and replete with typical Japanese grace. Dancing in foreign style, indeed, ranks as an important item of the new curriculum.

Unfortunately, the experiment of staging plays with girls of good family in the feminine rôles is not being allowed to proceed without savage criticism from a group of inveterate reactionaries who object to all innovations. Legitimate criticism is always wholesome, but in this case the hospitality of the columns of supposedly reputable newspapers and magazines is extended to degenerates who deluge innocent and unoffending girls with the foulest abuse. The terms in which the victims are referred to are in many instances so abominably obscene that their public reproduction in any Occidental language would inevitably lead to legal proceedings. Yet in a land the rulers of which are so solicitous for the suppression and control of

so-called "dangerous thoughts" that even academic discussion is often fettered, complete immunity seems to be enjoyed by these literary vultures to batten upon offal. As an instance of the sort of thing I mean it may be said that not long ago Miss Mori, the leading actress of the Imperial Theatre already mentioned, whose father, too, is a well-known Tokyo barrister, was pilloried by name in the *Central Review* in the manner described. Such a frenzied outburst of filthy vituperation it has never been my lot to note in any other country, more especially where the other sex is concerned. It was hard to believe that the writer could be sane and at large. More wonderful still, these disgusting libels were allowed to pass without protest or punishment, despite the professional status of the principal victim's father. In America a similar episode, supposing it to be possible, would probably involve the shooting or thrashing of the editor of the organ guilty of such an offence, if the actual criminal could not be found, by some relative or friend of the lady; but in Japan, in cases of this kind, it is rarely if ever that anybody can be found to champion the cause of a mere woman.

Among the more notable efforts of the new dramatic school to improve the national taste must be mentioned an admirable performance of Gogol's marvellous comedy *Revisor* by a company of actors at the Yuraku-za some time ago. With the exception of certain condensations necessitated by the length of the original, the production was a faithful Japanese trans-

lation from the Russian. The Russian costumes of the day of which the immortal Russian satirist wrote were faithfully reproduced, and although the performance was not free from inevitable shortcomings, the leading rôles were very cleverly represented, and the humour of the situations met with a ready response from a series of crowded houses. I learned subsequently that some of this success was due to the kindly co-operation of a young Russian student at the Tokyo Imperial University, one Mr. Yeliseeff, who, thanks to a wonderful command of Japanese, which he has acquired in less than three years, was able to coach the actors with perfect ease. The company responsible for this production appears to have a preference for Russian plays, having just before this staged a Japanese version of Chekoff's *Bear*, also with considerable success.

A practice of which Japanese dramatists would do well to rid themselves as soon as possible is that of stealing plots from foreign plays without the smallest acknowledgment. Two flagrant instances have come under my own personal observation, and no doubt there are many others. On one occasion the Kawakami troupe produced a play the entire *motif* of which had been taken bodily from Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," albeit with a Japanese setting as in the Japanese version of "Othello," but in this case without credit to the original. Again, the triumphant opening of the new Imperial Theatre must needs be marred by a similar violation of literary etiquette. The *tour de*

force of an elaborate programme was a comedy entitled *Saiai no Tsuma* ("My Dearest Wife"), in two acts by a Mr. Matsui. Towards the middle of the first act I fell to wondering where I had met with incidents of a similar nature until, as the song says, "it suddenly dawned upon me" that I was listening to an ingenious réchauffé of—what do you suppose?—Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"! One had to do violence to one's imagination to bring oneself to believe that a Japanese lady of high rank could act as did the heroine of this ingenious adaptation. In Japan one does not often hear a daughter contradict her father, pull a lackey by the ear, or slap her fiancé's face; but if one could swallow these initial improbabilities the situations were sufficiently amusing. When later the Japanese Petruchio—a "high-collar" baron with a foreign-style villa at Kamakura—began to discipline the Japanese Katharina, to bully the servants, throw the dishes about, drive hence the tailor and haberdasher, and sing snatches of native melody (?) while wooing slumber on an ottoman, one began to feel more at home. I would not go so far as to say that Japanese husbands are in the habit of doing these things, but at least if one of the twain must cut up rough it is more usually the Japanese husband than the Japanese wife. Imitation is said to be the sincerest form of flattery, but it would be still more flattering if it were acknowledged.

CHAPTER XIX

THE JAPANESE ETERNAL FEMININE

"You may call it a Japanese craze—a craze,
You may say a weak mind it betrays—betrays;
But go to Japan, and see O Yu Cha San,
And you'll have it the rest of your days."

THUS warbled a United States naval officer who was badly smitten with the charms of the fairer sex of Japan. If another mere man may be permitted to "add his sum of more to that which has too much" already in the way of literature on this subject, I would say that, in my opinion, the Japanese woman is in many respects the chief glory of the nation. Of course, like Mrs. Solomon, there are a good many rows of her, and it would be asking entirely too much of human nature to expect that every Japanese girl or woman should be a Venus for beauty and a Diana for chastity; but whether virtuous or "immoral," in the narrow sense of a W.C.T.U. or a Christian Endeavour Society, it must be said of her, in these days of militant suffragettes of forbidding aspect, that she is essentially feminine. Whereas, on the one hand, curses both loud and deep are the usual portion of

JAPANESE GIRL PLAYING THE GEKKIN.

[To face p. 322.

the Japanese male, when his characteristics begin to be discussed at the daily round-up before the club bars of Yokohama and Kobe, the merits and demerits of the Japanese female, if submitted to a similar symposium, on the other, would most decidedly elicit a consensus of opinion in her favour. Such a tribunal may not be entitled to vast respect as a court of highest instance, but at least its decisions usually reflect fairly faithfully current opinion among foreigners in Japan. A verdict from this source, on the side of the Japanese women, is invested with some additional value from the fact that the judges can have had very little experience of higher-class types; and it must be frankly said that with rare exceptions the relations between the normal foreigner and the lower-class Japanese women are not confined to the intellectual plane. The majority, then, of foreigners admit the charm of the Japanese girl. On the other hand, there is a minority whose members are not attracted by her, but they are commonly men of ultra-Occidental type, who live entirely aloof from all Japanese influences, and who, at the end of many years' residence, may return to Europe or America knowing far less about the country and its people than might have been acquired by a stay-at-home from the most superficial perusal of a guide-book on Japan, Murray's for preference.

Much of the Japanese girl's charm may be due to contrast. The new-comer, accustomed to associate with women who ride bicycles, play tennis, row, hunt, shoot,

travel, and, in short, strive to compete with the man at every turn, often succumbs without delay to the fascination of their antithesis. Stern necessity has taught the Japanese woman the lesson of self-effacement, and in one sense, perhaps, her gentle and submissive manners, which appeal so powerfully to many tourists and residents, are in reality a serious indictment of Japanese chivalry. Needless, perhaps, to add, this appraisement has reference only to the "non-professional" woman, not to the *geisha* or to the representative of the *demi-monde*, although even these contrive to retain infinitely more femininity than their Occidental sisters.

Physically, however, the Japanese woman leaves much to be desired. Dr. C. H. Stratz, in a work entitled *The Forms of the Human Body in Japanese Art and Life*, specifies the requirements of female beauty in Japan to be as follows: a tall and slender shape, long and narrow face, almond-shaped eyes, a long and narrow nose, slender arms, long and narrow hands, narrow chest and slender body, and long, thin legs. Broad hips are considered a great defect. There is thus a radical difference between the Occidental and Japanese conceptions of female beauty, and there are not wanting foreigners prepared to argue that the Japanese standard is correct! Personally, I still remain enough of a European to prefer the Occidental standard, one reason being that it typifies a healthy animal. The Japanese type, on the contrary, is essentially anæmic, and while no doubt "refined," to my mind it is one

THE JAPANESE BOW.

[To face p. 324.

that should not be encouraged in the interests of the physical wellbeing of the race. It is quite conceivable, indeed, that the Japanese ideal of female beauty, conjoined with unhygienic habits of life, has helped to produce the comparatively stunted Japanese physique. Things might have been much worse than they are if the evils inseparable from this false standard had not been and were not being modified by gymnastic exercises in the schools and the system of conscription. Moreover, although the classical female type has won theoretical approval, yet in practice there must have been numerous deviations, since human beauty is generally scarce. Besides, tastes differ even in Japan, and less favoured ladies in the past married and begot children, as well as those diaphanous creatures who have been immortalised by misguided artists. It is lucky for Japan that they did.

Racial partiality has really very little to do with the question. A Japanese doctor, equally with his foreign confrère, knows full well that pallid cheeks, contracted chest, narrow shoulders, narrow hips, thin arms and legs do not in either sex indicate health and strength. The man of science, therefore, and not the patriot, is the champion of the Occidental type. The pretty neck and shoulders—seen from behind—for which Japanese women are noted, and which are primarily due, it is said, to the national way of sitting, are purchased at too high a rate. Dr. Stratz himself includes among the physical defects of Japanese women the smallness of the hips. But it does not follow that

because one finds fault with the classical Japanese type one admires its extreme antithesis, the big, raw-boned, long-striding, athletic foreign female. There is such a thing as a happy medium, and my point is that the happy medium is more likely to be developed in lands where practical allegiance is not given to the Japanese ideal of female beauty. After all, the percentage of those who can emerge unscathed from the test of nudity is painfully small. Carlyle was right when he insisted upon the debt which both men and women owe their tailors and dressmakers. In Japan the case is even more so. At the same time, in justice to the Japanese female physique, it should be said that the object of the Japanese costume would appear to be to conceal and not to accentuate those curves which are more effectively displayed in foreign dress, when they exist, so that occasionally one might justly paraphrase in favour of the Japanese girl the remark which the Princess passes on Kitty in V. A. Krylov's amusing Russian comedy "The Society for the Encouragement of Ennui"—viz., "She is better built than I thought; these Japanese sometimes give us very agreeable surprises." Irrespective, too, of mere physique, the Japanese woman's face often possesses a distinctive allurement which is due as much to expression as to feature; and it is true that foreigners, after long residence, often see reason to modify previous standards. If there is one custom more than another that tends to spoil the Japanese woman's shape it is the suckling of children for three, four, and even five years before

weaning them. The strain upon the mother must be highly detrimental and conducive to premature old age; but it is to be feared that the practice is too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated.

I once enjoyed the privilege of a long conversation with a Japanese lady of superior education, and one, too, familiar with foreign habits of life and thought. I took ample stenographic notes of this conversation at the time, thinking that a translation might prove interesting to foreign readers.

"The status of Japanese women as compared with that of the women of Europe and America," she said, "is very low indeed, scarcely better, in fact, than that of a better-class servant. Our women have gradually become almost absolutely dependent upon the male sex, and instead of possessing, like the women of Europe and America, a certain amount of personal independence, they are generally driven into marriage as a kind of profession. There are few other openings, and in such as there are the salaries paid are extremely small. Even if a woman has acquired an exceptionally good education, she has no means of utilising it, and must be content to labour for a mere pittance. A faint idea of the estimation in which the sex is held by the men can be gathered from the manner in which a husband will sometimes refer to his marriage—viz., '*Rusu-i wo moraimashita*,' which literally means that he has taken something to look after the house during his absence! Now and then, even in Japan, there will be born into the world a

female with strength of character and ideals approximating to those of her Occidental sister; but if so she is condemned as forward and pert, regarded askance by outsiders, and not greatly loved by her own parents, because when they want her to get married she has opinions of her own on the subject which do not coincide with theirs.

"A Japanese woman is driven into marriage willy-nilly, and often with a man for whom she does not entertain a particle of affection, whereas in Europe and America, if the woman cannot find some one to her taste, she is at liberty to remain single. On the other hand, when an American or European woman finds somebody she does like, she will go to him and work for him untiringly and with constant interest in the affairs of the household, whilst a Japanese woman too often degenerates into a drudge.

"Nowadays there are many women in Japan employed in the post-offices, telephone exchanges, and in other Government offices. Whether, however, it is due to some lack of the spirit of independence on the part of the women themselves I do not know, but the fact remains that the usual comment of the male sex upon all such appointments is, 'Oh, she's only a woman, after all!' and this attitude tends to keep down women's wages, though the female employees may be quite competent to perform the duties allotted to them. A woman myself, I must nevertheless confess that the bulk of Japanese women really are more or less dolls in their way, and that they are not invariably efficient.

The Japanese Eternal Feminine

"In Japan if a woman remains single after twenty people begin to talk about her and to ask questions. They think there must be something seriously wrong about a girl who does not get married soon after seventeen. A girl enters into the married state rarely with feelings of real pleasure; she goes more as an ox to the slaughter. In the husband's house she enjoys the refined society of the father-in-law, mother-in-law, and a crowd of other relatives. If the house were constructed in foreign fashion, this state of affairs might not be so bad, but in a Japanese house the wife rarely has a room to herself or any place where she can spend a quiet hour or so over a book. In the morning she must rise early, together with the servants, and must participate in the cleaning, while her lord and master lies snoring in bed. The mother-in-law is the next to rise, and her first duty is to kneel down before the household shrine (*butsudan* and *kami-dana*), where she strikes the bell, claps her hands, and spends about an hour in howling out her devotions. She is thus put into an appropriate frame of mind for scolding the wife for carelessness in her cleaning. Finally the father-in-law and the husband get up and begin to create a disturbance. The wife does not take breakfast with the husband; she waits upon him and subsequently eats with the servants. If the husband has business to attend to, he leaves the house after breakfast, his wife following him to the door, where she kneels down upon the mats and bows as he goes out. The rest of the household follow suit, and a chorus of

'*Irasshai!*' ('Deign to go!') greets his lordship's departure. During his absence the wife again has to endure a tongue-lashing from the old lady, and has soon to set about preparing her husband's tiffin. His return is the signal for another stampede in the direction of the porch, where everybody flops down once more, and the jinrikishaman who brings back the master having given the hint, a shrill cry of '*O kaeri!*' ('Honourably return!') is raised and repeated. The object of all these attentions accepts them calmly as his due, and languidly allows his female kind to relieve him of his overcoat. At tiffin the wife acts as handmaiden, squatting down at a respectful distance. The husband eats his fill, and after his second exit the wife has a chance, though the mother-in-law usually secures the leavings.

"Then comes the sewing, which is commonly done at home for the entire family. Preparations have then to be made for the evening meal, and the return of the master is anxiously awaited. As a rule, however, he does not come back; more usually he seeks distraction in a geisha spree, or even in less reputable society. Still, the wife must wait up for him, however sleepy she may be, and when, finally, at some unearthly hour he does return, he needs plenty of food and *sake* to revive his drooping spirits, and it is the wife's duty to supply his wants. She puts him to bed, and in many cases has to massage him for a quarter of an hour in order to compose him for slumber. The balance of the day's work must be attended to before

she can seek repose, and if at the end of it all she can snatch four or five hours' sleep she has reason to esteem herself lucky.

"Care of the children, when these come, is no easy task. They are reared for the most part in Chinese style, and the work falls to the wife. Of course in some better-class houses wet-nurses are employed, but these are usually women of scant intelligence, and as the wife has so much to do, the home education and physical comfort of the children are more or less neglected. Foreigners often marvel at the spectacle of youngsters with their heads covered with scabs and their noses in a filthy state; such conditions are directly traceable to the carelessness of nurses in not seeing that they are properly clad, and the seeds of consumption are often sown in this manner. A pregnant woman should be most solicitous of her health and observe regular hours of rest; but in a household regulated in the manner I have described, where the woman is constantly on the move, the development of the embryo is clearly not what it ought to be. In these circumstances, therefore, you cannot expect strong and healthy children, and the prospects of the rising generation are badly affected. The women become so disgusted that it takes them a long time to settle down. Divorce is very frequent,[1] and some women marry two or three

[1] The average number of divorces in Japan during the ten years ending 1907 was 1,775 per 10,000 marriages, which, unless I am greatly mistaken, compares very unfavourably with Europe. What is worse, the percentage of illegitimate to legitimate births is exceedingly

times before they finally reconcile themselves to double harness.

"It may seem a curious anomaly to a foreigner, but it is none the less a fact that the women of the middle and upper classes are really worse off in this respect than those of the lower classes. The latter enjoy a far greater measure of equality with their husbands, and it is in this stratum that one must seek for an exemplification of the principle of *danjō dōken* [literally, "male-female same-rights"—*i.e.*, women's rights]. The position of the upper-class women may also be gauged by their comparative scarcity at palace levées and other social functions, the men being in an overwhelming majority.

"Social intercourse between the sexes, as foreigners understand it, is virtually forbidden. The jealousy which dictates this prohibition has probably been borrowed from China, and in Japan is well summarised in the phrase, *Dannyo shichi-sai ni shite seki wo onaji sezu*, which means that the sexes should not be permitted to remain together in the same room after the age of seven. The husband is jealous; the father and mother are opposed to social intercourse between the sexes; and the wife herself, thanks to her bringing-up, does not like it. Besides, there is another point which militates against the adoption of the Western usage in this country, and that is that there are very

high, viz., in the neighbourhood of 10 per cent., as against from only 2 to 4 per cent. in Europe. These figures tell their own story, and are taken from purely Japanese sources.

few women who would be capable of keeping up an intelligent conversation with one of the opposite sex. Their mental horizon is bounded, for conversational purposes, by theatres, dress, and novels, and even Japanese men need more stimulating pabulum at times. Especially is this so when the men in question have been abroad and possess some knowledge of the world. They naturally begin to talk about politics and other matters of public interest. The average Japanese woman in such company would be helpless; she would merely sit and feebly giggle at what she could not possibly understand. So women do not commonly go into society, and especially male society."

"What, then," I asked, "is your opinion of the moral qualities of your countrywomen?"

"As a rule," she replied, "instances of domestic infidelity on the part of the wife are rare. Still, I should think that, as Japanese women are kept in such seclusion and are usually married to men with whom they are not in love, ignorant, too, of the world, they would be very apt indeed to yield to the solicitations of men who should lay themselves out to flatter them, to treat them courteously, and to play upon their feelings. In fact, it is owing to this fear and, I am sorry to say, to a certain amount of practical experience which supports the fear, that dances in the foreign style, at one time the rage, have become unpopular. I suppose there is such a sentiment as pure love in Japan, as in other countries, but I should say it is rare, and that the relations between the sexes are

entirely physical. How, indeed, can they be otherwise in view of our marriage customs? How are the majority of marriages brought about?

"Here is a young man, say, twenty-five or thirty years of age, who is at a friend's house. The idea will suddenly occur to the friend that it is quite time the young man was married. Thereupon he and his wife, or a third person, will begin to cast round for a suitable partner, and they will suddenly recollect that there are a couple living two or three doors away who have a daughter of marriageable age. They will then return the visit of their young friend, open negotiations, broaching the subject in an insinuating manner. The young man doesn't really mind one way or the other. He reflects that he is gradually growing older and cannot in the nature of things remain single all his life. 'However,' says he, 'let me have a look at the lady.' The go-between (*nakōdo*) accordingly calls upon the parents of the girl and tells them about the projected match. If the parents are agreeable, it is arranged that the prospective bridegroom shall meet the girl at some convenient spot. Thither in due course she repairs, dressed in her best clothes and with her hair done up in what is called the *shimada* style. Generally she brings in tea to the young man, and if he looks at her, accepts the tea, and drinks it, it is a sign that he is satisfied; whereas if he leaves it untouched the action signifies that he would rather be excused.

"Supposing the man to be agreeable, he will again

see the go-between and inform him to that effect. The go-between's next duty is to go to the girl's home and to sing the praises of the young man; in short, he is not ashamed to lie freely in an effort to make the parents believe that their future son-in-law is a veritable paragon of all the virtues. So notorious are his powers of speech that the expression *nakōdo-guchi* ('the mouth of a go-between') has become proverbial as applicable to one who can talk glibly and is very persuasive. Should the parents consent to the match, it is as good as settled. They may, perhaps, institute a few inquiries about the young man, on their own behalf, but these are not usually very thorough, and the wishes of the girl herself are virtually ignored. She is summoned and informed that the day of her marriage is at hand.

"'Who is the man?' she may ask.

"'Oh, you remember the young man you met at such and such a place the other day, to whom you served tea? That's the man.'

"It is rarely that a girl has sufficient courage to avow before both parents her distaste for the contemplated arrangement, even should she feel any. She may confide in her mother, but in that event the latter pooh-poohs her objections and paints with a lively imagination the horrors of old-maidhood, should this opportunity be lost. Whether the girl likes it or not, the parents clinch the agreement. The first formality is to present the man with a pair of *hakama* [native form of loose, baggy pantaloons], the signification of

this observance being that as the *hakama* are broader at the bottom than at the top it is hoped that the wearer's luck will continue to unfold as he grows older. On his side the man sends the girl an *obi* [sash], which implies the binding of the girl to the contract. Other presents are also exchanged, the term for such being *yuino*."

I may here interrupt my friend's recital to say that one of the best and most succinct descriptions of the Japanese marriage ceremony may be found in Professor Chamberlain's *Things Japanese*. I may state briefly that the social ceremony has no legal validity whatsoever, except, as Mr. Gubbins points out in his Introduction to his translation of the Japanese Civil Code, in the somewhat remote contingency of its being adducible as evidence of a marriage having taken place. The legality of a marriage is determined by registration, the marriage taking effect when notice is given to a registrar. "When the registrar has satisfied himself," says Mr. Gubbins, "that the marriage is in accordance with the provisions of the law the name of the person entering the other's family is inscribed in the register of that family, and is expunged from the register of the family to which he or she previously belonged."

As a rule the bride enters the family of the bridegroom, though the reverse is sometimes the case. The marriageable age for men is seventeen, and for women fifteen—according to the foreign method of calculating age. The bride leaves her parents' home at night

JAPANESE LADIES AND CHILD, SHOWING SHIMADA STYLE OF COIFFURE.

[To face p. 336.

for her husband's home. She wears a white dress—white being the Japanese mourning colour—to indicate that she dies to her own family, and that she will never leave her husband's house but as a corpse, albeit I have shown elsewhere that this tacit pledge is not infrequently more honoured in the breach than the observance. The wedding takes the form of a feast, at which the bride and bridegroom drink *sake* together, or pretend to do so, three times out of each of three cups of different sizes. This ceremony is known as *san-san ku-do*, or "three three, nine times." The white dress of the bride is also exchanged for one given to her by her husband, and later for a coloured dress brought from her own home, while the bridegroom also changes his dress in a separate room. The go-between and his wife, already mentioned, are important figures at this function, and escort the happy couple into the bridal chamber, where nine more cups of *sake* are drunk. The first visit of the bride to her parents' house is called *sato-gaeri*, or "return home," and takes place on the third day after the marriage. When the bride leaves her parents' house to enter that of her husband her coiffure is altered from the *shimada* to the *marumage* style, by which most married women can be distinguished. Divorce between the parties is easily effected. There are two kinds of divorce—viz., divorce by arrangement and judicial divorce. The former is managed in much the same way as the marriage, and when the registrar who receives the notice is satisfied as to the legality

of the step he simply expunges from the register the name of the person leaving the other's family, and reinscribes it in the register of the family to which he or she originally belonged.

The Civil Code specifies the several grounds on which judicial divorce is granted. These include (*vide* Gubbins) "cruelty of one of the parties to his or her lineal descendants, cruelty received by one of the parties from the lineal descendants of the other, and the dissolution or annulment of adoption in cases where the adopted person is connected with the adoptive family by both marriage and adoption."

I asked my Japanese lady friend whether those girls who to-day are being educated in up-to-date establishments in Tokyo and elsewhere did not enjoy greater latitude than their progenitors.

"As to that," she replied, "I find it somewhat difficult to decide. Such persons remind me of those who wear a mixture of foreign and Japanese dress. The system of education, moreover, is thoroughly hybrid. Girl students inevitably enjoy more personal freedom than other young women, and scandals occasionally arise in consequence. But Japanese parents will not allow an unfortunate liaison to force their hand in the matter of bestowing their daughters in marriage. There are secret methods of averting the consequences, and if the girl is of good family and her parents are influential an indiscretion of the kind I mean is by no means an insuperable obstacle to an advantageous match. There are scores of men who will conveniently

ignore such details for the sake of their father-in-law's future assistance."

The same informant and my own observations, extending over a residence of many years in the country, have furnished me with an insight into the sentiment entertained towards the foreigner as a son-in-law by the majority of Japanese. Frankly, then, it is antagonistic. The causes of this distaste are probably many and far-reaching. Different manners and customs, ideas, and appearance are not the least potent factors in the problem. A Japanese woman who marries a foreigner is not infrequently spoken of as unpatriotic. My lady friend assured me that the Japanese dislike foreigners far more than we ourselves sometimes imagine, and that they themselves scarcely know why they do so. Perhaps it is because, as the Japanese believe, our hair is always red and our eyes blue or green.

"In fact," confessed my informant, "I myself at one time thought foreigners very peculiar. The foreign mode of life is so opposed to all Japanese ideas that there is not one Japanese woman in a thousand that could accommodate herself entirely to the new environment. There is the clashing between old and new ideas; ancestor worship is in the blood of our race, and with this few foreigners have any genuine sympathy. The women are often more biased than the men."

And yet, I would add, it can easily be shown that they are under no light obligation to the alien they despise. The foreign invasion has opened up new

occupations for women, although, unfortunately, as elsewhere admitted, the remuneration is entirely inadequate. One of the best paid callings is that of hospital nurse. The probation is severe, since it includes a three-years course of training, in addition to a good education, as a basis. The duties, too, are extremely arduous, and comprise much of the rough manual work which has to be undertaken in a hospital. But Japanese nurses are justly famous, more especially those attached to the Red Cross hospitals. The medical profession is also open to women, if they care to enter it, but female doctors are not popular in Japan; they do not command much confidence, and even women patients prefer a male practitioner. The calling of a midwife (*samba*) is well patronised by Japanese women, and is among the most profitable. Japanese midwives, indeed, are reputed to be very skilful. But the duties of a housewife are of paramount importance, together with a proper knowledge of female etiquette, and it not infrequently happens that girls of good family are sent into service in order to learn housekeeping. The status of the maidservant is, in fact, very different in Japan from the corresponding thing in Europe and America. The maidservant is sometimes almost the friend and companion of the mistress; the line of social demarcation between the two is by no means so sharply defined as in the West. The servant is more like a member of the family. On the other hand, a Japanese servant is worked harder and paid less than her Western sister, and for her there is no such bliss as privacy.

Nevertheless, foreign residents of Tokyo will bear witness to the circumstance that, with rare exceptions, even the inducements of better wages, less work, and more leisure in a foreign household are powerless to undermine the allegiance of the Japanese Abigail to her own compatriots.

The average Japanese woman is a slave to etiquette and not free from superstition. When a foreign lady calls upon a friend she tries to avoid wearing out her welcome, and leaves early. But among the Japanese of both sexes there would appear to be no sense of moderation or proportion. It often seems to be equally a point of honour on the part of the visitor and the visited not to give way first. However, the hostess is fertile in resource, and when even Japanese patience finds itself on the verge of breakdown she gives a sign to the servant, who procures a broom which she stands up on end in another room, and ties around the top of a native towel as if it were a chaplet. In front of the broom are placed a pair of sandals. This charm is said to be very efficacious, the unwelcome guest soon becoming sleepy and taking his or her departure! I have spoken elsewhere of superstitions, but it is not inappropriate to say here that the women are great offenders. They can do scarcely anything without consulting their fortune-teller, and particular acts are restricted to particular days. They are commonly unwavering in their belief in foxes, and always take great pains to be on the right side of the goddess Inari.

The Fighting Spirit of Japan

In this country of contrasts and apparent inconsistencies and paradoxes one is struck by the frequent mention of liaisons between young women and actors, or other professional men, in which the former make all the advances. As a rule, no doubt, these violations of the moral code are confined to the professional or semi-professional class of women, but even "respectable" women may sometimes be guilty of similar laches, and take advantage of their husbands' absences to attend the theatres and the wrestling arenas.

The practice of giving presents is universal, but holds the women, more particularly, in its thrall. In the West only the most intimate friends presume to exchange presents, whereas in Japan mere acquaintances are constrained by the rules of etiquette to do so on various occasions, and thus useless and pernicious habits of extravagance are fostered. Yet withal I am an avowed champion of the Japanese eternal feminine. Your Japanese girl may be dollish, but in her way she is an artistic and a pleasing doll, and the cavalier manner in which the husband often treats a wife of this description invariably arouses the indignation of the foreign male. Doubtless many of the older abuses are falling into disrepute, but it cannot be denied that the habit of keeping concubines in the same house as the wife is still practised by persons of wealth and distinction. The practice has been denounced by a paper of the standing of the *Jiji Shimpo*, but no very thoroughgoing reform in this direction can be expected to occur for some time yet to come.

The Japanese Eternal Feminine

I admire the Japanese of both sexes for the classic indifference they evince towards physical exposure, which is not gratuitous. On the other hand, the low-necked dresses of our foreign ballrooms inspire in the pristine breast of a Japanese female unutterable horror.

Said my Japanese lady friend: "The Japanese can never understand why you should object to a woman's being seen in a bath, or suckling a child in public, and yet see nothing improper in one of your own country-women displaying her neck and shoulders for no other reason than to attract the admiration of men. The air of mystery which surrounds the foreign woman's toilet strikes us as ridiculous. Why should she lock herself up in the bathroom as though she feared assault?"

In this regard the Japanese woman is fearless and unashamed, though her toilet is perhaps more complicated than that of her foreign sister. The bath is indeed almost a religion among the Japanese. Bath-houses (*yuya*), more elegantly *kōkyō no furuya*, or public baths, swarm in every town, and here the sexes sometimes bathe in full view of each other, although, in deference to the newly imported ideas of decency, in some instances they have been separated more effectually, and in others a purely nominal barrier exists which actually conceals nothing. What is more, male attendants wait upon either sex indifferently, and scrub the ladies' backs with the most complete sangfroid in the world. Among the better classes the women

bathe at home, but they must wait until their lords and masters have finished their ablutions. The male head of the house then leads off, and he may even be disrobed and rubbed down by a female attendant before he actually enters the water. The rest of the household, down to the servants, follow suit in due order of precedence. The lady of the house spends fully an hour over the ceremony. Lady readers may be interested to know how she manages to be so deliberate. Here, then, are a few of the weapons in the Japanese lady's armoury of beauty. We find the *akasori*, a piece of rough cloth used in rubbing the dirt off the body; *karu-ishi*, or pumice-stone; *araiko*, a washing powder made of pea-beans; *nuka*, or bran, enclosed in little bags; *hodzumi*, a kind of charcoal for cleaning the tips of the fingers; ordinary soap (*shabon*) and a dark sort of sugar, supposed to improve the texture of the skin of the face; *nori* and *o-shiroi*, a face powder in liquid form; *hechima*, or snake gourd—*i.e.*, a vegetable sponge; *beni*, or red dye for the lips, eyes, and nails; *tenugui*, or Japanese towel, which is first of all wetted and then wrung out before being applied to the body for drying purposes, perfectly dry towels being rarely used in the bath; and the *yoji*, or tooth-brush. There are other accessories, but I think I have mentioned the chief.

The Japanese lady's dress is, after all, admirably adapted to her peculiar physique, and helps to conceal its radical defects. There are few prettier sights than a group of young girls in holiday costume.

"Our dress is comfortable," said my lady friend, "until you want to work, and then it is very much in your way. It drags on your arms and fetters free motion. Moreover, it is very expensive, and easily tears and spoils. Dress is among the chief of female luxuries among us as among your own countrywomen, and our women are fond of buying new garments whenever they can afford to do so and of putting them away in wardrobes. A woman of the upper class will probably have stowed away as many as ten or twelve wardrobes stuffed full of valuable clothing which she can never possibly wear, but which she loves to gloat over like a miser over his secret hoard. The *obi* is among its most costly items. As much as five or six hundred yen [£50 or £60] is often paid for a good *obi*, and as much more as the purses of wealthy husbands can stand. A good *kimono* will cost from one to two hundred and fifty yen (£10 to £25); the *haori* [coat] from fifty to seventy-five yen, the most expensive part being the lining, which is not seen. To these must be added a multiplicity of knick-knacks in the shape of jewellery, combs, hairpins, &c. Japanese women are partial to rings, and always insist upon pure gold so soft as to be easily twisted with the fingers. Such items as the *kanzashi* [hairpin], *kushi* [comb], *nakazashi* [hairpin for the back hair], *maezashi* [ditto for the front], *atozashi* [yet another type of hairpin], *negake* [a beautiful string of jewels worn around the cue of young women], *pachindome* [cord with a buckle for tightening the *obi*], *obi-dome*

[narrow belt or ribbon worn over the *obi* partly to secure it in position and partly as an ornament], &c., represent quite another five hundred yen of the husband's income, since the hairpins and combs are frequently made of coral and tortoise-shell, and the other ornaments are studded with jewels. A lady's underclothing is likewise costly, the *nagajiban* being made of the finest *chirimen* [crape]. A pair of good *geta* [Japanese raised footgear] will cost as much as twenty yen, or about £2."

I can add that the favourite booty of the Japanese burglar is female dress, the poor construction of many Japanese houses facilitating his raids upon the same. It is nothing short of a dire calamity for a woman of the people to lose in this or any other manner a wardrobe which she has managed to accumulate at the cost of endless scraping and saving, for she is thus deprived of an asset which can always be converted into money in an emergency.

"What," I asked, "do Japanese women think of foreign women?"

"Well, they impress us as sharper, brighter, and more energetic than ourselves. But from the native standpoint they are awfully forward and pert. Their outward appearance, too, is strange to us. They seem tall, angular, and masculine, with red hair, large blue eyes, and immense noses which stick out in front of their faces. The tight sleeves of their dresses look awkward and uncomfortable. Japanese women think foreign women rude in their manners and exceedingly

JAPANESE GIRL IN OUT-DOOR COSTUME.

[To face p. 346.

'cheeky' to the men. They are chatterboxes and, in short, terrible tomboys. Nevertheless, those of us who can look below the surface deeply admire the independence and self-reliance of foreign women. For instance, when the husband dies the wife is far less helpless than a Japanese would be in similar circumstances, and is capable of working for and supporting her family in a way few Japanese women would dream of."

Although intermarriage between Japanese women and foreign men and between Japanese men and foreign women is not unknown and is not always unsuccessful, I should not be inclined to advise it as a step to be taken without the most careful deliberation on the part of both sides. In the nature of things, however, a union between a Japanese woman and a foreign man has far more to recommend it than the reverse phenomenon. Speaking generally, there are few foreigners sufficiently versed in the language to make their Japanese wives anything like real companions, and, worse still, when a Japanese woman and a foreign man are seen in company they promptly become objects of unpleasant curiosity and even of vulgar comment. For the reasons already mentioned it is rarely possible for a foreigner to marry a woman of the better class, and those accessible to him are usually so immeasurably his intellectual inferiors that they can hardly ever aspire to any higher position than that of a confidential servant. Liaisons between foreign dwellers in the former settlements and Japanese women of the lower orders are of frequent occurrence, and are the inevitable

outcome of economic and social conditions, which often render it absolutely impossible for a young man to think of saddling himself with the expensive luxury of a European or an American wife. The majority of Japanese look down upon the foreigner's concubine with unconcealed contempt, and in speaking of them sometimes use the insulting expression *rashamen*, the explanation of this word being too obscene for reproduction here. In too many cases, no doubt, this contempt is well deserved. The foreigner is, as a rule, exploited solely for his money, and as these women in their ignorance imagine that in Europe the female is the superior being they not infrequently grow by degrees as impertinent, obstinate, and extravagant as a really good Japanese wife is the reverse. But even better-class Japanese women may sometimes mistake the superior kindness of the foreigner for an admission of weakness, and presume accordingly. The foreign husband of a Japanese wife does well from the outset to make the lady understand that he is the master, otherwise he will never have any peace in his own household.

A few marriages have taken place between foreign women and Japanese, but as a rule the latter have belonged to the nobility or wealthy classes. The most familiar instances are those of Viscount Aoki, for many years Minister to Germany, and Baron Sannomiya, one of the highest Court officials; but these cannot safely be accepted as proper criteria of the value of such alliances. When the foreign woman has married a

plausible Japanese abroad, in the belief that Japan is an earthly paradise and that conjugal relations between herself and husband will continue the same in this country as in Europe or America, the migration hither has often brought with it swift disillusionment. She has reckoned without the mother-in-law. In the Occident it is the bride's mother to whom the journalistic humourist owes an eternal debt of gratitude for lurid inspirations, in which the bridegroom plays the passive rôle of crushed worm. Quite appropriately the conditions are reversed in Japan, where the mother of the groom is the unhappy wife's Nemesis, and more than one foreign wife of a Japanese has found this statement to be only too true. Of course, there are other contributory causes. Foreign women are rarely proof against the Japanese climate, and speedily lose their good looks, when they have them, and together with those their influence over their Japanese husbands, who all too soon obey the call of their blood and seek consolation elsewhere. Fortunately, the number of these international *mésalliances*, using the term without invidiousness, is strictly limited.

I am aware that certain writers have claimed for the Japanese woman a higher social status than that above accorded her. One Julius Kumpei Matsumoto, a Japanese newspaper-man, has had the courage to assert that "Japanese women, generally speaking, receive better treatment from the opposite sex than their sisters in other countries. If by "other countries"

he means Europe and America, I can only say that he is talking arrant nonsense, though it is perhaps true that the Japanese woman is better off than the women of other Oriental countries. Mr. Henry Norman notes that she is addressed as *Okusama* ("the honourable lady of the house"). Literally, however, the word means "honourable back room"! from the fact that women are supposed to live in seclusion; and in any event the honorific proves nothing at all in a country where the prefix "o" is given to the most ordinary objects in conversing with equals or superiors. Still, it may be admitted that the subjection of women in Japan is historically recent. In ancient days the sex was prominent in politics, literature, art, and social life, some of the greatest names in native literature being those of women. The introduction of Confucianism, with its doctrine of female inferiority, brought about the lamentable change which has since been witnessed. The leading tenets of Confucius regarding women are thus summed up:—

1. Women are naturally inferior to men.

2. The education of women should be restricted to elementary reading and writing.

3. Woman's primal duty is obedience.

4. Men and women (above seven years of age) shall not sit together.

5 Woman shall have no voice in selecting her husband.

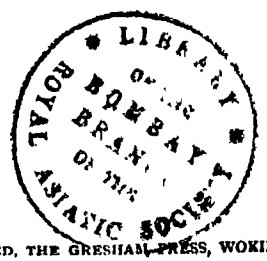
6. The husband shall have the absolute right to rule the wife.

Even the latest Criminal Code, which declares adultery to be a criminal offence, restricts the right of instituting an action to the husband.

But improvement is bound to come with the gradual diffusion of Occidental ideas by means of personal observation and reading. Throughout the empire may be found normal schools for girls and higher female schools, and in Tokyo a school for the daughters of the nobility. The Uyeno Academy of Music, with a staff of foreign and Japanese teachers, has probably more female than male students. The schoolgirls of the country are readily identified by their dress, the distinguishing feature of which is the red *hakama,* or skirt, which, unlike the ordinary *kimono,* does not open in front, but is drawn in at the waist in the foreign style. Sometimes, too, these girls wear foreign boots in place of the native footgear. The term *ebicha shikibu* (literally, "the maroon Board of Ceremonies") is almost universally applied to girls thus attired. The partial sex emancipation, to which the presence of these young ladies and their bearing in public indisputably bear testimony, may not be an unmixed blessing. If the Japanese themselves are to be believed—and their papers are never tired of throwing mud—the adoption of modern education for girls has resulted in an outburst of sexual immorality which augurs ill for the future of the race if something be not done to check its spread. In many cases irregular and clandestine relations are said to exist between male and female students, and the huge students' *geshukuya* of Kanda

and Hongo are said to be hotbeds of vice owing to this sudden mingling of the sexes. Personally I say nothing ; experience has taught me discretion. I repeat merely the allegations and aspersions of the Japanese themselves.

While admitting the charm of contrast in the women of Dai Nippon, I have reason to suppose that beneath a demure and placid exterior they may sometimes conceal depths of stubbornness and feeling for which the average foreigner rarely gives them credit. Witness the numerous lovers' suicides, known as *shinju*, committed in a variety of ways. Sometimes the lover slays his mistress with a sword or dagger and afterwards stabs himself. Or he will bind himself tightly to the woman with a sash or towel and jump with her into a river or the sea, or lie down across a railway track and allow the locomotive to cut them both in twain. In most cases the actresses in these dramas of modern Japan are *geisha* or prostitutes, who find it impossible to be united with the objects of their affection in a lawful manner, and thus prefer death to separation in this world. Hysteria among women, loosely styled *kanshaku*, is all too common in Japan, and assumes aspects quite as violent as anything of the kind in the West.



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